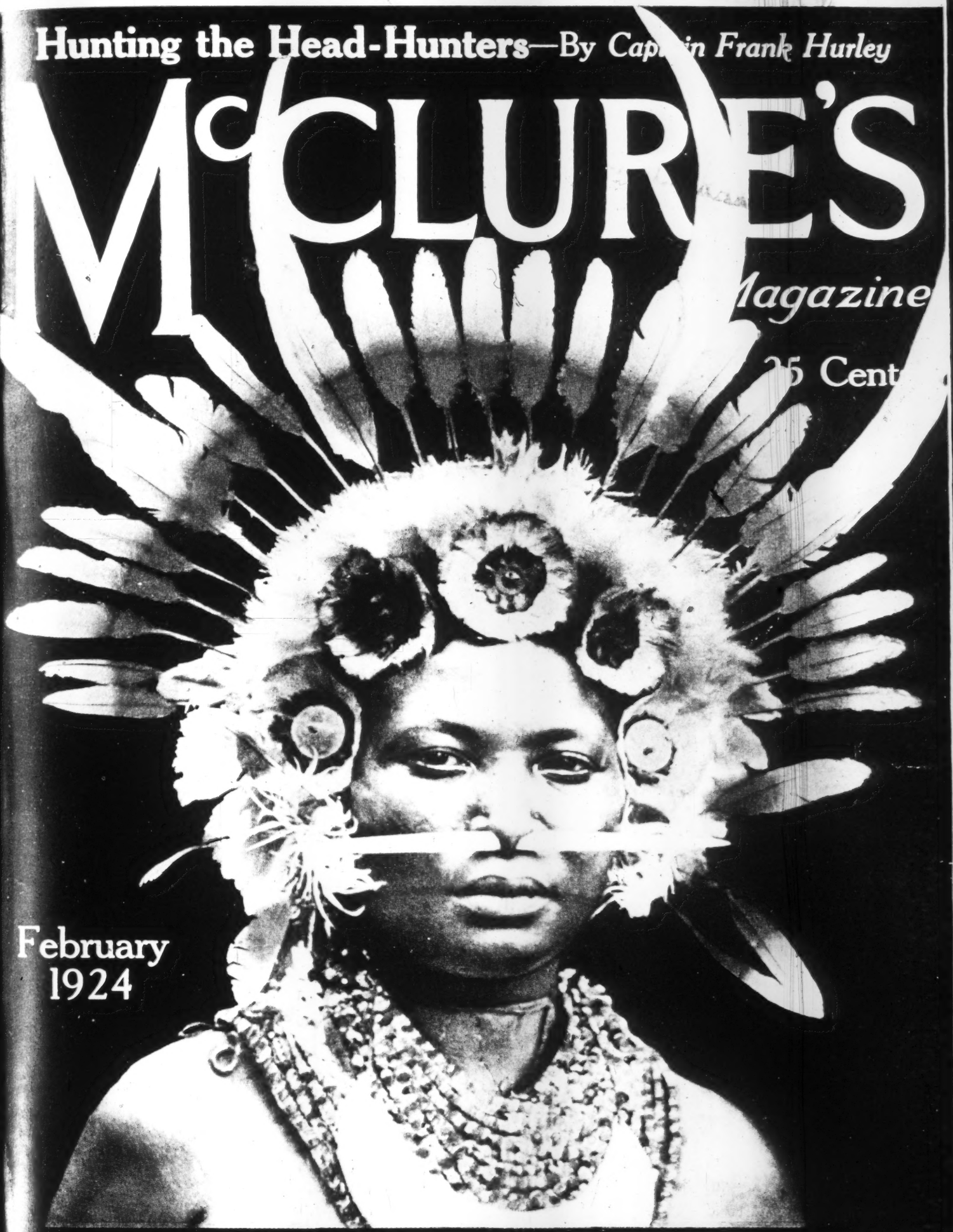
Hunting the Head-Hunters—By Captain Frank Hurley

McCLURE'S

Magazine

25 Cent



February
1924

A Famous Explorer's Diary of Adventures in New Guinea
With Amazing Photos of Newly Found Cannibals

Seven Unusual Stories

Bulldog Drummond's Exploits

For you who want a superlative cigarette
here's the world's finest—at 20 *for* 30¢

DIEU ET MON DROIT

Try them tonight for your Luxury Hour

–that easy chair hour when every man feels entitled to life's best

PALL MALL *Specials*
New size–plain ends only
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No change in size or price of PALL MALL *Regulars*
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20 *for* 30¢

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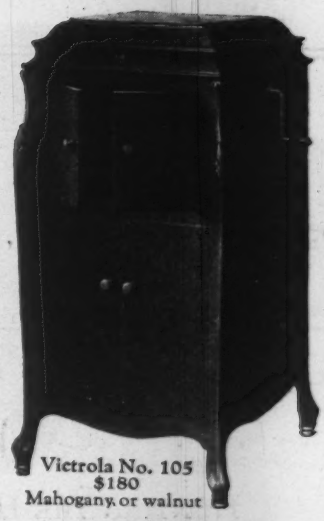
Following in the footsteps of other famous artists, Gigli naturally became a Victor artist to insure perfect reproduction of his voice. Every one of the eighteen records he has made has been personally approved by him before being issued. Among them are:

		Double-faced
Andrea Chénier—Un dì all' azzurro spazio Favorita—Spirito gentil	6139	$2.00
Africana—O Paradiso! Faust—Salve, dimora	6138	2.00
Serenade Santa Lucia Luntana	645	1.50



Victrola No. 105
$180
Mahogany or walnut

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Victor Artist

Because the Victrola and Victor Records only are equal to the task of perfectly reproducing her interpretations, Galli-Curci chose to become associated with the other great artists of the world who make records for the Victor. Her fifty-one numbers include:

		Double-faced
Sonnambula—Ah! non credea mirarti Sonnambula—Come per me sereno	6125	$2.00
Traviata—Ah, fors' è lui Rigoletto—Caro nome	6126	2.00
Chanson Indoue Coq d'Or—Hymne au Soleil	631	1.50

Victrola No. 260
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Victor Artist

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Humoresque Serenade—Ständchen	6095	2.00

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Electric, $240
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REG U S PAT OFF

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Volume 56 Number 2

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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State of Illinois } SS
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I, J. E. Greenslade, President of the National Salesmen's Training Association, of Chicago, Illinois, state under oath, that between January 1st, and June 30th, 1923, this Association received calls for 29,238 Salesmen.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of July 1923.

MARY A. McMULLEN NOTARY PUBLIC COOK COUNTY, ILL.

J. E. Greenslade

Notary.

A Field of Unlimited Opportunities

The thousands who have made this test before you, and who are now making the money you would like to make, are now salesmen. Ninety-five per cent once thought they were not "cut out for selling," that salesmen were "born" and not made. They found it was a fallacy that had kept them in the rut. They discovered that any one with proper training can sell, and they are making from $5,000 to $10,000 a year because they had the vision to recognize opportunity.

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Why don't you make this free test and prove, to your own satisfaction, that a bigger salary is easy to get? The test is contained in a free book, "Modern Salesmanship," which we will gladly send you without obligation. After reading the book through you will ask yourself the questions it brings up. The answers will show you whether you can get away from the humdrum, small-pay job for the lucrative and fascinating work of selling.

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Don't turn this page until you have clipped the coupon, filled it out, and sent it on its way. It may mean the turning point in your life. Write now while the impulse to succeed is upon you.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Dept. 81-B **Chicago, Illinois**

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That is what ***advertising*** means to women on the farm. It has brought them countless appliances which help in their work, better conditions in their homes, add to their pleasure and increase their interest in life.

Advertising means as much to ***you.*** Advertisements published in these pages continually tell of many conveniences and comforts that you might otherwise miss.

Read the advertisements. It pays

Some Remarkable Features in the Next Issue of McClure's Magazine

How I Crossed The Atlantic Alone

By Alain Gerbault

The story of "the greatest one-man adventure since the war." The noted French war aviator and tennis champion, Alain Gerbault, describes his thrilling experiences during a solitary hundred-day voyage in a 30-foot sailboat from the shores of Europe to America--an unforgettable epic of tempest, hardships and brilliant exploits in navigation.

Horatio Shard's Enemy

By George Barr McCutcheon

A unique and gripping short story from the pen of one of America's most popular authors. Is any such thing possible as a *new* plot-situation in current fiction? They say there isn't—but wait until you have read this tale!

Two Arabian Knights

By Donald McGibeny

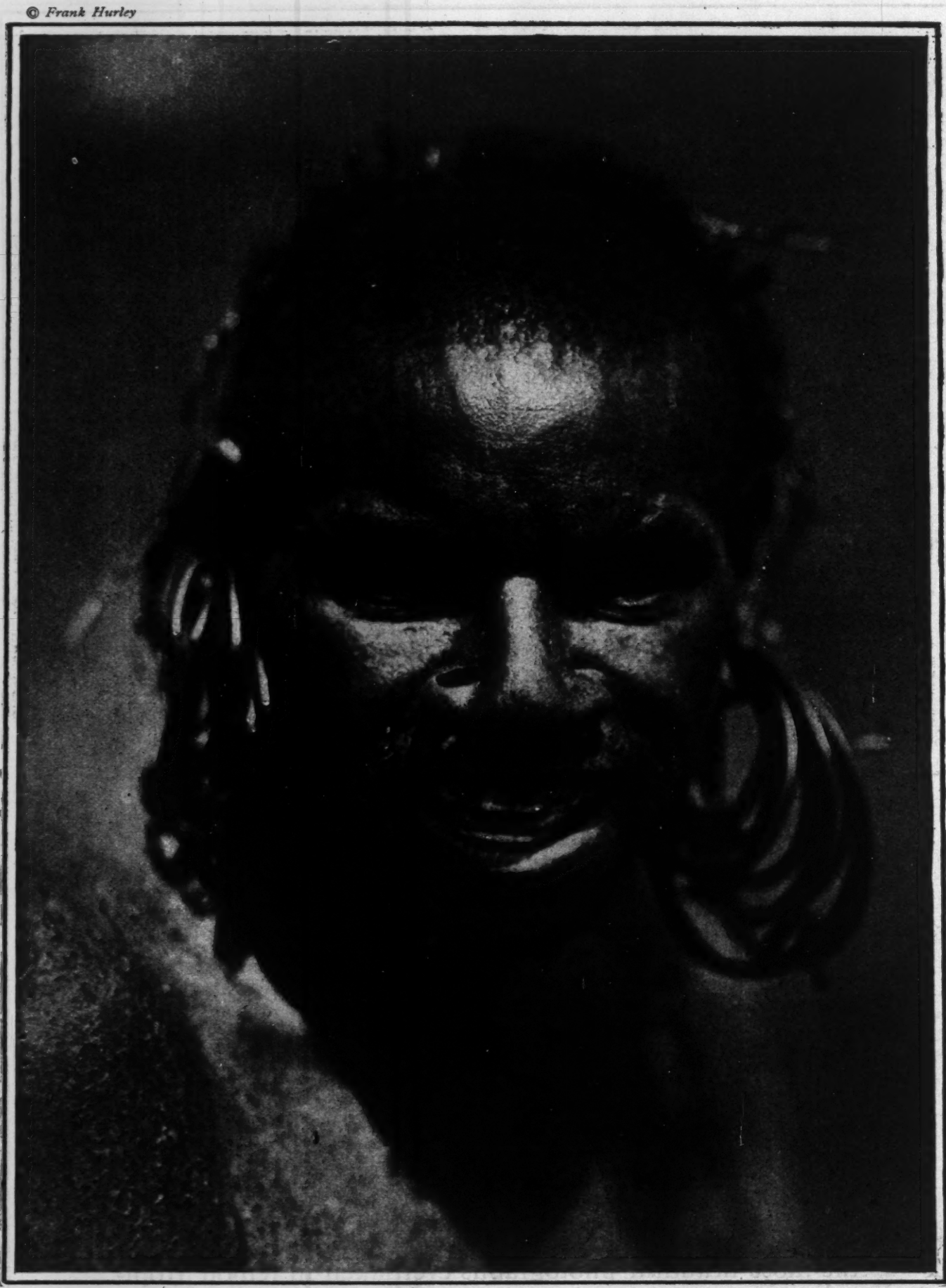
Humor, mystery, adventure and romance all go into the making of this powerful new novel narrating the experiences of two American boys thrown penniless into the midst of a hostile Mohammedan town. You will vote this one of the year's outstanding treats in rapid-fire fiction.

Hunting the Head-Hunters

By Captain Frank Hurley

The culmination of Captain Hurley's fascinating diaries of his adventures in unexplored New Guinea, which begin in the present issue. Illustrated with more of Captain Hurley's remarkable pictures of primitive Papuan tribes—the most beautiful photographs ever taken in remote tropical regions.

© Frank Hurley



One of the Lake Murray head-hunters discovered by Captain Hurley. This primitive savage fidgeted like a frightened animal before the camera, until he caught sight of his reflection in the lens. He was snapped as he smiled at it in childlike interest

VOLUME 56
No. 2

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*
KENNETH W. PAYNE, *Managing Editor*

FEBRUARY
1924

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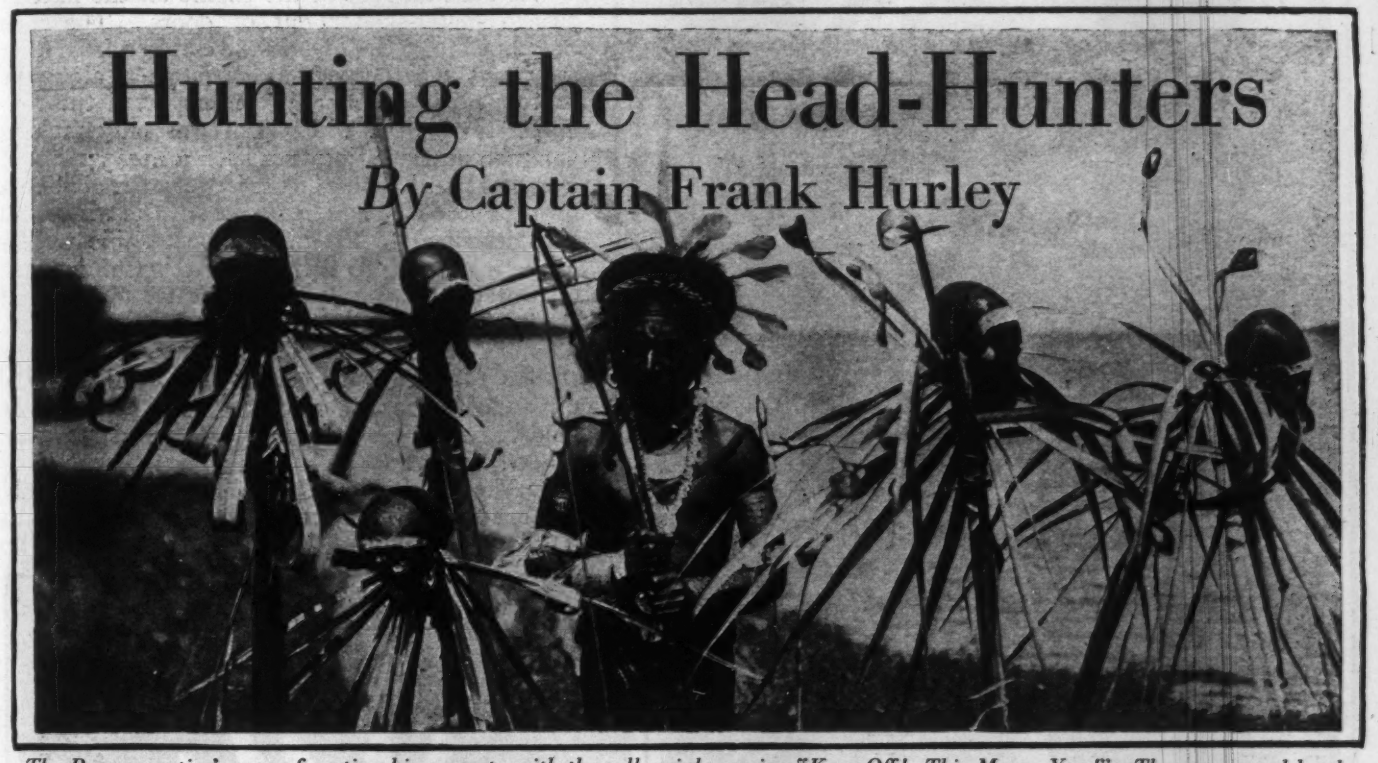
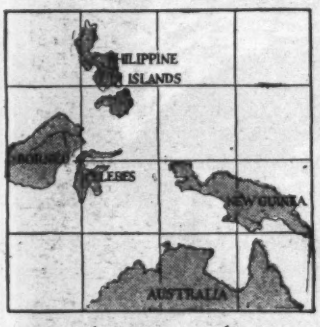
Hunting the Head-Hunters

By Captain Frank Hurley



The Papuan native's way of posting his property with the colloquial warning "Keep Off! This Means You!" These preserved heads, stuck up on stakes, were encountered by the explorers when they landed

A Diary of Adventures in Unknown New Guinea



NEWS that a strange race of cannibal head-hunters had recently been discovered in the earth's last great mystery spot—the jungles of interior New Guinea—has stirred popular curiosity throughout the world. McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is able to present herewith an exclusive document revealing Captain Frank Hurley's own story of this fascinating discovery.

Captain Hurley, a noted Australian explorer, was official photographer with various antarctic expeditions, including the late Sir Ernest Shackleton's in 1915; and was later official photographer to the Australian forces in France and Palestine during the World War.

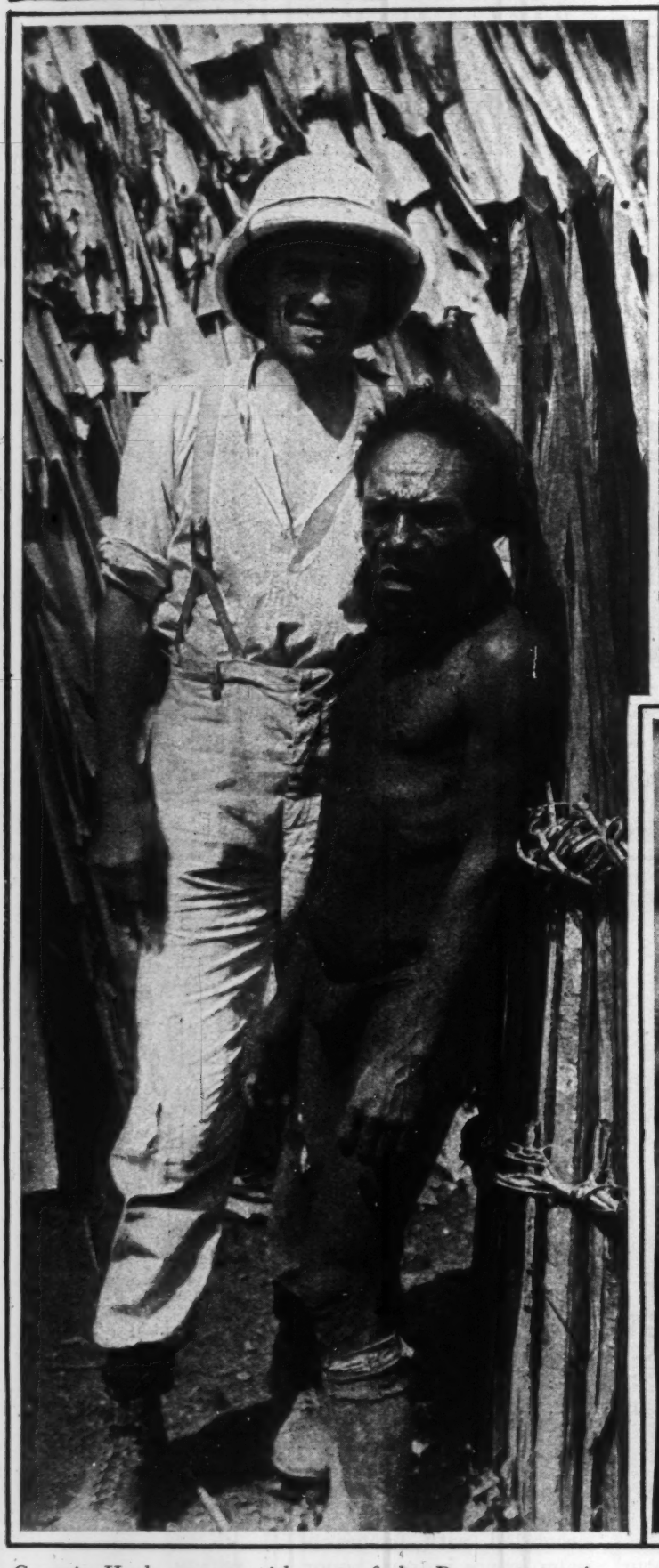
You will find the following excerpts from Captain Hurley's diary as uniquely interesting as are his pictures here exclusively published. Additional photographs in next month's McCLURE'S will be accompanied by diary excerpts describing further the strange adventures encountered during his trip.

September 6, 1922.

WE ENTERED at noon today the reefs that lie off the entrance to Port Moresby, Papua, where we are to outfit our expedition and whence we will soon set forth into the unknown heart of this mysterious land.

Throngs of natives came out to meet us from Hanauabada village in canoes decorated with fringes of palm leaves in our honor. As our airplane was swung outboard, they gave throat to prolonged war whoops and smote the canoe sides with their paddles, producing a deep-noted, continuous boom. The amazing spectacle of these native canoes and of man's supreme achievement,

Photos © Frank Hurley



Captain Hurley poses with one af the Papuan pygmies of the Evesi tribe. These little people talk in a jumble of grunts, squeals and groans

the airplane, moving off in procession across the bay—contrasting the most primitive and most modern means of travel—first fully brought home to me a realization of the dramatic events that are in store for us as we pursue our search for unknown races in this last great mystery spot of the earth.

When Captain Lang, our aerial pilot, made a trial flight with the *Seagull*, this premonitory sense of drama became still more tense.

At the first roar of the engine all the natives rushed helter-skelter out of doors. The men decamped from their work, the children from their play, and all gathered in wild excitement along the shore. Some skeptically contemplated the machine, saying the white man was only making gammon and insisting that such a heavy mass of iron and wood could never rise into the air like a bird. Those who had helped to lift the wings and hull described to the others the terrible weight of the machine. To them the trial was ridiculous.

But when Lang opened the throttle full, and the racing machine rose from the water, a momentary hush of utter bewilderment fell upon the throng, followed in a second by the breaking forth of pandemonium. The natives yelled and cheered madly. Their shrieks of wild enthusiasm were echoed all over town. The prisoners broke loose from the jail. The Court had to be suddenly adjourned, since all the witnesses, together with

With mud-daubed face and a shell between his teeth he is trying to make himself look frightful, and seems to have succeeded

© Frank Hurley

In full regalia a warrior of the Orokaivas displaying his disc stone club ornamented with gaudy feathers. The weapons of these tribes are spears and clubs only. They do not use the more highly developed bow and arrow. The "Gibi-Gibi" mask which he wears is supposed to add ferocity to his expression and thus helps frighten his enemies

police and prisoners, rushed out to behold the miracle. Work had to be postponed for the day. The entire civic life of Port Moresby ceased. Not a single native would return to his job. In jabbering groups until late at night they spent their time discussing the astounding phenomenon. None, however, evinced any desire to make a flight. They said, "Canoe stop-along water more safe. He very slow, but we get there bye-and-bye all same."

Captain Lang is now regarded as either a god or a devil, and the *Seagull* has become an object of reverence.

I have already chartered for our trip a small local vessel, the *Kerema*, equipped with a 25 horsepower gas engine and threadbare sails, and have signed on Veikaki, a native, as coxswain, and engaged two other lads for the crew. This will bring the complement up to my friend McCullough—naturalist—Captain Lang, and Mechanic Hill for the airplane, and myself in command, with Bell as engineer and seven natives.

September 22nd.

I am writing my diary by the light of a hurricane lamp on the Island of Dauko, which lies some distance off the entrance to Port Moresby. In front the camp fire is smoking furiously and around are gathered five natives, crew of the canoe that brought us out here. McCullough is lying rolled up in his blanket beside me and is holding discourse in execrable pidgin English with the natives. They are sagely discussing the stars, flying machines, the mysterious cities of civilization and the people who live there. Overhead the star-studded canopy of the heavens forms our roof and the swish of the wavelets ceaselessly shuffling the shells along the beach is a lullaby of sweet freedom. Innumerable sand crabs move slowly up to our camp to peer curiously at the unusual light, and scurry off in terrified haste as I pelt small shells at them.

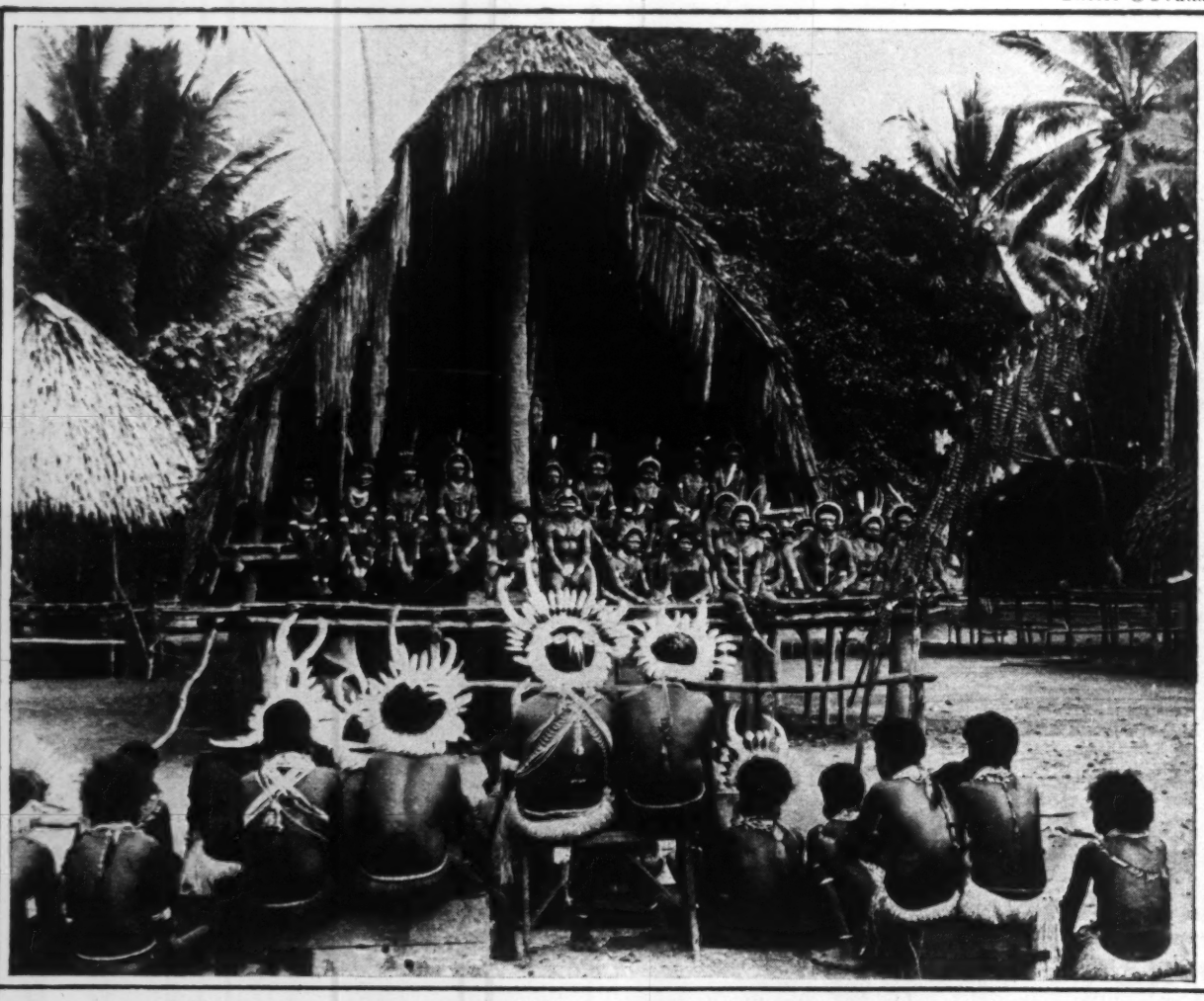
In canoes that draw but a few inches of water we have sailed out to Dauko Island to spend a few days amid the incredible beauty of the coral reefs, while the *Kerema* is being made ready for her journey.

The reef on which we spent the day was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. No gorgeous fairy flower garden with a dazzling confusion of spring blossoms could compare with this amazing garden of the sea. Shoals of brilliant-hued fishes, flashing and scintillating like meteor showers, darted hither and thither among the coral. The purest of pigments would look dull alongside their fantastic patterns, which seemed to irradiate color, to glow and phosphoresce. To attempt to describe a single wonder of a coral reef is as hopeless as to paint it.

September 23rd.

The night was filled with strange things. Scarcely had I put the light out than something scuttled across my blanket. I switched on my electric torch and was amazed to find the camp alive with crabs. They scampered off in the beam and, as McCullough assured me they were quite harmless, I sought slumber again. But the crabs were awake, and in added numbers the ugly

Photos © Frank Hurley



A Meketeo singing competition in which one team tries to sing the other down, the contest between the two often enduring for days or even a week on end

Front view of another chorus ballet, in the same district. One chorus sings for hours until exhausted; then cedes to the opposing chorus. The third head from the right is reproduced on this month's cover

beasts returned to the canvas we rested on, evidently much pleased with the pattering of their feet, and soon they were crawling all over our chests and faces.

The natives went off about midnight—not that they cared in the least about the crabs scampering over their uncovered bodies, but they had other affairs to attend to. In the starlight I observed them out in the sea catching fish. I thought crabs ashore were infinitely preferable to sharks at sea and tried again unsuccessfully to lie down to sleep; I ended by composing myself to count the stars and the crabs, and to ponder the plans for our journey. As soon as the *Kerema* is ready she will sail from Port Moresby for the mouth of the Fly River—gateway to the unexplored wilderness—while Lang and I will follow her by air in the *Seagull*.

October 3rd.

After heartbreaking delays, the *Kerema*—now re-christened the *Eureka*—is ready, and our journey has begun. I was up early and at 5:30 saw the *Eureka* put out to sea. Her destination is first Yule Isle, and then Kaimari where she will await the *Seagull*. In a day or two Lang and I expect to start out at dawn, to avoid the boisterous winds that rise as the sun gains altitude.

October 5th.

Up at 5 a. m. determined to make our start today. Lang made a beautiful take-off and then flew straight over the town in the eye of the wind to gain height before turning in the direction of Yule Isle. Passing over numerous villages built on piles along the foreshores or adjacent to beaches, where the natives assembled to look up in wonderment at us, we followed the coast to Red Scar Head, with the village of Mana Mana built around one shore. Not a single native was to be seen; the village pigs, scampering wildly about the huts, were in sole charge, their masters having fled to the bush in terror.

At Yule, however, the natives have had missionary training and they gathered on the jetty there to cheer us heartily as we arrived and landed.

October 6th.

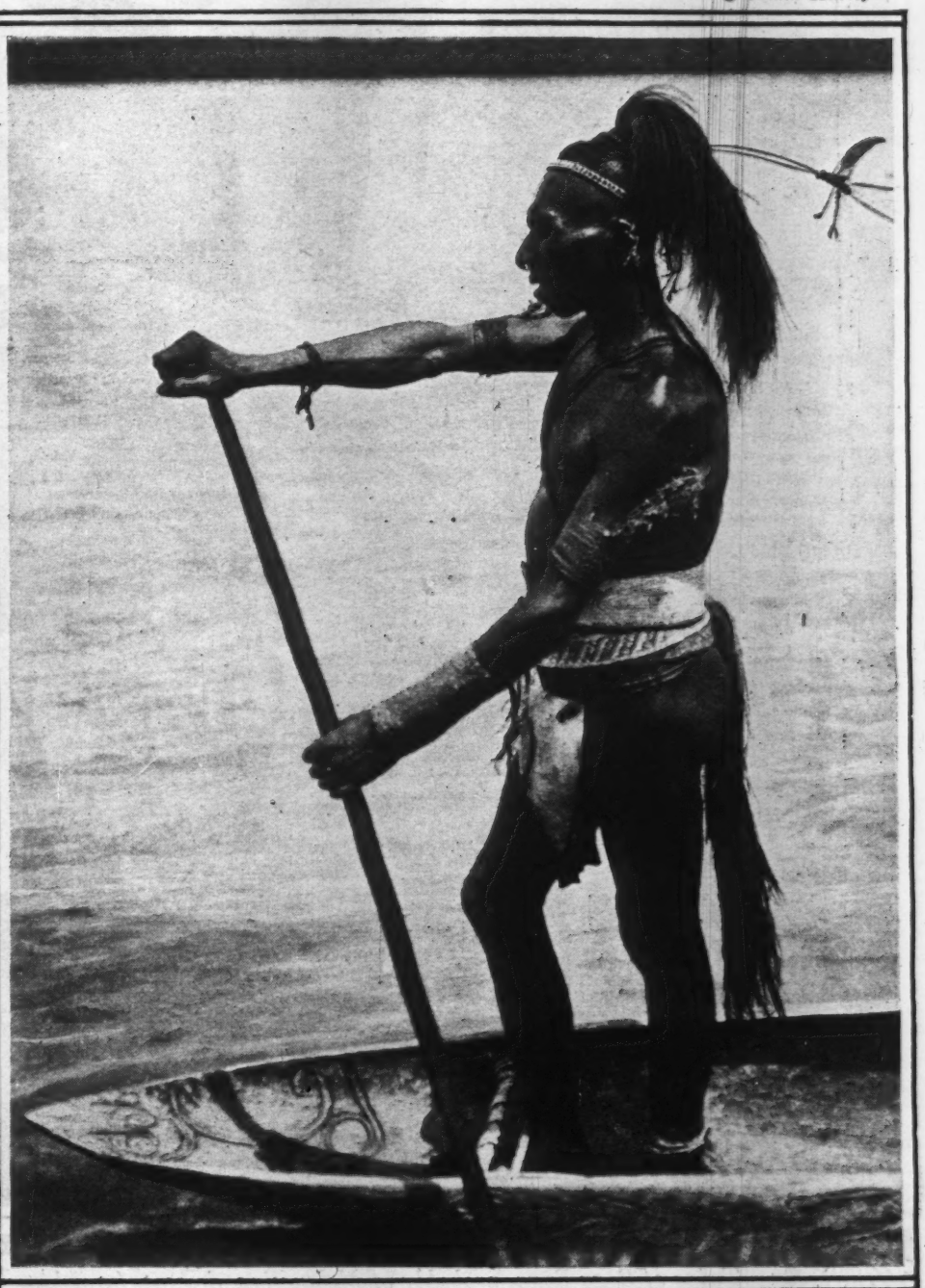
I am writing in the air. A great crowd was down to see us set off from Yule for Kaimari, and we were soon sailing low over the coastline, feasting our eyes upon magnificent views of thick verdured hills coming down to the water's edge, the coastal hills of the country behind, the gray beaches fringed with palms, and the scattered villages—that lay like toys beneath us—all deserted of life. Somewhere in the jungle I knew their inhabitants were cowering, waiting for our aerial demon to pass. Only the natives in the villages at the entrance to the Vailala River were visible. They congregated in the open squares and lit monster smoke fires, perhaps signals, warnings, or votive offerings to us.

As we neared the five mouths of the Purari River, we encountered dense clouds that shut out our view, while heavy rain cut our faces like hail, and the turbulent air tossed the machine about wildly. To add to our extreme uneasiness was the knowledge that we must locate, amid this gloom and storm, a tiny village on an unknown river.

On earth again.

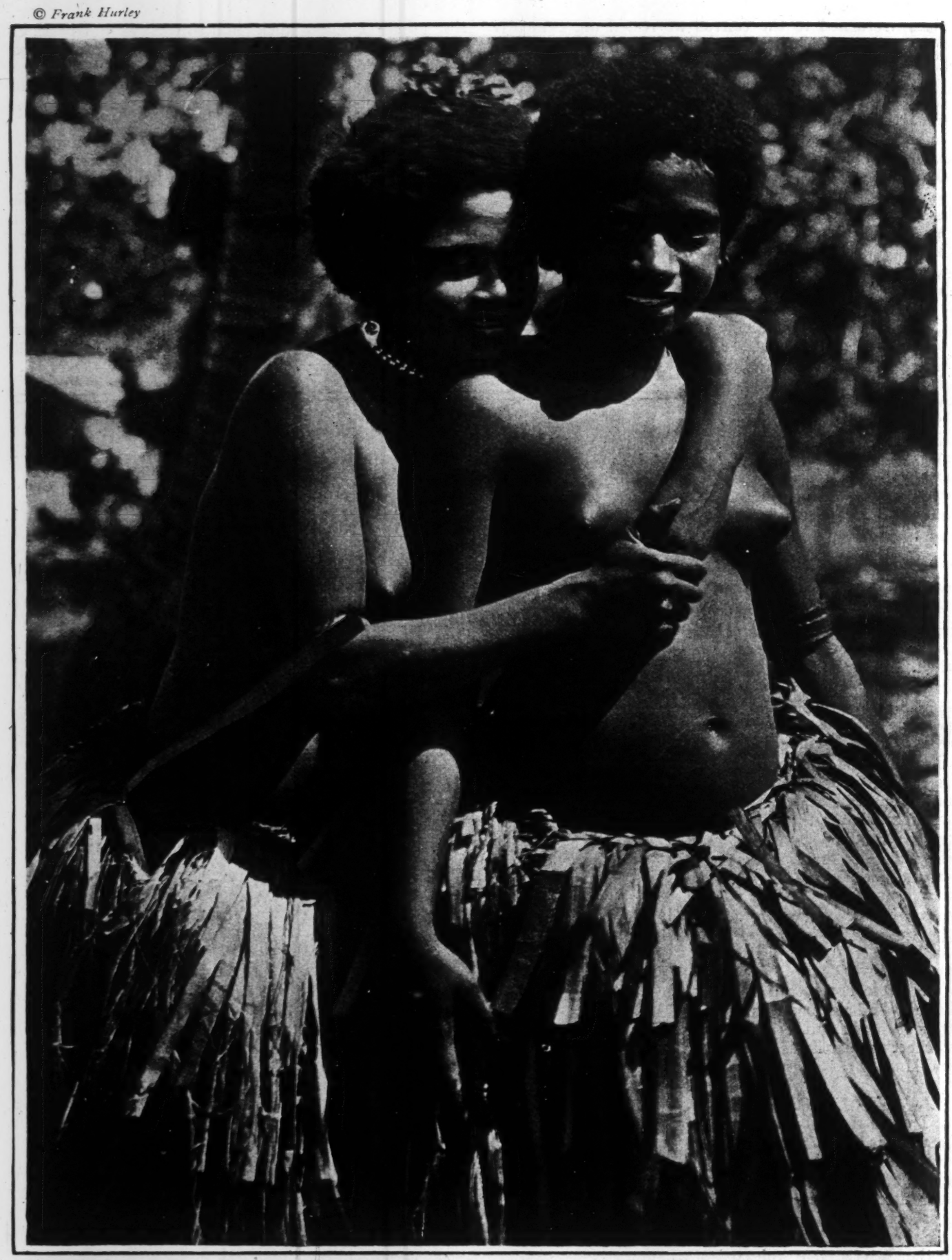
The storm providentially cleared before we had reached our destination. As the clouds broke beneath us the five great mouths of the Purari presented a wild and imposing spectacle. Great waves were breaking in a

© Frank Hurley



A magnificent specimen from the Purari River district. He wears a headdress of cassowary feathers. These people are expert canoeists

© *Frank Hurley*



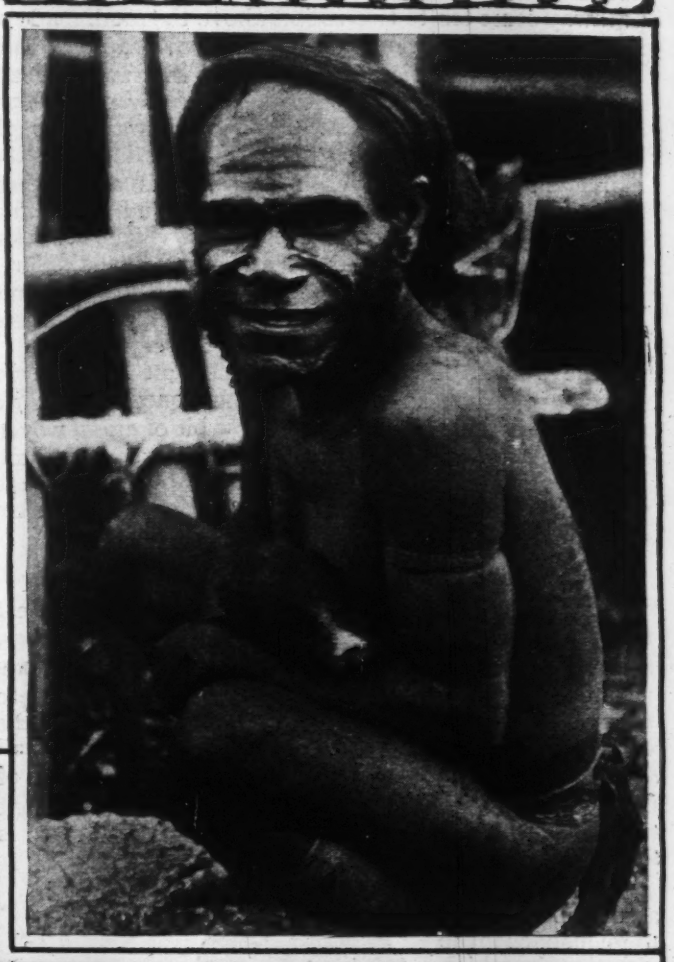
Twins of Boga-Boga, probably of Melanesian descent, furnishing a striking contrast to the repellent ugliness of the mud-plastered native women found by Captain Hurley in the villages of the Fly River. Their skirts are of stranded banana leaf

monster, lacy pattern over the treacherous bars, and volumes of muddy water streamed far into the sea beyond the eye's reach. In the opposite distance I could trace the river winding far among mangroves and swamps and palms until lost in the wilderness.

Finally below us I picked up with my glasses the top of a village house and soon the familiar shape of the *Eureka* hove in sight on the waters, and we knew that we had located Kaimari. Passing low over a maze of winding waterways, Lang made a graceful sweep over this strangest of all human habitats. The great Ravis, or communal houses, stood out boldly from the water, and the various "suburbs," or isolated parts of the community, were connected together by bridgeways over the flood. A desolate, gloomy place, yet fascinating.

We made a beautiful landing right alongside the *Eureka*, which, this evening, floats, with her electric lights ablaze, only a few hundred yards away from as weird and ancient a village as can be found on earth. Seeing the great gaping dubus, or Ravis, silhouetted against the moon, and the *Seagull* reposing in the moon's track on the water, I seem to be living in some uncanny drama created by the imagination of Jules Verne. Here the most ancient and primitive forms of human life have welcomed to the shores of a time-old lake the motor ship and airplane of civilized whites. There is something eerie about the whole experience—it is as if we had entered another planet.

Photos © Frank Hurley



Captain Hurley's first meeting with the "Sambio" head-hunters of Lake Murray, a hitherto unknown people who first fled from him, then bartered with him and finally attempted to ambush him. Above, pygmy type from the mountain ranges of central New Guinea. Pigs are their pets, regarded with as much affection as their children

All the houses in the community are built on piles above the tidal flats. Between the houses winds a pathway some ten to twelve feet above the mud, made of mangrove uprights floored with mangrove saplings, laid crosswise. A very rickety structure it is, always threatening to throw one down into the unsavory mud below at the first incautious step. Similar roadways, though narrower, lead from the main thoroughfare to the individual family huts, each of which is a detached bungalow standing in its own plot of mud, small and exceedingly smelly. In fact, Kaimari is a village of sticks, slime and smells. The huts resemble somewhat the forepart of an alligator with the jaws open. A wall some distance back from the front opening forms a porch, where the family works and where social life goes on.

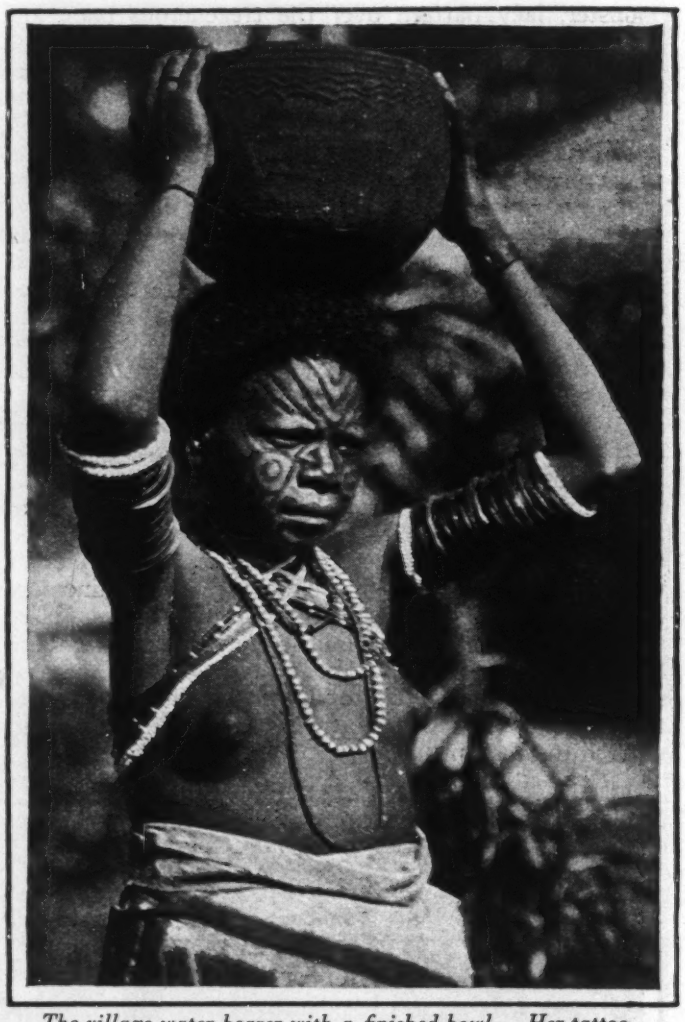
The women of Kaimari are the ugliest I have ever seen, and they are as hideously proportioned as they are ugly. Their sole covering is a narrow bit of grass, woven into a rope and bunched behind so that it resembles a tail. I have noticed a great number of them about the village plastered with mud—as a sign of mourning—which makes them unsightly beyond words.

October 10th.

An evidence of the primitive state of these people I find in their canoes which are merely hollowed-out logs, some 16 to 18 feet long. Each crude dugout is open along the top and, being round-bottomed, ever threatens to turn over at the least provocation. The back of the canoe is left open, and to make it water-tight a small sand barrier is patted in. Scarcely better is the prow of this bizarre vessel. The canoe falls so low in the front that if it is propelled at sufficient speed the water is scooped inboard.

To prevent this a small boy squats there, his back to the direction in which the canoe travels,

Photos © Frank Hurley



The village water bearer with a finished bowl. Her tattooing classes her as a great beauty

Native woman finishing a clay vessel which she painstakingly scrapes to the desired shape with a shell. The pot, after sun drying, is baked by kindling dry wood around it. When the baking process is completed a solution of mangrove bark is dashed over the pot to form a crude glaze

Photos © Frank Hurley

The "Puri-Puri" man (sorcerer) of Eroro, an extremely primitive race. The sorcerer terrorizes his unhappy victim

and the caulking between the canoe and the boy is made with mud!

We have been long enough in Kaimari to gain the confidence of the people, partly by crude horseplay. Lang, who has a false plate with two back teeth attached, draws the plate back showing a vacant gap, then with a wave of the hand in front of his face—*Hey, Presto*, the teeth are back! This always attracts an immense crowd, who roll on the ground in convulsions of laughter. I, who am something of an ape, being able to move my ears, can likewise draw a crowd.

I have learned that the old Wise Men have invented weird stories about our airplane's evil purpose, and that the whole village has been meditating clearing out to the bush. We were able to calm them to some extent, but they thought it advisable to propitiate the spirit of the strange flying machine by sacrificing a pig to it.

October 11th.

During the afternoon, as scheduled, the sacrificial pig was shot by its owner with bow and arrow. The pig at once made off, pursued by a large crowd of hunters all armed with bows and arrows. They chased "Dennis" across the mudflats under houses and bridges and finally brought him to earth after firing many arrows. The pig was then carried triumphantly along the elevated plank road, as though in a funeral procession with only the head men taking part, and was taken aboard a canoe and rowed out to the machine. Lang and Hill were both aboard to receive the offering, which they laid with much ceremony on the altar-like bow. The sacrifice was allowed to remain until dark, when it was secretly removed by us and presented to our native crew.

This sacrifice, we learned, was the highest honor that could have been shown the *Seagull*. A pig is regarded as being more valuable than human life. The natives fully believed the machine would devour the pig, but had they seen the

A woman from Mailu Island, Southeast Papua, making clay cooking utensils. After the clay has been kneaded to the right consistency it is rolled into "snakes" and then roughly coiled into shape. By her side is an ingenious receptacle for water which is made from a large shell

Photos © Frank Hurley

This young man of the Kerova tribe is wearing beads of gray seeds as a sign of mourning for his wife

One of the braves of Goaribari Island, Gulf of Papua, visited by Captain Hurley on his homeward voyage. His headdress of parrot feathers indicates his tribal rank

Orokaiva brave with his "pipe"—a tube filled by suction with smoke, then passed from mouth to mouth

Note the strange variety of features and costumes characterizing these Papuan natives from neighboring regions of New Guinea. This Orokaiva tribesman affects a woolly coiffure, his tresses lengthened with palm fibres

Photos © Frank Hurley

Firemakers from Mt. Leamington, Owen Stanley Ranges. In order to make themselves horrific they plait their hair into long pigtails bound round with fibre. They make fire with a length of vine drawn vigorously up and down under a dry stick, the flame being produced in about four minutes. The two methods shown on this page are the only ones known to the primitive natives

Making fire by the grooved-stick method. A hard pointed stick is rapidly moved to and fro along a groove. The intense friction in three minutes ignites the small particles of sawdust which collect at one end

An old warrior of Kaimari teaching his son how to barb an arrow head with a primitive knife of mollusc shell

© *Frank Hurley*

A head-hunting crew inveigled by Captain Hurley to pose for his camera in one of their marvelous dugout canoes, reaching 50 feet in length, in which they can make up to eight knots

crew whacking into it, I doubt if we would have been so popular.

We ourselves did not sample the offering, owing to the filthy feeding of the Kaimari pigs. The natives, however, appeared to be quite immune to poisoning of any description. Ptomaine poisoning is quite unknown and when we went through several damaged cans during the afternoon, we observed numerous tins blown out at the ends. These the natives clamored for, but I ordered them to be thrown overboard. The onlookers from the shore at once dived after them and gorged the contents without harm. I am told that one Port Moresby firm does quite a profitable business through the sale to the natives of damaged foodstuffs unconsumable by whites.

October 14th.

McCullough today evinced a naturalist's desire to secure rats! For each rat he said he would pay one stick of *ku-ku* (tobacco). The result has been that all the rats in Kaimari are threatened with extinction, the natives engaging in an exhaustive hunt. Rats, I may say, are now no longer desired aboard the *Eureka!* I was amused, during the skinning, when a young boy begged for the flesh and entrails of the rats. These were handed him to his extreme delight. This refuse he merely placed on a fire and scarcely heated before he hungrily devoured it.

October 20th.

Our operations at Kaimari are for the time ended. I have been going into plans for some time for the next stage of the journey to Daru, which I regard as one of the most dangerous stages of the expedition. The weather between Kaimari and Daru is despicable. The coast is one extensive delta and in the slight distance of some 150 miles the nine great rivers, Purari, Kikori, Aird, Auro, Omati, Turama, Bamu, Aramia and Fly have their outflow. The southeast trade winds meeting the moisture-laden atmosphere of the delta form low scud clouds and turbulent air currents. Bad as the aerial conditions are for flying, equally bad are the waters for navigation. The vast amount of mud swept down by the rivers is responsible for an infinite number of low flat swamp islets and mudbanks, which render this coast a positive nightmare. I intend to make the flight to Daru in one stage and have the boat follow as near to our course as possible, so that in the event of a forced landing there will be a chance, minute though it be, of our being picked up.

October 21st.

The *Seagull* was made ready yesterday, and we took the air this morning after exciting adventures in trying to rise from the water. Just as we came to the bend known as Kaimari Creek the *Seagull* lifted from the surface, but now the real hazard began. The river is not more than a couple of hundred feet wide and very windy. We were speeding madly between its tree-walled banks at sixty miles an hour, just above the water, rounding sharp bends through the bush in an alarming manner. It was the wildest ride I have ever experienced. The slightest sideslip would have sent us crashing into the trees. Fortunately, the creek was only a couple of miles long, but the couple of minutes it took to do it in have certainly no parallel in my life. It was a heartfelt relief to emerge from this jeopardy to the expansive waters of Port Romilly.

At 8:49 we were slowly climbing over the muddy waters toward our objective of Bell Point at the mouth of the Turama River. Looking down upon the sea, I noticed everywhere a maze of shoals and mudbanks over which the breakers were rolling, and I must admit I felt

Photos © Frank Hurley

At left, relatives of a deceased warrior of the Fly River region, wearing mourning, which consists of pipeclay daubed on the head and garments made of small bush seeds

Being white she is invisible! This Orokaivan widow has plastered herself with pipeclay in order to escape the notice of Evil Spirits that hover around after the death of her husband

At left, two "grass widows" of the Fly River Estuary. Captain Hurley says that the native women here, the most unsightly he had ever seen, were made still more ugly by their atrocious mud-daubed mourning costumes, which have to be worn for a year

After the burial of her husband, which she may not attend, the widow covers herself with a native mat and crawls abjectly upon the ground to the grave, following a line in the earth drawn with a stick by her sister-in-law. Thereafter the widow dons mourning and does penance for months

apprehensive for ourselves in case the engine failed and also for the *Eureka* following behind us.

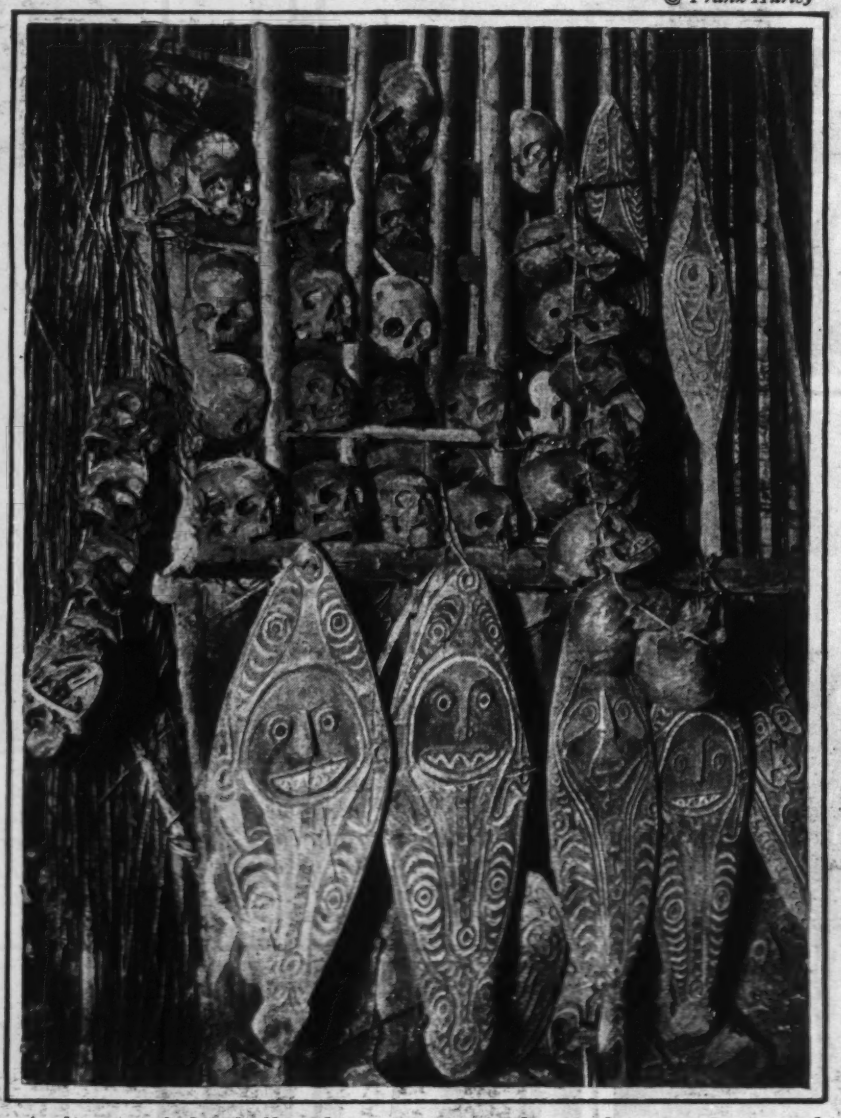
We headed toward the northern entrance to Fly River, through heavy rain clouds that Lang endeavored by skillful piloting to dodge. Great banks ahead of us, their crests crowned with shining halos of silvery glory, almost barred our passage.

In fact, they appeared to be driving in rapidly upon us. Could we pass through the narrow passage between these ominous storm clouds and the rain clouds over the land? If we failed it meant that we must turn about and seek a landing. Providence rode with us and we reached the passage and passed through this dread gap in the nick of time. As it was, we were violently tossed about by a squall just as we emerged and, looking down over the side, I noticed the waves swept white by a heavy gale. From now on the skies were leaden and scattered rain fell over land and sea.

A severe easterly wind harassed us, causing the machine to rock alarmingly and demanding all Lang's skill to keep her from turning over. Heavy rain compelled us to fly over the narrow passage between Parama Island and the mainland. We were halfway through when a violent atmospheric disturbance overtook us. The machine behaved like a small and unusually light boat in a wild, tossing sea. We were pitched and thrown about and it seemed impossible to avoid disaster. For five minutes we lived through an age of great anxiety, as the machine almost took charge and got beyond control. We fell from 1,100 feet to 450 in half a mile and still we were going down rapidly when a great gust got beneath us and, as if by unseen hands, we were lifted again several hundred feet. Then, with a deep sigh of relief, we left the passage and were out over the sea on the last short lap to Daru.

At 11:35 we came up with Daru, and soon the small settlement lay below us. Lang made a wide sweep among the rain clouds and with great skill landed the machine under gusty and extremely bad conditions.

Thus ended one of the most sensational flights I have made. The *Seagull* might be an admirable machine for more civilized latitudes, but her design is unsuited for the severe conditions one experiences here. Tropical storms and exposure have rendered her unsafe.



© Frank Hurley

A glimpse of the skull rack in a warrior's den in the great communal temple of Urama, showing how he keeps tab of his victims

October 24th.

The *Eureka* at last sailed into port here at Daru today. McCullough informed me that their delay was due to the amazing love which the coxswain Veikaki displayed for the land. As pilot, he insisted on following around islets, grazing over mud banks and anchoring up rivers, so the vessel might not rock! McCullough remonstrated with him and brought out the chart, but Veikaki replied, "More better we follow land and we fella see land more better." The chart meant nothing to this mariner of ours, and the compass points still less!

McCullough says the waters through which they sailed were semi-liquid mud. The very sea rollers were mud and the islets quagmires.

This is the second junction we have successfully made between the machine and the boat. Both stages have been fraught with exceptional dangers, but Providence has been kind to us. Another few flights and the machine will be useless.

November 6th.

Having abandoned our worn-out plane, and, after days spent in refitting the *Eureka* and preparing for the really adventurous leg of our journey up the Fly River, we left Daru this morning, just as the tide was beginning to run out, and headed across the shallows. The mists which always hang like a screen between Daru and the estuary of the Fly, barred our way, but this time the screen which hovered like a mystic veil over this amazing river was less harsh than it appeared. A torrential downpour and we were through into bright sunshine and calm.

Once through the Tauru passage we turned north and entered the muddy waters of the Fly estuary, which at the mouth is about 40 miles wide. This mighty stream, though but 500 to 600 miles in length, is said to pour into the sea as much water as the Amazon, although I think this perhaps is far-fetched.

Fortune was kind throughout the day and at evening

Photos © Frank Hurley

At right, a typical bowman of Western Papua. The bow is made from the black palm, the bow string being a strand of the outer skin of the bamboo. The weapon has a range of 150 yards. For arrows they use reeds with hardwood points, barbed with porcupine quills

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The men of the "Sambio" tribe of head-hunters, found by Captain Hurley on Lake Murray, may not marry unless they boast at least a head or two. The owner of the fantastic imitation head (below) hadn't the prowess to capture a human skull, so he consoled himself by making one out of a coconut, decorating it in the style approved for more grisly trophies

Head-hunter's trophy from the Sepik River, ex-German territory. The skull is used as a base over which the features are modeled in clay to represent the victim in life. Small shells are used for eyes and the original hair is resown in the clay cranium

Below, an ornate trio of skulls collected from the "Sambio" head-hunters, probably the skulls of their own relatives, The designs are executed in tasteful colors of gray and red seeds. They were apparently objects of considerable reverence, but no definite data could be secured concerning them

Photos © Frank Hurley

At left, young man of Kerowa, Papuan Gulf, wearing a pearl shell heirloom; below, a widower of Kaimari. Both sexes decorate themselves profusely with strings and beads after a relative's death

we dropped anchor off the little village of Daware, which did not impress me as a sanitarium. It appears to be the only half acre of dry land hereabouts; the rest is mangrove and eternal swamp.

November 4th.

Anchor was heaved up and we got under way at 7:30 a. m. The river banks are still covered with jungles of mangroves with an occasional small village on whatever high bank offers. A remarkable feature about these so-called villages is the communal houses. These strange structures are long houses in which dwell the entire community. An occasional canoe rowed out as we passed, in the hope of trading bananas or garden produce, but we were anxious to make the best of the tide, and besides I don't altogether like the shifty looks of these savages. They are rather diminutive in stature, with short curly hair, Semitic cast of features and black beady eyes.

At 1 p. m. we dropped anchor at a plantation known as Mediri—the last habitat of white man on the river. The single figure of a white man looks inexpressibly lonely and outcast in this dreary place. We carried a small mail and half a side of bacon to the exile, Beach by name, who lives there.

Five o'clock in the afternoon is always an event at Mediri—Mrs. Beach feeds the fowls and animals. The feed is principally shredded coconut, and the cats and dogs and feathery flocks all in one wild scramble mingle together in the evening repast. Then there are duels between cats and hens—and cockfights and a furious uproar of cackling, meowing and barking; but beyond this the ceaseless routine of the plantation, the interminable rain—mud and isolation. Yet Beach is resigned to it; he has accepted the wild for his home and mate, and is wedded to it.

We left Beach at 9:30 p. m. and went aboard the *Eureka* for the night, serenaded on our way by a furious chorus of frogs. Large frogs, small frogs, tenor frogs and bassos, squealers, croakers and whistlers, all swelling a mighty song among the swamps, while the fireflies flitted in scintillating myriads among the mangroves. The trees seemed to be lit up by countless miniature electric bulbs, incessantly switched on and off, and reflected in the mirrory waters. The scene was one of the most enchanting I have viewed in this part of the world.

November 9th.

It is 150 miles or more to Lake Murray, with a strong current against us all the way. Today's run has been particularly beautiful. The river banks now are like wondrous drop scenes and stage settings, canopies of mammoth trees overwhelmed by vines and carrying great burdens of orchids and innumerable parasite growths. Frequently it is difficult to ascertain where the trees begin and the vines leave off. Sections of the banks appear as if a great veil of green has been drawn over the trees. Then there were more open areas with the beautiful lawyer vines clambering over the trees in elegant festoons. Over the calm waters, lit by the blaze of an equatorial sun, myriads of horseflies and butterflies danced. Birds of paradise, hornbills, Goura pigeons and other daz-

Above, one of the more ferocious head-hunters discovered on the remote reaches of a central New Guinea lake. The strange variety of physiognomy found among these people has aroused considerable scientific curiosity. At right, a bowman of Western Papua, with cassowary feather headdress. Note the armlet on his wrist, to protect it from bowstring

zling flocks of gorgeous plumage flew overhead or sang amid the vines.

When we entered the pass among the D'Albertis Islands we found the mystic, lonely beauty of this remote wilderness still more entrancing. The waters of the Fly ramify here in a number of narrow passages, flowing between islands of emerald loveliness. The endless range of greens and browns, flecked with bright red patches of the young foliage and chocolate browns of the dying, the dun-colored stream reflecting the gaiety of the scene, the intricate avenues of water, walled by luxuriant green and scarlet growths, the blue and cloudless sky, the birds, the purling of the peaceful rivers—it has all been like a magic day in fairyland.

We now appear to be above the influence of the tides, for all day and night the current has been against us. Large quantities of driftwood, logs and occasionally whole trees go floating past and in order to avoid having our anchor carried away and the vessel with it, I have set watches throughout the night; further, we are now in hostile country and have to keep alert constantly to avoid surprise by the natives. We have seen no human life, however—nothing beyond point after point of the illimitable jungle. Always one wonders what lies beyond the distant point, and as we proceed and the prospect opens, yet another point lies beyond; nor is there hill or rise of any description, yet over it all there broods an absorbing fascination and unworldly mystery. Every mile brings us nearer to regions never seen by whites before.

November 11th.

The river scenery during the day has even surpassed the beauty of yesterday. Especially was this so near what is called Cassowary Island. The river banks at this place were reminiscent of old castles and ruins covered with vines. The entire trees were overwhelmed by "cascades" and festoons of marvelous creepers. From tree crest to waterline these amazing growths hung, waving gracefully in the breeze. We seemed to have entered a region of fairy castles, where beauty slept all around and only the droning purr of our exhaust broke the enchantment. The fairies that inhabit this vine-clad wilderness are flocks of birds with gorgeous plumage. Amid this extravagant verdure dwells the Paradise bird, the most beautiful creature that skims through the skies. Occasionally one can discern one of them passing from bower to bower. For a brief moment it glints and flashes out into the sunshine, only to careen back to the gloom of the jungle, which thrills with the characteristic notes of its mates.

Skirting Cassowary Island, we observed an immense flying-fox camp. For a full mile we passed trees from which countless myriads hung in the strange up-side-down fashion of their kind. I particularly noticed the singular manner in which they alight. They just perch like a bird, then, as the

Photos © Frank Hurley

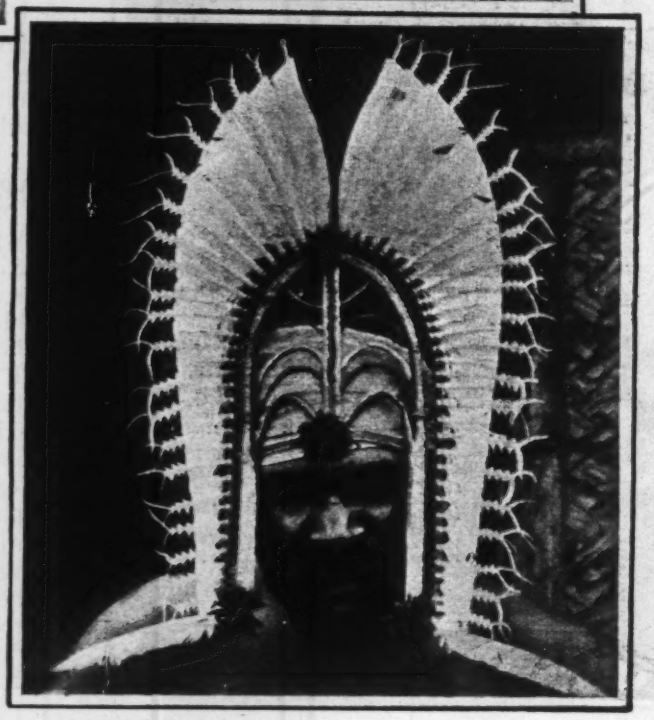
At right, the chief of the Kaimari swamp villages near the entrance to the Auro River, visited by Captain Hurley during the latter portion of his trip

At left, a bridegroom of Mondo (Owen Stanley Ranges). He has plaited his hair with "cigarettes" of wood, using one also as a nose ornament, and has painted the lower half of his face scarlet

Above, a native of Mukawa, with the primitive adz, made of a forked root and a crude stone blade. With these simple tools elaborate canoes are dug out from tree trunks. At left, another Lake Murray type with bamboo segments for earrings

Photos © Frank Hurley

The Queen of Boianai, a thoroughly aristocratic ruler of Melanesian descent, wearing slightly more costume and less ornamentation than the women of more primitive races



This peculiarly rough-looking customer—a Torres Straits Islander—is wearing his national headdress. In most tribes the men devote much time to their appearance, while the women make a cult of ugliness

wings are closed, gravitation comes into action and over they go, hanging from the branches head down.

As the weather was bright and hot these ugly creatures maintained a slow motion with their folded wings, idly fanning themselves to keep cool! A few shots from my rifle awakened and startled the flock so that they took wing. The sky became alive with flying foxes which whirled and flew in great clouds above their camping place.

All these days, during a journey of over 100 miles, we have not seen a single native or canoe. The first sign of human agency was this afternoon when we observed a distant smoke column ascending to the skies—a signal between savages who saw us, but none of whom we saw.

Late in the afternoon we rounded a river bend and turned due west, into the face of the setting sun. The sky was barred in the west by banks of rose and madder clouds, floating on a brilliant blue background. Every moment the clouds changed, flaming and flaring like fire, then gradually fading out to the dark shades of night, which fell like a drop curtain on scenes of amazing glory. The river, like a mighty gilded mirror, reflected the sublime wonder of the sky. At intervals it seemed a vast lake of liquid opal, flashing, changing, iridescing, as the changeful scheme of the skies decreed.

The night fell and a great silence seemed to envelop the world. Silently around the bend glides the river, carrying its water from the far ranges through lands pregnant with mystery, lure and enchantment. The stars dance out to light the world, and the fairies light up the trees along the banks with fireflies; above the water all are busy with their traffic and the great river reflects even the lights from their tiny chariots. It is as if we were anchored amid a vast shower of miniature meteors.

You could expect anything to come from out the gloom of the trees: the deep jungle darkness hides head-hunters and wild men and I doubt not that even now they are staring at us. We know that on either hand, a short distance inland, are lands never trod by civilized humans, inhabited doubtless by savage tribes yet undiscovered and unnamed.

The atmosphere is sweet-scented with flowers that exhale their perfume as the sun falls low. Then the fairies tune up their chorus and the goblin frogs croak, while the mosquitoes shriek about our ears. It is a strange symphony

of the tropic night, that will last until the dawn comes and the birds take up the melody and trill a gladsome song to the newborn day. Now the silhouette of our bark rides almost motionless on the deep waters where the stars dance and the moon's quarter floats. Only the purling of the current against the stern tells that the water moves. The ship rests like a dream vessel on the waters of Lethe. Morpheus has taken the wheel and all are wrapped in slumber, save myself and Dogai, who keep the midnight vigil.

November 13th (1:30 a.m.).

The moon has just peeped over the river bank—a frayed-out old moon in the final stages of decay, sharing the night watch with me. All day we followed the course on the rough Government chart, and found it full of glaring inaccuracies. The vegetation was not so prolific along the river banks as before. Occasional patches of great fertility and tangle were met with, but for the most part the banks were covered with weedy-looking fresh-water mangrove and reeds. From the mast top I could look over the tops of the reeds to vast areas of flat grass-covered land. The reeds that face the river front grow to ten feet in height and form an almost impenetrable barrier.

We are only a few miles from the junction of the Fly with the Strickland River, the latter being our waterway avenue to the Lake Murray region.

November 13th.

We entered the Strickland at 10:45 a. m., finding it an immense river scarcely less wide than the Fly itself and with a swifter current. The river is very circuitous. Near its junction with the Fly we followed the course four hours and at the end were only two miles north of our starting point.

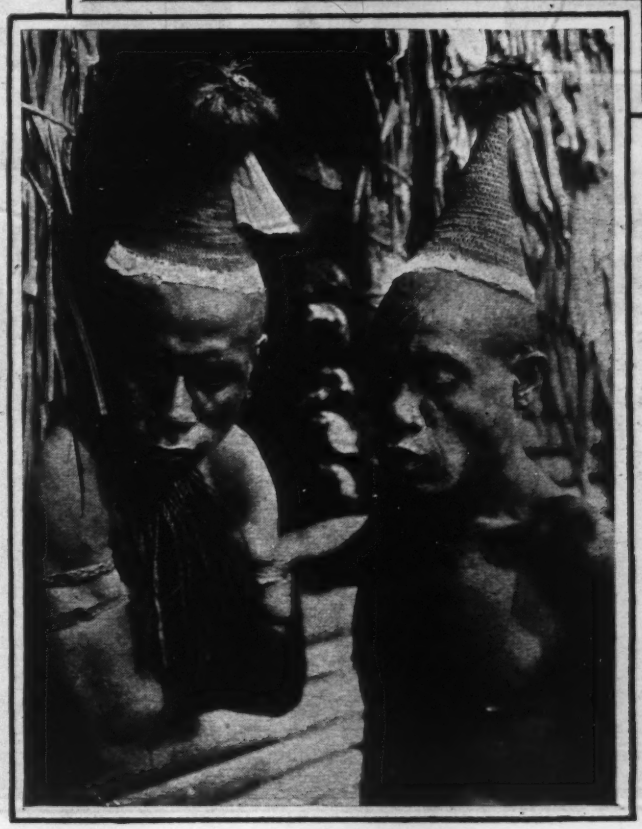
November 14th.

I make this entry under very harassing conditions. The mosquitoes are simply fiendish and though I have wrapped several thicknesses of blanket around my legs and feet and donned a heavy "puncture-proof" waterproof and doused my hands and face with a pungent citronella preparation it is all to no effect. We made the natives a mosquito-proof house from one of the tents. Except Dogai who keeps watch with me, they are all inside, but the mosquitoes seem to be busy within, judging by the continual slapping and smacking.

I am terribly weary and tired, but a watch must be kept as we

Photos © Frank Hurley

Young girl of Hanuabada village, carrying her water pot and bedecked in the more tasteful style characterizing the advanced races found in this region

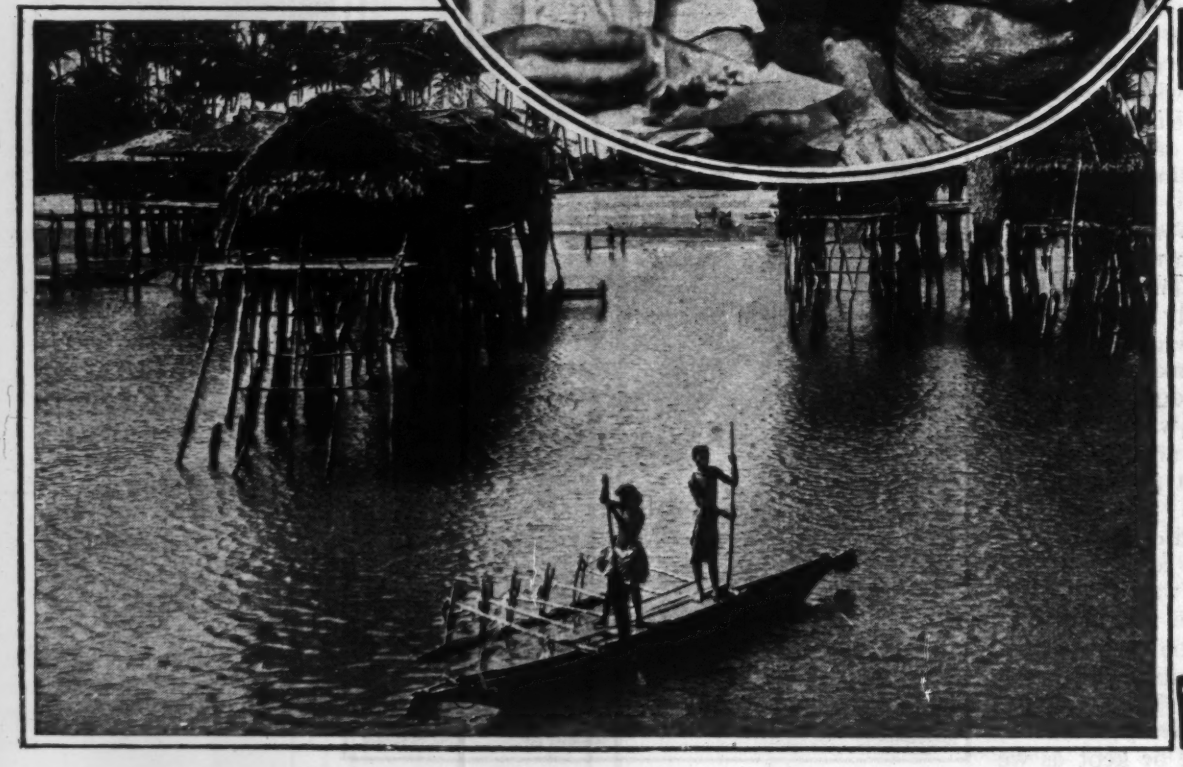


Men of Aramia wearing their astonishing hats, which are plastered to the head, the hair growing into the meshing so that their curious headgear cannot be removed without taking the hair also

Photos © Frank Hurley

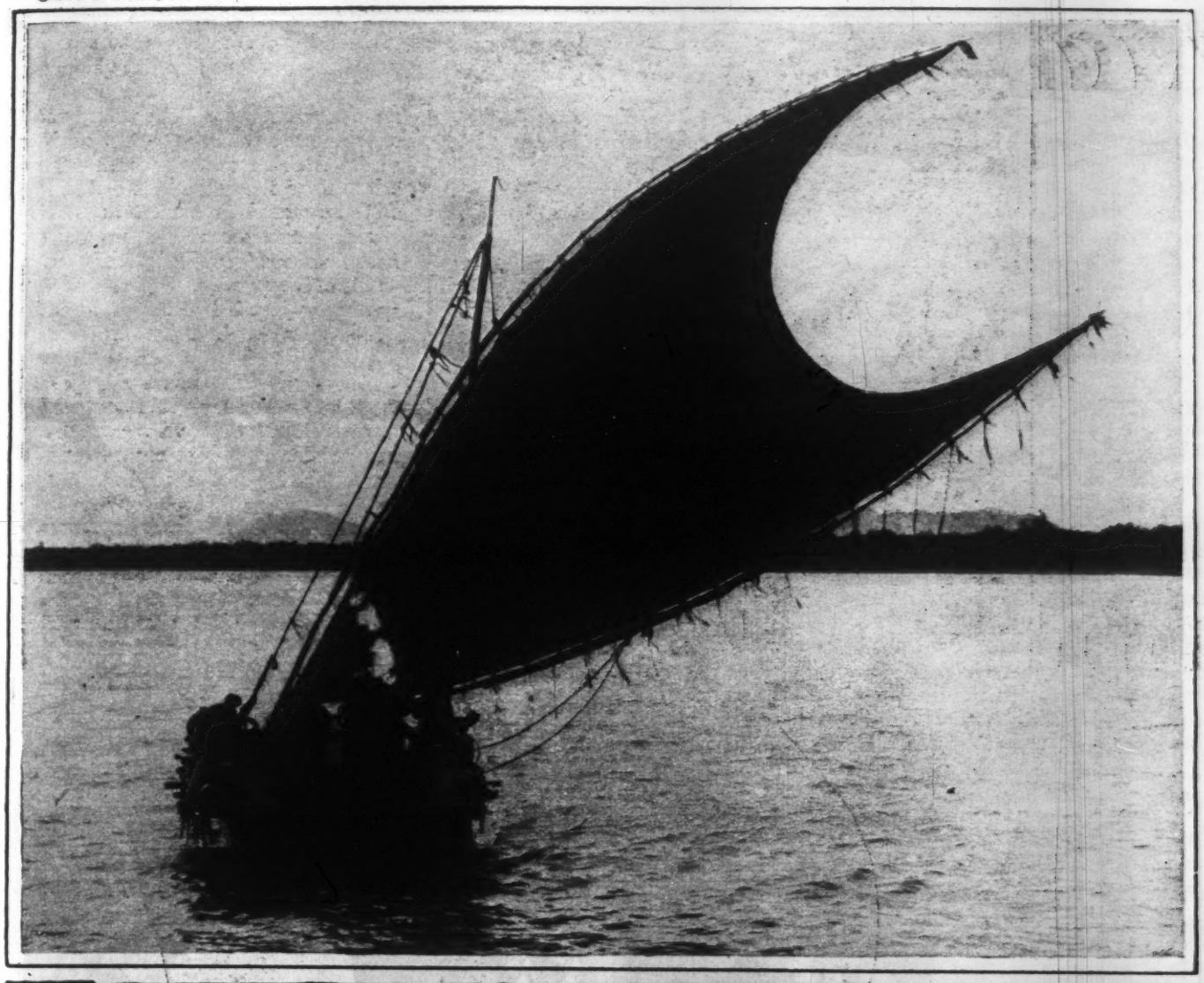
A busy morning in the main street of Mailu Village (at right). The people are a race of maritime traders and the building of their remarkable craft is taught from childhood, the youngsters constructing ingenious models of the larger boats, one of which is shown on the opposite page. The craft consists of two dugouts, held together by a deck to which the lower end of the sail is fastened

At right, Naturalist McCullough, Captain Hurley's only white companion on the Lake Murray portion of the expedition, showing Sambio head-hunter a photograph in order to inspire confidence and get him to pose. None of these people could make anything out of the photos except by turning them upside down, but in the latter position they took great delight in studying the pictures



At left, a glimpse of the remarkable aquatic village of Hula, built upon stilts in the sea, probably to avoid attack from the one-time hostile land tribes. This photograph might be called a picture of prehistoric times, so primitive is the culture from which the natives are just emerging. Note the extraordinarily narrow dugout canoe with outrigger to preserve the craft's balance

© Frank Hurley



One of the queer double-hulled canoes, with "lobster-claw" sails, in which the Mailu villagers go on extensive trading expeditions up and down the coast and rivers. The sail is simply hung by a single rope from the mast

are now amid the haunts of enemies and relaxation might result in the destruction of the whole party, and the conversion of our heads into grisly mementos to the treasures in the skull racks of the native dwellings.

At 3 p. m. we entered the Herbert River—quite an unobtrusive stream which is the outlet to Lake Murray. The great Strickland continued on, unabated in width or volume. Thus it continues for another 150 miles until the first rapids appear, but it is still another hundred miles before inland ranges are reached.

We are now anchored in the deep waters of the Herbert River and on the very threshold of Lake Murray. We all look forward excitedly to the meeting with the strange people about whom we have heard such distorted and fabulous rumors. For two hundred miles we have passed up the river and I have seen no sign of life, excepting a few deserted villages, a couple of canoes and the mysterious smoke pillars inland that have doubtless signaled news of our progress from tribe to tribe.

November 15th.

We continued today following the course of the Herbert, which the map guesses at as merely a straight waterway draining Lake Murray, but which we found in reality to be very serpentine, and difficult to navigate.

Naturally, the keenest expectation has existed on board as to the nature of the Lake itself and its strange mysteries, about which rumors are so prevalent. McCullough and I kept a keen lookout from the mainhead while the natives turned the wheel as we ordered and the crew kept the sounding lead busily engaged the whole time. Suddenly the trees along the banks dwindled away to reeds and then over the top of the swamps we observed the distant ramifying waters of this extraordinary inland sea. Through the glasses we discovered one canoe in the remote distance—the first human life seen since leaving Mediri on the Fly estuary, over two hundred miles away!

My impression of Lake Murray, viewed from near its junction with the Herbert River, is of a vast field of young wheat through which a flood has passed, leaving behind it immense pools.

From over the banks a large number of ibis, plover, terns, ducks and other birds arose as the exhaust of our engine awoke the solitude with its puffing. In the swamps in the immediate background and, in fact, all around, fields of beautiful lotus were in full bloom. These scattered among the emerald verdancy of the swamp grasses presented an enchanted fairyland to our view.

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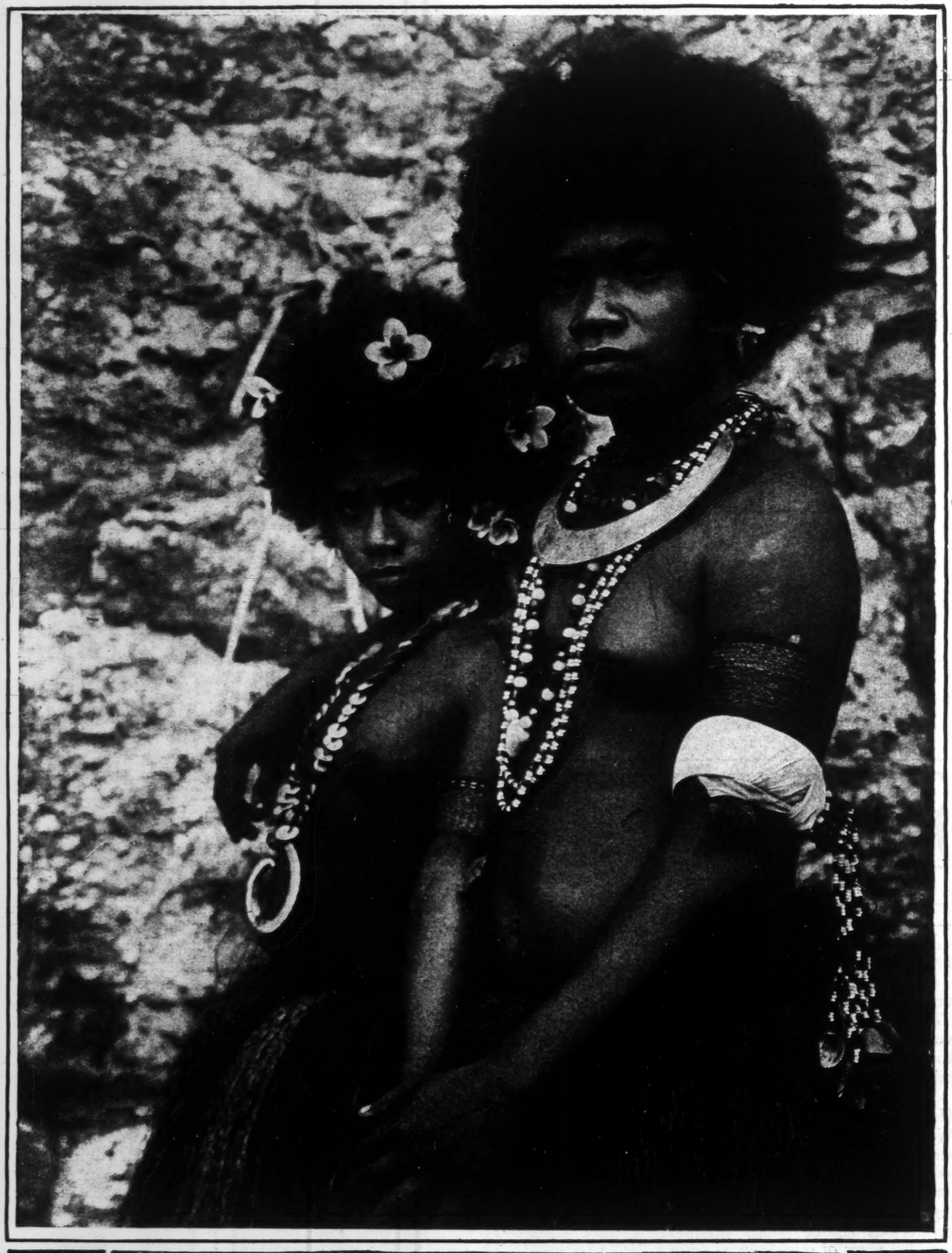

These sisters of the coastal region are not pure Papuan types, but are descendants of immigrants who came from Melanesia two centuries ago. They wear trade beads with ornaments of mother-of-pearl, and decorate their hair with hibiscus blossoms

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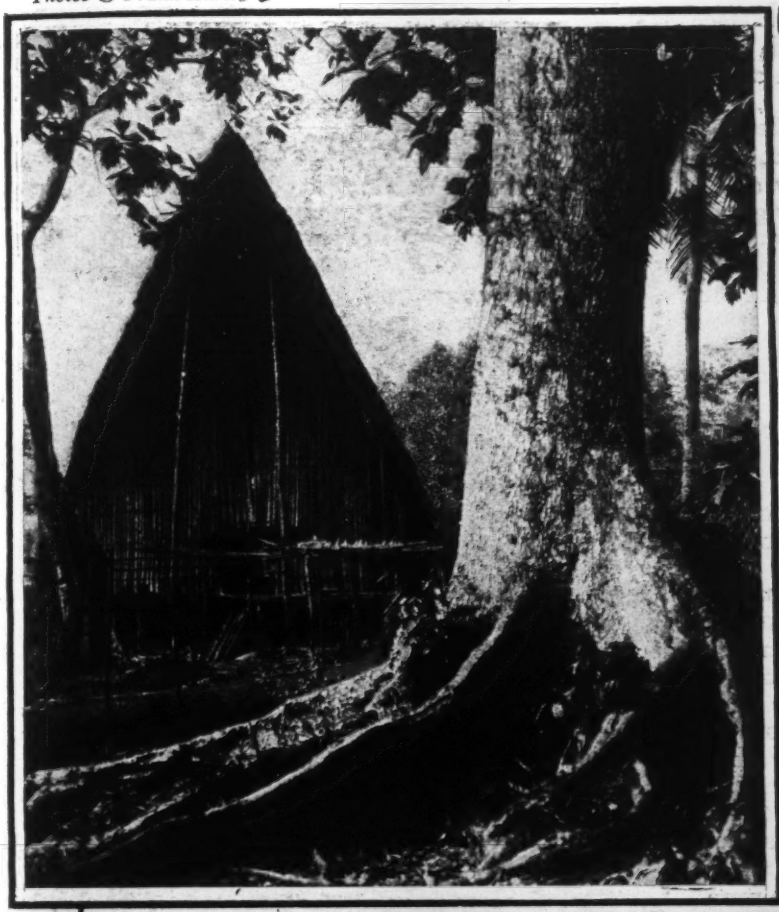


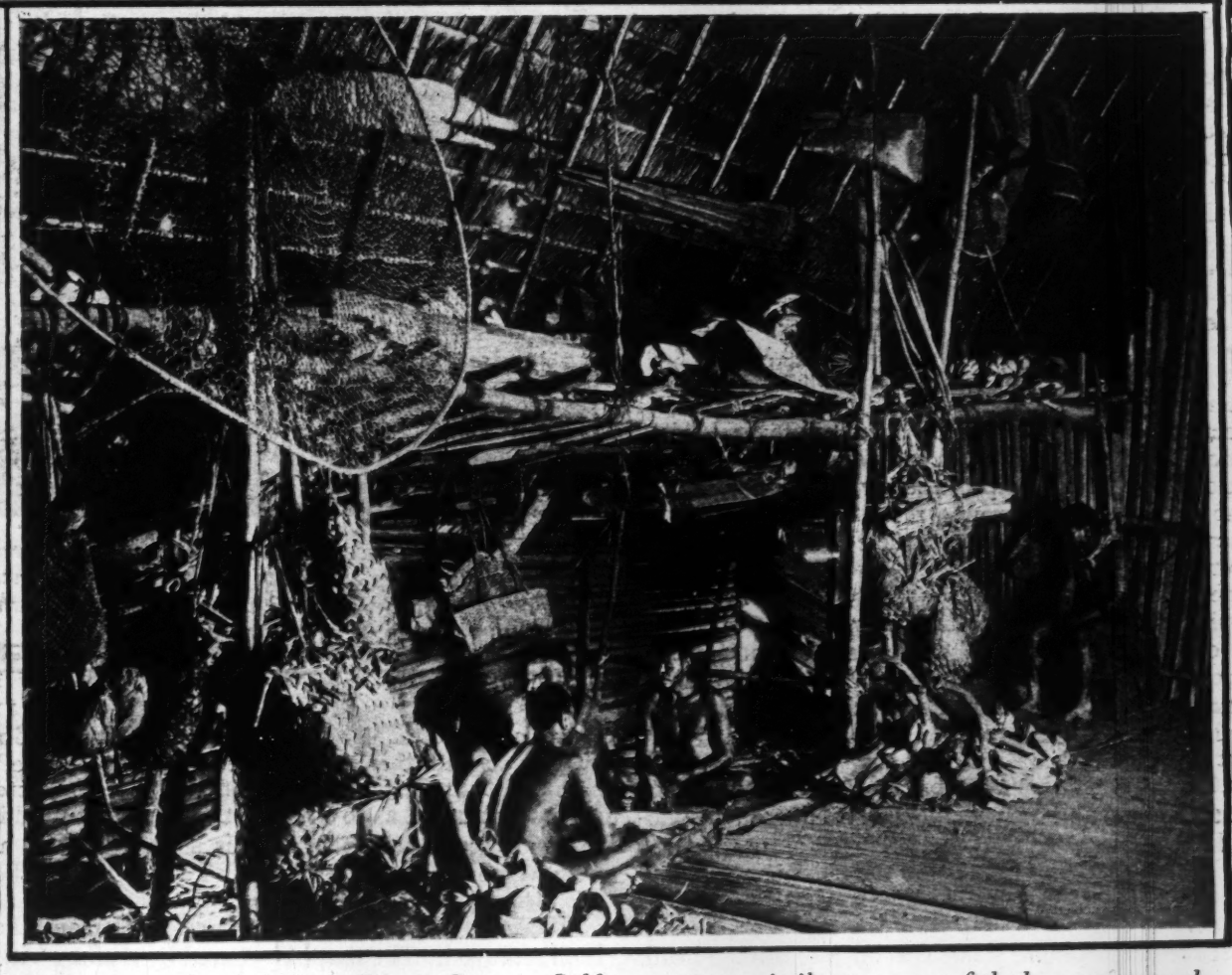
Eagerly I scouted every inch of the landscape for signs of a village. I finally succeeded in locating a long house amid a cluster of coconuts and thither I directed the vessel's bow. The village resolved itself into one immensely long dwelling on the only bit of dry land more than a few feet above the lake. But not a soul was to be seen!

I could only surmise that the inhabitants had become scared and cleared out to what they considered safety.

November 16th.

A truly remarkable and interesting day. The *Eureka* was brought close inshore again and a party comprising myself, McCullough, Veikaki, Dogoda, Dogai and Jack, all strongly armed with rifles and revolvers, went ashore.

The excitement was tense, as we fully realized the people were watching us from their hiding, and we knew not what moment a shower of arrows might rain upon us from the bamboo thickets surrounding the dubu. We poked our way through the water grasses fringing the lake's margin and came upon the track used by the villagers to reach the water. I led the party through the tall reeds and finally we came to a more open space planted with coconuts,



At top, temple of skulls at Urama, Papuan Gulf—a structure similar to many of the huge communal dwellings which Captain Hurley visited. The lower picture—a unique photographic document—shows a typical interior. The space between the bamboo uprights represents one family's apartment

and then we stood on the threshold of the village.

I sent the natives to guard strong points with their rifles cocked ready for defense while McCullough and I foraged around and went inside.

The general external appearance of the dubu bears a striking resemblance to the great houses of Kaimari, only the architecture and construction are wretchedly crude and inferior compared with them. The overhanging roof in the front resembles the conventional yawning crocodile design of the Delta, while we noticed that many of the poles were split and carved at the ends, carrying out the same design.

I should have mentioned that before we reached the dubu the track was "closed" by a skull on a pole, and by arrows. These we removed and substituted in their place emblems of peace—a broken bough, strings of beads, red calico and a number of benzine tins.

The entire population evidently dwell in this one great house, which measures 223 feet long by 54 feet wide at the entrance and 25 feet high to the peak at the entrance. The house is thatched with sago palm leaf.

The fighting men dwell outside on the porch underneath the yawning roof, so as to be ever alert in case of attack, of which they live in eternal dread. In one corner is a large raised platform covered with bamboo, evidently the sleeping place of the chief and his male relatives. The whole place is inexpressibly gloomy, ramshackle and disorderly. It is surely the most primitive dwelling I have visited in always primitive New Guinea. We seem indeed to be back in remote dark ages among prehistoric people dwelling on the shore of a primeval sea.

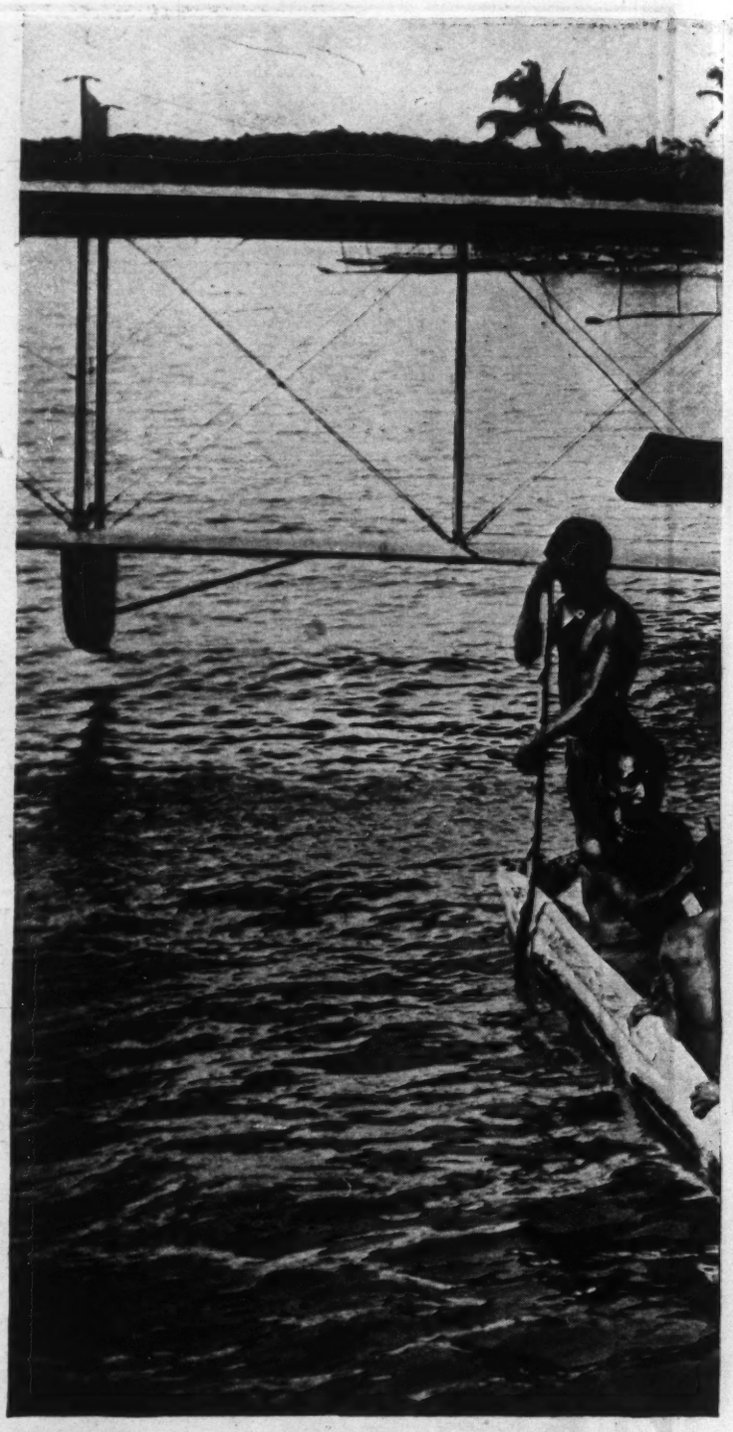
The only signs of life that have greeted us here were the birds, which frequent the reeds in large numbers, and a very friendly pig that wagged his tail alarmingly and grunted contentedly. He would not leave our half-caste boy, Jack, and followed him like a faithful dog. Jack decorated him with strips of red calico and for the while he seemed a very dignified pig. He came down to the water's edge to see us off, and then destroyed much of his colorful raiment by wallowing luxuriously in the warm mud.

November 17th.

It is now nine o'clock and a great silence broods over the lake. Not even a breath disturbs the waters that reflect the stars, so that we seem to hang suspended between firmaments. I am writing in the stuffy cabin by electric light, with my feet wrapped in several thicknesses of blanket and wearing a heavy rainproof coat that to some extent saves me from the myriads of mosquitoes that shriek irritatingly around me. The mosquitoes on these calm nights are a perfect torture and keeping watch is sheer agony.

The presents which I left yesterday for the natives in the dubu, in the hope that they might come and take them overnight and so make friends, were untouched this morning. But we found enough evidence to show that the dubu had been visited during the night. We knew that our every movement was sharply watched from distant thickets and not for a moment did we relax our vigilant guard. The unique opportunity to ransack the communal house and secure unusual specimens and photographs was too great to resist. Setting a guard of my native boys armed with rifles at strong points covering all approaches, McCullough and I made a detailed search of the place.

I secured a particularly fine specimen of human head. This gruesome object had the skin stuffed and fancifully decorated. I am told these stuffed heads are greatly valued and are looked upon as the emblems of a warrior's



The scene at Kaimari when the natives, fearing a pig to it with much ceremony. Since in these natives substitute the little beast which they

power and wealth. The head is severed from the body in such a way that the neck may be as long as possible. The skin is slit up the back and the fleshy parts extracted. I am uncertain yet as to whether the skull is utilized in the final stuffing, or whether clay is simply used as a cast over which the skin is stretched. I am inclined to believe the former method is used.

The skull is then smoked for preservation and the hair is all removed. The shape is secured by stuffing with clay and grass and the skin is finally laced together at the back. The face is distorted, being lengthened considerably. A large ball of clay is placed in the mouth, which is strained

© Frank Hurley

Captain Hurley's airplane as a flying demon, which might menace the village unless propitiated, sacrificed coastal villages human sacrifice has been successfully stamped out by the Papuan Administration, the consider nearly as precious as human life itself. On the seaplane are Captain Lang and Mechanic Hill

excessively open. The eye sockets are filled with clay and the external skin is decorated with red and yellow ochre. Surely a gruesome trophy, evidence of the pleasant traditions and habits of the unknown people we have come to visit.

The bows are very interesting and formidable, being seven feet in length and cut from bamboo. The arrows are simply made from the reeds which grow in abundance along the river banks, and have not even stone arrowheads, but are pointed with hard wood or, in the case of battle arrows, cassowary bone. These latter are also decorated along the shaft with designs painted in human blood. One, pointed with cassowary bone, was barbed along its length for fifteen inches with porcupine quills. Such a weapon would inevitably prove fatal if one happened to be hit with it.

November 18th.

Looking through the glasses as we set sail past the village this morning, I discovered that the natives had not yet returned home, and I am deeply puzzled as to how to get in touch with them. We have left ample presents and should they return at all while we are close at hand, I am sure they will be convinced that our intentions are

friendly. As soon as we left the anchorage I noticed that big fires were kindled at several remote points, which again proves that we are under constant observation. I must admit that our apparently strange maneuvers over the lake, the sound of our engine exhaust and our constant shooting at crocodiles must make the savages somewhat apprehensive.

The tepid waters are infested with large crocodiles. They swim around the ship—at a very safe distance—or bask on the surface or banks well out of range. If our engine made less noise I doubt not that we would have secured many by now. They present so extremely poor a target, swimming with eyes, nose and the upper tail edge just out of water, that it is only wasting ammunition to fire at them.

November 20th.

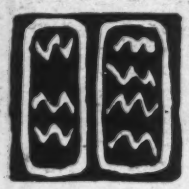
By far the most interesting day of our adventure. This morning I examined the surface of the lake in our vicinity, seeking some clue to the trend of the current. Sure enough, there were current-ripplings on the surface along the direction in which I had hoped a deep passage might be found. We entered this supposed deep, feeling our way the while by constantly sounding.

The lake proved to be of much larger dimensions than I had expected. For at least two hours we followed along inland banks, the course taking us toward the western end of the lake amid scenery of indescribable beauty. We are in waters hitherto untraveled by white men and every bend opens the portal to new hopes and excitement.

When night fell a strict watch was kept for, though we still have discovered no natives, we know that they are lurking all around us, and we know from these stuffed-head trophies what their disposition is. It seems strange that one must be on the alert constantly in such a beautiful spot, but if we are to come through without accident or attack not for a moment must vigilance be relaxed during the entire journey.

During the early night watch Veikaki reported having seen a firestick ashore and this was corroborated by two other natives. I was determined to take no chances and so fired three shots in different directions to scare possible raiders.

The phenomenal echo in the stillness of the night produced an alarming noise, and we have witnessed no further signs from shore this evening.



© Frank Hurley

Dancing girl of the Orokaivas, with skirt of tapa cloth, made by beating the bark of the wild mulberry into a thin sheet

November 21st.

During the morning I had the crew build a platform like a fighting top on the mainmast. This will be of great value in scouting, keeping watch and covering our landing parties.

In the late afternoon the wonderful reach along which we are cruising looked especially beautiful. The surroundings more resemble a charming artificial lake, laid out with green banks, islets and rolling parklands, than the casual work of nature. It seems almost a pity that all this beauty should be absolutely waste. The thousand and one tiny bays and mysterious reaches, the mirrory waterways that seemed to wend away to enchanted glades, the heavily verdant points and headlands, all this glorified by the gentle beams of the setting sun, held one mute with admiration.

Tonight as I relieve the ennui of the watch by writing in my diary, eerie sounds echo over the lake, and every now and then a flash of lightning throws the water and shores into relief, enabling us to secure a good lookout for hostile canoes. It seems, however, that the natives are more afraid of us than we are of them, and are unlikely to harass us. Not for a moment during the twenty-four hours, nevertheless, do I allow the vigil to be relaxed. Being ever alert is the only way to thwart surprise and ensure our safety.

November 22nd.

Another exciting day and the culmination of my hopes—we have met the people of the lake. For the past ten days we have literally been hunting the head-hunters and endeavoring to track them down. The few villages which we have visited have all been deserted and, beyond seeing the people from the distance when we entered the lake, we have not come into contact with them. When day broke this morning, however, we observed that we had been anchored all night close to a village, which had been so perfectly camouflaged among the trees as to be unnoticeable, though I had surveyed the place in the late evening with my glasses.

Accordingly, an armed party rowed ashore in the dinghy and found on the shores footprints and fresh fish scales and every evidence of recent occupation. Two canoes were also hidden in the grass and we felt that we were being observed. The rifles were loaded and we crept along in single file, wary of any pits or traps which might have been dug in the pathway. [*Continued on page 127*]

Hilary Sword's Revenge

"You—You Common Brute!" Cried Sheila, and Mercilessly Cut the Man Who Had Saved Her Life!

By Morgan Johnson

Illustrations by L. F. Wilford

Contemptuous, supremely bored, the girl's eyes slowly swept the boxes, drooped to the stalls; and then, as was inevitable, met Sword's intense gaze.

IT WAS a fashionable first night at the Lyrical.

London and his wife, shirt-fronted, bejeweled, were drifting down the marbled corridors into the blazing auditorium of the theatre. The stalls were slowly filling.

Spurts of applause from an enthusiastic pit and gallery heralded the advent of celebrities, who, according to their respective natures, smiled and nodded, or looked merely diffident and bored.

Hilary Sword, seared with the claw of the tropics which once set upon its victim is erased seldom in a lifetime, sniffed luxuriously at the warm, scented atmosphere.

"For five Ishmaelish years, I've looked forward to this night!" he confided appreciatively. "Every outcast and pariah has his own particular pet longing, and this was mine. A good dinner at Sherry's, warmth and light, the orchestra tuning up, the glow of footlights on the curtain, white shoulders of pretty women—— Allah is good!" He laughed with a whimsical, reminiscent cock of his eyebrow. "All a far, faint cry at the moment! Bartending in a saw-dusted café at Pelembang; opium-running at Shanghai; black-birding in Timor; turtle-farming on the Laccipedes—general scalawag east of Suez! Lucky old dog, Jumbo! As dramatic critic to the *Daily Wire*, your life is cast in pleasant places!"

The careless gibe, spite of its evident good humor, stung. With just a spark of resentment, I glanced at the lean, brown profile in the stall beside me. I compared it with my own unhealthy jowl, became acutely conscious of my growing embonpoint, and winced. An absurd feeling of age and commonplaceness swept over me.

"Don't be so confoundedly certain!" I snapped crossly. "I envy you!" I added, with a touch of malice at his incredulous gesture. "Yours is the less complicated existence!"

He chuckled at that.

"*Touché!*" he conceded. Then I caught his muttered, "Less complicated. By Jove, I wish it was!"

The opening bars of the overture began to throb through the hum and chatter and low laughter. Glancing up at one of the stage boxes, I watched a party enter.

"That's Dacre," I pointed out, screwing in my eyeglass. "Our latest peer, and where the money came from is a mystery the bloodhounds of the yellow press would sell their tin-pot souls to solve. The daughter's pretty! Don't care for the cold, proud type of beauty myself, but she'll be the rage next season. Great Scott! Those pearls she's wearing must be worth a fortune, they——"

"Oh, dry up!" Sword broke in irritably.

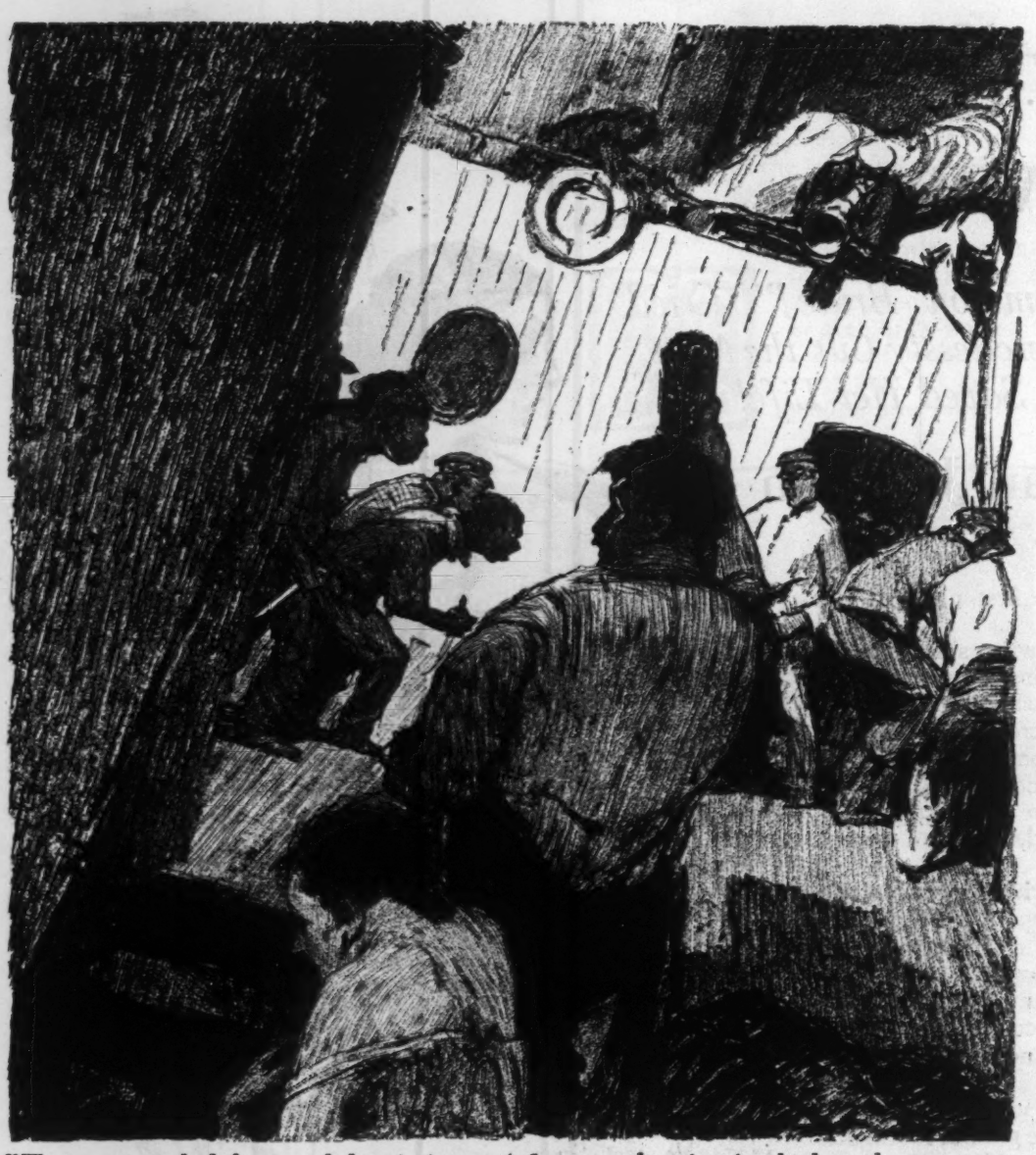
AMAZED, bewildered, I craned about. Sword was staring up at the box as if hypnotized. A little pulse was beating spasmodically between his tightened jaw muscles. My amazement deepened into curiosity.

Suddenly, relaxing, he began to laugh—a soft, enigmatic, sardonic chuckle.

"Jumbo," he murmured, but without shifting his narrowed gaze, "I recognize old friends. Sorry if I was rude; but in the circumstances, your remarks bordered upon the fatuous. You see——" He stopped, drew a deep breath and muttered, "It's a funny pimple of a world!"

At that psychological moment, the girl leaned forward to examine the house. My remarks had done her no injustice. She was beautiful, but life and fire seemed lacking.

As she bent from the shadows, the cold immobility of her exquisite features dissolved into a slow smile. The magnificent rope of pearls set off her dazzling



"The scene on deck beggared description. A flare was burning in the bow; lascars were screaming; upon the bridge, the skipper was roaring through a megaphone"

shoulders to a nicety, drawing many a glance of sheer admiration. Contemptuous, supremely bored, her eyes slowly swept the boxes opposite, drooped to the stalls; and then, as was inevitable, met Sword's intense gaze.

Upon the edge of the stall beside me I felt his arm jerk into spasmodic stiffness.

FOR the fraction of a second they stared at each other; and the half smile upon the girl's face faded into hauteur. Then, utterly indifferent, her gaze lifted and passed on; and, having completed her examination of the house, she drew leisurely back into the shadow of the box. It was then that I heard Sword's breath go out with a sibilant hiss.

"The cut direct!" I murmured, and upon the instant felt sorry. He was white to the lips.

"Jumbo," he remarked quietly, "you've seen the best bit of acting you'll see here tonight! The adorable Marie may be in good form, but she won't come within a hundred miles of ——"

Lights dimmed, curtains hissed apart and the muted orchestra flickered and died as the play commenced.

Marie Storm, delectable as ever in a part that fitted her like a glove, came on and sparkled to a good-humored house. Her wit and beauty kept even the most bovine in a succession of chuckles. I yawned and sat back, bored; my critic's sense told me that the play was destined to be another link in the long chain of Marie's successes.

My thoughts persisted in recurring to the girl in the box overhead; and, looking up, I caught against the velvet hangings the faint glimmer of her delicate profile. Sword, however, manifested no further interest; he sat rigid, absorbed, gaze riveted upon the stage. Once, I noted, he chuckled in the wrong place.

The first act ended in a machine-gun crackle of applause. Marie smilingly took her calls, kissed her dainty hand to vociferous "Bravos!" and then the curtains slumped and the lights flared.

Sword got up abruptly.

"Drink?" I hazarded; and in the act of rising saw with surprise that Lord Dacre and his daughter had left.

"No. Sorry, Jumbo, but I'm off."

"Good!" I agreed blandly. "Just about to suggest a move myself."

He looked at me with a suspicious glint.

"Thought you were reporting this show!"

"So I am, but my last two notices with the names altered will fit the bill. Marie's struck another winner, and that's that."

"Easy money!" he gibed, grinning. "I worked a pearl bed for a month in the Arafura for less than you'll get for tonight's little effort. Jumbo, you're nothing but a fraud!"

I led the way, with dignity, to the corridor.

As we arrived in the deserted portico, a luxurious limousine slid away like some polished gray ghost. Through the plate glass I caught a glimpse of an averted feminine head and Dacre's red face, openly staring. I turned to find Sword following with his eyes the tail light of the disappearing car. A strange, enigmatic smile played about his lips.

Linking my arm through his, I led the way over the mirror-like streets into the glittering, raucous night life of the Strand. We walked in silence until, a stone's throw from my flat in the Adelphi, he disengaged himself with a simulated yawn.

"Well, Jumbo," he drawled, "me for the Savoy and my little bed. Sorry I've been such a bore; it's been nice——"

I planted my rotund form firmly in his path.

"You babe!" I withered. "Oh, you suckling! You're not getting rid of me so easily as all that. I smell a

mystery, and a mystery to me is like blood to a cheetah. For four years you've scoured the Seven Seas. You run to London lusting after the fleshpots—and then, because a woman looks at you, in an eyewink, you're bored! Why, my friend? Under what saffron sky did you meet Dacre and his daughter? Why did she cut you tonight? Why——"

"Garn!" cried a white-faced, staring flower girl at my elbow. "Knock 'is block off, mister! Go on the little 'un!"

"You see?" I threatened suavely. "I'm capable of creating a scene."

Shrugging amusedly, he swung Adelphi-ward.

"You're a silly, inquisitive little man, Jumbo!" he insulted.

"NOW, man of mystery," I said, "unravel!"

I had scribbled two flimsies on Marie's play and dispatched them to the *Wire* office.

Sword was sitting blowing reflective smoke rings, his lean, brown profile set and hard. He roused himself as I snapped off the writing lamp, and regarded me quizzically.

"I warn you, Jumbo, you won't like it!"

"For me to judge," I returned placidly. "But as a pure matter of interest—why?"

"You like women," he accused solemnly. "You're a bit of an idealist and a whole-hogger for romance. You believe in women and you haven't been disillusioned. I have. I know their—rottenness!" His tone was bitter.

"Exactly," I murmured sadly. "Exactly what I used to say when I was twenty-five. Now I'm forty I've developed a broader outlook. And in spite of your creed, my boy, I venture to predict that you'll meet more concentrated danger in Bond Street of a morning than in all your Seven Seas wanderings. Matrimonially speaking, of course!"

He grinned. "When I marry, Jumbo," he said, sardonically grim, "I'll do so to meet my own interests!"

I shrugged wearily. "Let's have your story," I snapped. "Not your crude, pap-fed philosophics!"

At that, sipping his whisky, he began:

"It was when I was second steward on the *Carracatta* just over four years ago. A month earlier I had escaped the whitewashed inferno of a Dutch prison in Timor by the skin of my teeth and was glad to pick up anything. As a matter of fact, it was a good job—hard work, long hours, but with quite a few *pourboires* attached and unlimited opportunity for studying the various types and specimens of the *genus humanus*. I intended to stick the trip from Fremantle to Singapore.

"The purser was rather a pal of mine. He was a moon-faced, good-natured dumpling of a man. He put me up to a lot of things, did little McDougal.

"It was on my second trip that we took two passengers aboard at Condon—Rolls, the Resident Magistrate, and his daughter. Rolls was on his way via Singapore to spend winter leave in Japan. He seemed a nice enough fellow, a bit inclined to be pompous, but, as I observed when on night duty in the smoking room, a rattling good poker player.

"Sheila Rolls was a beautiful girl. Moreover, she knew it. She held court daily under the awning on the hot chair deck, surrounded by a crowd of pearlers, spree-bent for Java and Singapore, well-to-do cattle ranchers and various odds and ends of civil servants. In between serving iced drinks, I admired from a distance, noting how, in the face of their attentions, she remained as cool and collected as the proverbial cucumber. She amused herself, expertly, mocking their clumsy maneuvers with dispassionate sophisticated eyes.

"One scorching night, when the old *Carracatta* was throbbing laboriously along the never-ending neck of the Nor'west Cape, I happened to dash up the lounge steps with a trayful of drinks. At the top I almost fell over a man—Lovegrove his name was—a dark, rather officious young Customs' officer. He was standing sulkily stubbing an angry toe into the carpet. Opposite, upon the settee, sat the Rolls girl, scornfully upright and derisive.

"'Steward,' she demanded, coldly impersonal, 'do you happen to know where Mr. Rolls is?'

"Of course it meant my job, but I itched to come under notice of those cool, half-insolent blue eyes. I looked at her recklessly.

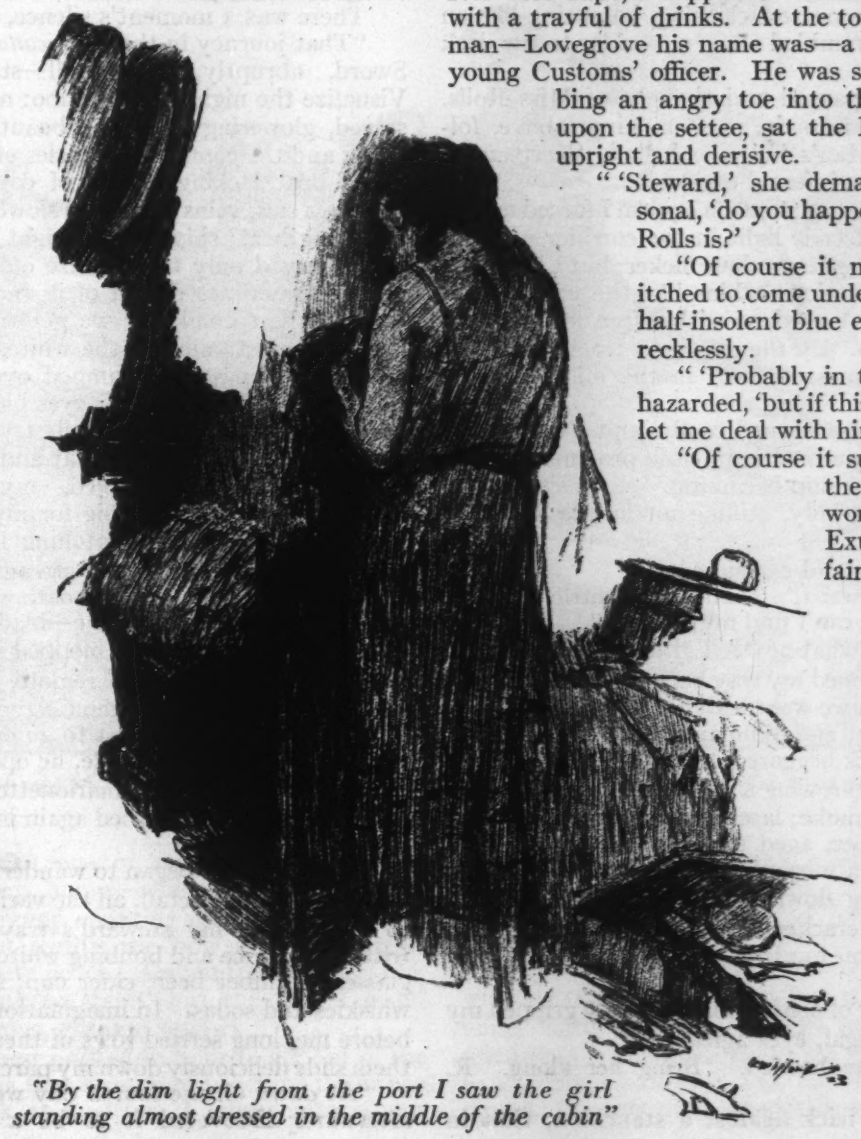
"'Probably in the smoking room,' I hazarded, 'but if this pup is annoying you, let me deal with him!'

"Of course it surprised her. It was the last thing in the world she had expected! Exultantly I watched a faint glimmer of interest creep into her regard.

"'Get out of this!' snarled Lovegrove, suddenly savage.

"Ignoring him, I placed my tray carefully down and, eyes still upon hers, waited for my cue. Examining me curiously, she rose.

"'You're a strange steward!' she said at last, softly, and slipped behind me down the saloon steps.



"By the dim light from the port I saw the girl standing almost dressed in the middle of the cabin"

"As I turned back, Lovegrove was lighting a cigarette, stubby fingers trembling with passion.

" 'Well?' I asked.

"He looked darkly at me over the flaring match.

" 'You'll lose your job for this, you fool!'

" 'I've lost better,' I retorted briefly, and retrieved the tray. Before stepping out upon the deck, I fired my Parthian shot: 'Annoy Miss Rolls again, and I'll break your thick neck!'

"Ten minutes later I ran into McDougal. He whistled angrily when he saw me.

" 'WHAT'S this you've been up to? Lovegrove's just been to the Old Man with some sort of yarn. Says you threatened to punch him. The skipper's hopping mad and swears he'll sack you soon as we touch land!'

"I grinned at the excited little man.

" 'Easy and belay,' I soothed. 'Singapore's a long way off, McDougal, and you and I and the skipper may be down with Davy Jones before then!'

"Poor devils—they were, both of them! At seven bells, the *Carracatta*, driving through the night at a steady thirteen knots, struck a light-doused Chinese junk beating up for Koepang and ripped the bottom out of herself. The shock flung me, half asleep, from my bunk and left me scrabbling among the boots on the floor. Overhead, the siren was booming and whimpering like a thing in pain. The deck tilted drunkenly. Thin cries of panic-stricken people began to filter through the doomed ship. I threw on the nearest clothing, balancing like an acrobat, and then scrambled along a corridor to the deck steps.

"Halfway up, I paused and thought of Miss Rolls. A whistle bit shrilly into the pandemonium above, followed by the Old Man's bull-like bellow, 'Keep away from those boats, you infernal niggers!'

"Although it made my stomach squirm I forced myself below again. The electric light in the corridor gave up the ghost after one long, tremulous flicker; but I knew the whereabouts of the various cabins like the palm of my hand. Her door was locked, so with a frenzied shoulder lunge I burst it open. By the dim light from the port I saw her standing almost dressed in the middle of the cabin.

" 'Don't panic!' she warned coolly, and I caught the faint shimmer of an automatic in close proximity to my chest. 'I suppose the ship is sinking.'

" 'It is!' I said grimly, stifling an insane desire to laugh.

"She peered close and exclaimed:

" 'Oh, it's the steward!' Then, with a little feminine gasp, 'It's silly, but I can't find my slippers!'

"Slippers! Jove, what next! I grabbed her up, automatic and all, and groped my way back to the steps. She slid from my arms as we went up.

" 'Find my father!' she commanded.

"The scene on deck beggared description. A flare was burning in the bow, throwing a garish blue light through rolling, voluminous smoke; lascars were screaming; upon the bridge, the skipper, aged ten years in ten minutes, was roaring through a megaphone. Aboard the wallowing junk, fast settling down to starboard, the doomed Chinks were firing crackers and beating gongs; and, over all, ominous, menacing, the hiss of escaping steam.

"Out of the welter of confusion, somebody gripped my arm. It was McDougal, eyes agleam.

" 'Ladies first!' he bawled. 'Bring her along. R. M.'s over there!'

"The first mate, back against a stanchion, Colt in hand, was snarling at a bunch of lascars. They stood, ugly and scared, fingering their knives.

" 'Wait your turn, you scum!' he lashed out. 'You've sunk one boat already!'

"McDougal and I, Miss Rolls between us, began to force our way through. Suddenly there came a rush; a knife whinnied; the mate's pistol spat two violet flames; a man screamed. Then something took me in the back of the head, sending me sprawling into an abyss of blackness——

"When I came to, I was in the longboat with Sheila Rolls, her father and two half-drowned lascars. It was dark; overhead the Southern Cross danced and flared; all about was the awesome immensity of an empty sea. The *Carracatta* had sunk, suddenly, twenty minutes earlier, while I lay unconscious in the bottom where that little sportsman McDougal had pitched me. It appeared that a half-mad lascar had cracked me with a belaying pin when the mate began to shoot.

"There was nothing to be done except sit tight and wait for the dawn. And in between intervals of bathing my aching head, I made the cheering discovery that the emergency locker was as empty of water as the Sahara!"

Sword paused. Outside, St. Clements' was booming the deep strokes of midnight.

"Then Dacre and his daughter——" I mused tentatively.

"Exactly, Jumbo!" he grinned, with ironic derision. "You wise old egg! The lady who cut me so effectively tonight in the Lyrical was Sheila Rolls!"

There was a moment's silence, then:

"That journey in the *Carracatta's* longboat," went on Sword, abruptly, "was hell—stark, undiluted hell! Visualize the nightmare, Jumbo: no food, no water; two scared, glowering lascars; a beautiful girl, used to soft living and the common decencies of life; the tossing, salt-rimed boat, lacking an inch of cover against the brazen, merciless sun; veins drying up slowly under the scorching, blistering heat; shivering at night under the heavy dew which served only to tantalize our raging thirst. Even now, I sometimes dream of it and wake, trembling!

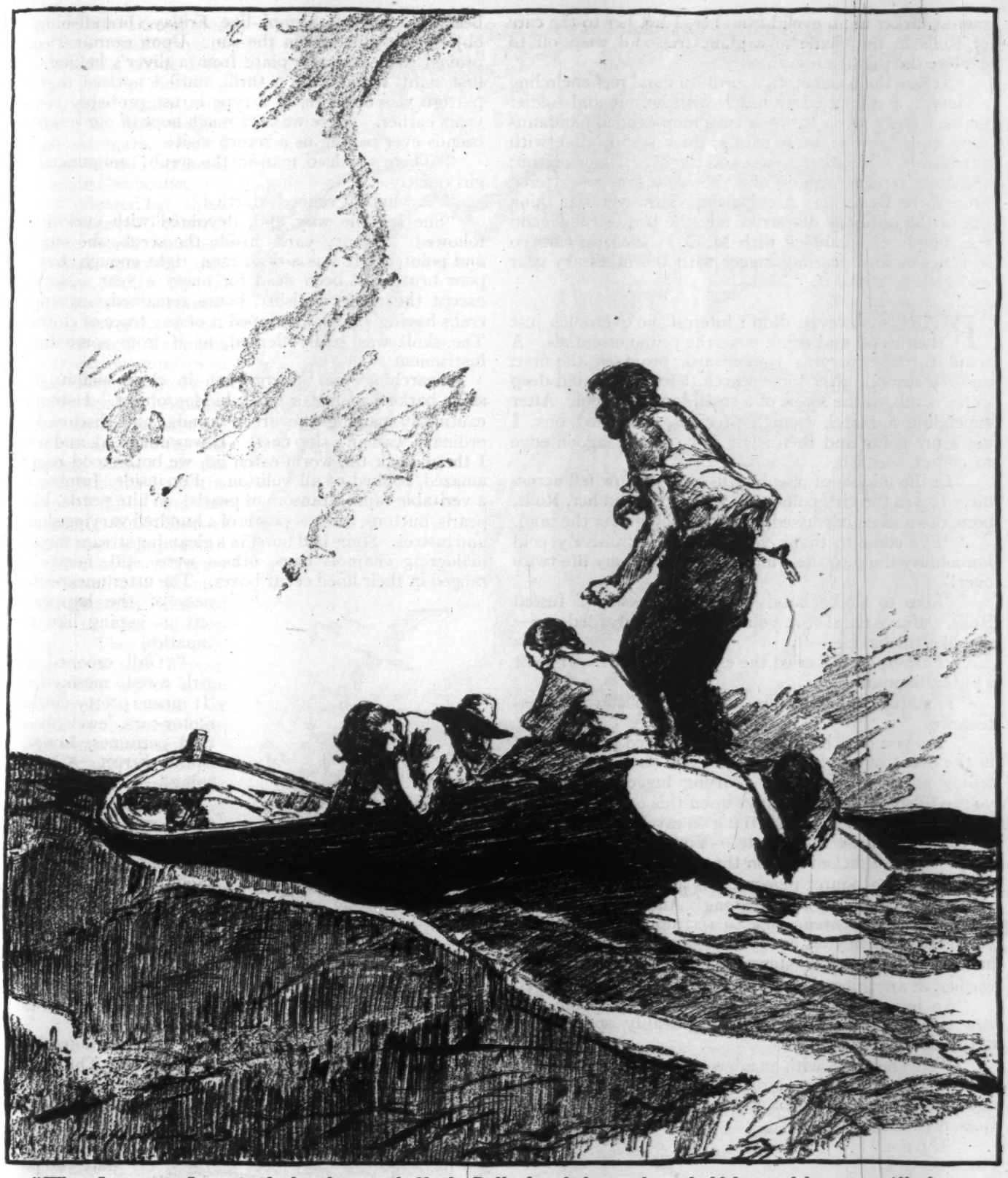
"On the second day we got rid of the two lascars. Lacking the stamina of the white, they went mad with awful suddenness and jumped overboard, yelling *'Iya! Iya!'*—water, water—their eyes bloodshot and staring.

"Once I caught Miss Rolls trying to drink from the sea. I'd been waiting for that and was on her instantly.

" 'Suicide!' I mumbled, my swollen, thickened tongue several sizes too big for my mouth. She fought me, silently, terribly, scratching like a wildcat. Summoning the remnants of my strength, I managed to fling her to the bottom of the boat, where she lay, supine, exhausted, glaring up at me—black, baffled fury in her eyes. Giggling weakly, I mopped my bleeding forehead, and pictured her, cool and remote, flirting with the fawning crowd of fools upon the *Carracatta's* deck. Old man Rolls, who'd been the first to go down, was lying in the bow. Roused by the scuffle, he opened his eyes, nodded his head like some toy marionette, croaked something, grinning feebly, and lapsed again into stupor.

" AFTER that I began to wander myself. I went over, in labored detail, all the various cool drinks I used to carry upon my steward's tray—clouded lemonades with tinkling ice and bobbing white straws; long foaming glasses of amber beer; cider cup; sparkling, translucent whiskies and sodas. In imagination, I arranged them all before me, long serried rows of them, and one by one let them slide deliciously down my parched, aching gullet——

"At dawn on the fourth day we struck the island—I afterward discovered it to be a remote atoll of the



"When I came to, I was in the longboat with Sheila Rolls, her father and two half-drowned lascars. All about us was the awesome immensity of an empty sea"

Alcybiades group. In one of my lucid moments, I realized that the bump, bump—which I had imagined to be the strokes of a pump spouting delicious cold water from a well—was in reality the bow of the longboat nuzzling a broad, white beach. Galvanized, exhilarated, I struggled up trying to shout, but the best I could manage was a ludicrous, gasping squawk.

"It took me the best part of an hour to get out of the boat and crawl across that stretch of beach to the fringe of thick scrub; weak as a kitten, I lapsed into stupor every dozen yards. As luck would have it, the sun had not yet dried the water in the cupped water plants and, like some ravening animal, I fell upon them, drinking until I choked.

"The rest was comparatively easy. Rolls revived with extraordinary speed, but it was only after three hours' hard work that the girl showed any sign of consciousness. The quantity of sea water she had managed to swallow, small as it was, had swollen her tongue and mouth to abnormal proportions. After coaxing the

merest flicker of an eyelid from her, I left her to the care of Rolls in the shade of a giant tree and went off to explore the island's resources.

"It was the usual atoll: a girdle of coral reef encircling a lagoon; a spit of white beach with hermit and soldier crabs; a stray green turtle or two; mop-headed pandanus trees and a few coconut palms; thick scrub, alive with parrakeets, screeching mynas and the blue Timor pigeon; the exact replica, in fact, of a thousand others scattered around the Buccaneer Archipelago. However, one thing out of the ordinary did strike me: the bed of the lagoon was simply chockablock with M. O. P. shell, an embryo fortune for any pearling lugger with the necessary gear and luck to strike it.

"PEARLS, however, didn't interest me overmuch just then; food and drink were the prime essentials. A small turtle, scurrying lagoonward, provided the first; and the second, after some search, I finally located deep in the scrub, in the shape of a small brackish pool. After expending a match from a precious, half-filled box, I got a fire going and then went down to the lagoon edge to collect shellfish.

"In the middle of opening these, a shadow fell across me. It was the girl, pale-eyed, worn. Behind her, Rolls, pompous and embarrassed, was scrunching over the sand.

"'I've come to thank you,' she said impulsively, cold immobility flung to the winds. 'You saved my life twice over!'

"'Like to shake hands with you, steward,' fussed Rolls. 'Brave man! See you adequately rewarded—er—er—like to shake——'

"'Father, don't!' cried the exasperated girl. 'It's not a public banquet!'

"I stared thoughtfully at Rolls' blistered countenance.

"'Do you happen to realize,' I inquired gently, 'that in the event of our being off the usual steamer track, or failing an odd trepang or pearling lugger putting in, you're likely to end your days upon this coral heap? In which case, there's no such thing as my being a steward or you a Resident Magistrate. You're fat, flabby and forty.' Here I flicked him on the raw, for he winced and drew up like a pouter pigeon. 'As a handyman, you're about as much use as a pet dugong! And it's no use glaring—you can't sentence me to six months' hard here. Just get this into your head, Rolls, and don't forget it: henceforth, instead of steward, I'm boss, head bottle-washer, or anything else you care to term it, of this outfit!'

"An impressive silence followed my ultimatum. It was the girl, however, who irretrievably spoiled the dramatic effect.

"'Oh!' she cried, with an adorable little giggle. 'I'm so hungry I could eat sand. Do please, Mr. Boss, give me some food!'

"'Upon the second day I made a pulsating, Crusoe-like discovery—we were not the first visitors to the island! Sheila—I already called her that—came running across the beach, a flushed, nymph-like Friday, brandishing an object that glittered in the sun. Upon examination, it proved to be a screw plate from a diver's helmet. At first sight, it gave me a thrill, until I noticed that the pattern was obsolete, of a type in use probably twenty years earlier. There was not much hope of our unknown friends ever paying us a return visit!

"'There's a dead man in the scrub!' announced the girl quietly.

"'A what?' I echoed, startled.

"She led the way and, devoured with curiosity, I followed. Twenty yards inside the scrub, she stopped and pointed. It was a dead man, right enough, but the poor brute had been dead for many a year. Nothing except the white, polished bones remained, scavenging crabs having long ago stripped it of any trace of clothing. The skull was badly dented, as if from some heavy instrument.

"Searching the undergrowth in close vicinity, my shins barked against a hard, hidden object. I stooped, cautiously parting the green fronds, and disclosed an ordinary seaman's slop chest. It was unlocked, and when I threw back the worm-eaten lid, we both stood rooted, amazed, robbed of all volition. For inside, Jumbo, lay a veritable rajah's ransom of pearls! White pearls, black pearls, buttons, drops—pearls of a hundred varying shapes and lustres. Some had burst in a gleaming stream through moldering chamois bags, others were still neatly arranged in their lined cedar boxes. The utter unexpectedness of the happening left us gaping like two lunatics!

"It took me the best part of an hour to crawl across the stretch of beach to the fringe of thick scrub"

"'Oh!' crooned the girl, awed, mesmerized. 'It means pretty clothes, motor cars, jewels, beautiful perfumes, London, Bond Street — everything!'

"An insane jealousy seized me. Leaning forward, I gripped her soft arm, staring into her shining eyes.

"'It means nothing!' I snapped brutally. 'Bits of glass would be more useful. Don't you yet realize that we may both live and die upon this island?'

"The flush faded from her cheek. The warm light in her eyes disappeared, leaving them cold and hard and scornful.

"'How dare you paw me — talk to me like that!' she flared. 'You—you common brute!'

"At that I lost my head. Next instant she was in my arms, soft, warm, fragrant, and, intoxicated, I was kissing her lips, her hair, her throat.

"'Back!' she gasped 'Back, or I shall kill you!'

"With a shock I realized that she meant it; for wedged against my chest was the wicked little automatic which I had last seen in her hand upon the *Carracatta*.

"I released her, then.

"'By Jove!' I exulted. 'You're worth winning!'

"She returned my hot gaze, coolly, levelly.

"'By Jove!' she gibed. 'You'll never have me!'

"Our meal that night was a curious affair—an interesting study for a psychologist. Against the velvet background of tree and scrub, the dancing flames of the big logs lighted up the faces of Rolls and his daughter. Rolls' heavy-lidded eyes snapped and gleamed at each recurring thought of the nascent, gleaming mass of pearls in the old slop chest. The girl, chin cupped in slim fingers, saw golden visions in the red embers; and, at times, considered me with a mocking smile.

"'I suppose they're real, Sword,' fussed Rolls at last, and then at my contemptuous nod: 'But who left them? Why didn't they return?'

"When I threw back the worm-eaten lid, we both stood rooted, amazed. For inside lay a veritable rajah's ransom of pearls!"

"'A typhoon answers the riddle,' I replied curtly. 'Can't you see it? The boat in the lagoon; the frenzied effort to get the box to the shore; the crashing tree which crushed the poor devil we found; the rest blown into oblivion.'

"The girl rose, stretching her slender body luxuriously. 'Pleasant dreams!' she murmured, tauntingly.

"'In ten days' time,' I stated grimly, 'we shall be glad to swap the lot for a glass of water—unless——'

"'Unless?' echoed Rolls, paling.

"'Unless there's a water spring upon the other side. Tomorrow, at dawn I am going to find out.'

"Next day, at sunset, when I returned to the beach, they were gone. Taking the pearls and the remainder of the water in the brackish pool, they had vanished with the longboat into the waste of the Timor Sea!"

Sword's voice, harsh and bitter, died; and with a jerk I came back to my cozy flat in the Adelphi.

"Great Scott!" I ejaculated. "Do you mean to say they left you—deserted——"

"Four months later a crippled lugger saw my signals and took me off," said Sword sternly. "I learned long after that a Dutch steamer had picked them up and landed them in Java. Tonight, Jumbo, you saw that woman cut me mercilessly." His hands clenched. "What would you do with a woman like that?"

"Perhaps she wasn't to blame," I fenced helplessly.

"Bah! She knew that night when she laughed at me across the fire. I had time enough and to spare afterward. to think it over, to see how it was arranged that very night almost under my eyes. Don't hedge, Jumbo!"

"There's the Press," I suggested weakly. "The headlines will ruin Dacre, drive him from the country, the——" I broke off almost triumphantly. "But what proof have you?"

"There is a document—a rough penciled agreement—signed that last night and assigning to each a third of the find. I made it out in a moment of pique with the girl. Oh, they thought they were safe enough—marooned men are usually dead men and tell no tales!" He rose. "Your newspaper idea, Jumbo, is sound, but crude. I prefer a subtler method!"

And, smiling a queer, tight-lipped smile, he departed.

FOR six weeks I heard and saw nothing of Hilary Sword. Then, one morning at the club, the words of a newspaper paragraph flared out at me:

"A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Hilary Trevor Sword and the Honorable Sheila Rolls, only daughter of Lord Dacre."

So, I pondered, Sword had taken the cold, beautiful being, who had stared so insolently at him from the box in the Lyrical, and bent her to his will. He was free to slake his revenge, to whip, insult, humiliate her!

And yet, somehow—being forty and romantic—I wondered if he dared!

Secret Documents from the Private Archives of the Hapsburg Rulers

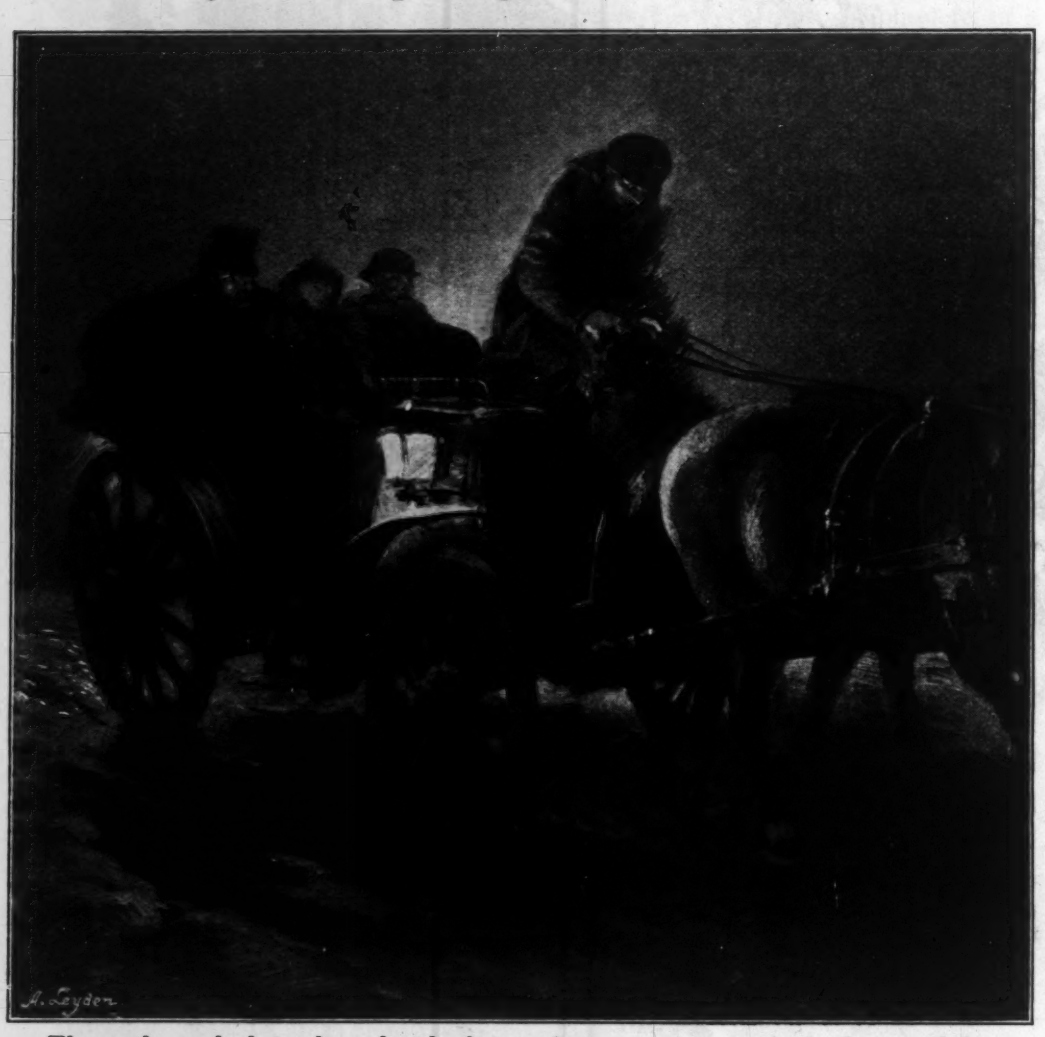
The Mystery

By Joseph

Illustrations by

FOR more than a quarter of a century, the archives of the Imperial Palace in Vienna have concealed the true story of the historic Meyerling tragedy, which put an end to the lives and love affair of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and the beautiful young Baroness Mary Vetsera.

After the passing of the Hapsburg rule, secret documents revealing in detail the actual facts in this mysterious royal romance have been secured from the long-sealed royal archives.



The uncles took their places beside their unfortunate niece on the back seat of the carriage, and began their dreary drive to the cemetery

IN the days immediately preceding the Meyerling tragedy, it was apparently clear to Baroness Mary Vetsera that the outcome of her love affair with the heir to the Austrian throne was likely to be disastrous. She was having the greatest difficulty in arranging the various secret meetings with Crown Prince Rudolph. These meetings usually took place in the morning between eleven and one, or in the afternoon between two and five. In the early days, Countess Larisch, who had first introduced Mary to the Crown Prince, accompanied her every time to the rendezvous. But eventually she succumbed to the Prince's entreaties and, by herself, stole into his quarters on a few occasions, usually between seven and nine in the evening. She could only arrange for these frightfully risky evenings when her mother and sister went to the Opera. Then, on one pretext or another, she managed to stay at home until after the other members of the family had left.

Thanks to the records of the secret official inquiry concerning the preliminary events leading up to the tragedy it is known that the Baroness on these evenings when she saw Rudolph generally hurried to an appointed corner of the Marokkanergasse, where the Crown Prince's carriage was waiting to convey her to the Burg. Here the Crown Prince's valet was waiting for her. Passing the military guard, he escorted her through the Augustin passage to Rudolph's quarters. Shortly before nine o'clock very much the same procedure took place in taking the Baroness back and she always managed to arrive home about nine p. m.

On one occasion, a few days before the tragic event, the Baroness complained of a violent headache to excuse herself from going with her mother and sister to a ball. On this evening she remained until eleven with Rudolph. After this meeting, the record of Mary's movements is obscure, but we learn from her mother's suppressed "defense," published in McCLURE'S last month, that on the eve of the tragedy, Mary disappeared from the Countess Larisch's carriage, while on a shopping trip with her, and that she apparently jumped into another carriage bound for the Burg.

The time between Mary's mysterious disappearance and the arrival in Vienna of news of the tragedy is difficult to bridge over, owing partly to the various and contradictory statements emanating from the guests at the Meyerling supper party, and from others involved in the affair. For instance, there is a distinct contradiction between what the senior Baroness Vetsera has to say on the subject and what her son, Baron Laszlo Vetsera says, in a statement written in 1910, many years after the tragedy. In it, Baron Vetsera states that he was one of the invited guests at the Meyerling hunting lodge on that fatal night of January 29, 1889.

It is evident that the senior Baroness Vetsera and her son were trying to draw more favorable pictures of their rôles in the affair than the facts as they are known now

at Meyerling

New Light on the Most Tragic Royal Romance of Modern Times

Szebenyei

A. Leyden

McCLURE's published last month exclusive translations of these documents, disclosing in her own words and her mother's the course of Mary's love affair up to the time of her disappearance from her home on the very eve of the tragedy.

The concluding scenes of the grim drama are vividly revealed in the documents published herewith, including Mary's last letters and her brother's posthumous defense—long suppressed by the Austrian Secret Service.

The storm was at its height and a terrific rain was pouring down when the coffin was brought out from the morgue

would warrant. The Baroness was trying to clear her own and elder daughter's name and keep up the family honor as it was interpreted in aristocratic circles of her time. She is most emphatic on the point that the love intrigue between her daughter and the Crown Prince went on without her connivance, even without her knowledge for a long time. This protestation on her part was accepted by neither the society folk of Vienna, nor the Imperial Court, and the reluctance on the part of Society and Court was not entirely unjustified.

The day following the news of the tragedy, Baron Laszlo Vetsera, Mary's brother, was officially "requested" to leave the country. He went to America, settling in Denver, Colorado, where he died early in 1910. The Vienna Foreign Office was advised of his death and with the help of the elaborate spy system of the Hapsburgs, Baron Vetsera's papers were seized in Denver and the document relating to the Meyerling tragedy found its way into the Royal Archives, where it lay with the rest of the secret papers for thirteen years.

Baron Laszlo Vetsera's Statement

WHILE throwing additional light on the affair, his version, which we are now able to publish, was obviously falsified in an effort to protect his sister's name. He claims to have escorted his sister to Meyerling and to have been present when the bodies were found—a statement contradicting all the other evidence.

Baron Laszlo's statement—recently unearthed from the private archives of the Palace—runs as follows:

NOTES ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTER MARY

(Not to be published during my lifetime)

"His Imperial Highness was greatly averse to the formalities of etiquette and Court ceremonies and his attitude toward people was always unusually pleasant and friendly. There was a charm about him and a sort of fascination. One came under the spell of his personality at the first moment of meeting. He was an idealist and enthused over everything that served the advancement of humanity. He was always happiest in the company of poets and scientists.

"His marriage was not a happy affair. True, at first he adored the blond Princess whom he married—Stephanie, the daughter of King Leopold of Belgium—but his love for her was short-lived. The Crown Princess little appreciated the great human qualities in her husband and he understood her still less. As His Imperial Highness was most unhappy in his married life, he went out of his way in search of recreation and amusement. He was a close friend of the Prince of Wales—the late King Edward—and they often spent gay nights together in Vienna, enjoying Viennese music. His Imperial Highness was often depressed and his friends frequently saw his tears flowing freely. I heard of this from my sister at first, and later on I learned of it from personal experience.

"Early in 1888, I noticed that my mother and Mary were having a great many secret chats together. [This is flatly contradicted in the mother's version.] They had been crying a lot, too. I didn't trouble much about their affairs, feeling that there was sufficient reason for their sorrow, for my mother was dissatisfied with her surroundings and did not cherish the conditions we were living under at the time. I bothered them very little and it only happened on one occasion that I protested about their secretive chats, and inquired as to what it was all about; but I received no answer.

"I persisted, however, and by degrees I found out everything. I learned that the Crown Prince had met Mary at the horse races and that he had fallen in love with her at first sight. I could understand that, for she was the loveliest and purest little girl that ever lived. She was petite and slender, her face all eyes. Now, after all these years I can speak of it with calm and without bias. His Imperial Highness could not possibly introduce himself to her and Mary did not notice him. [Another contradiction, as Mary's own letters testify that she did notice him, and was deeply in love with him when she saw him at the race course.]

The Baron's Version of the Tragic Love Affair

"HIS Highness found out that we were frequent visitors at the Countess Larisch's place and from that time on he, too, paid visits often to his cousin, who was charmed by his attention and could not imagine what brought these frequent visits about. [We have seen by previous evidence that Countess Larisch engineered these visits herself and she had no reason to be in the dark as to their motive.] Once, by accident, Mary happened to be there and she was introduced to the Crown Prince. [This is also quite incorrect.] She told me that at first she behaved very guardedly and almost coolly toward the Crown Prince.

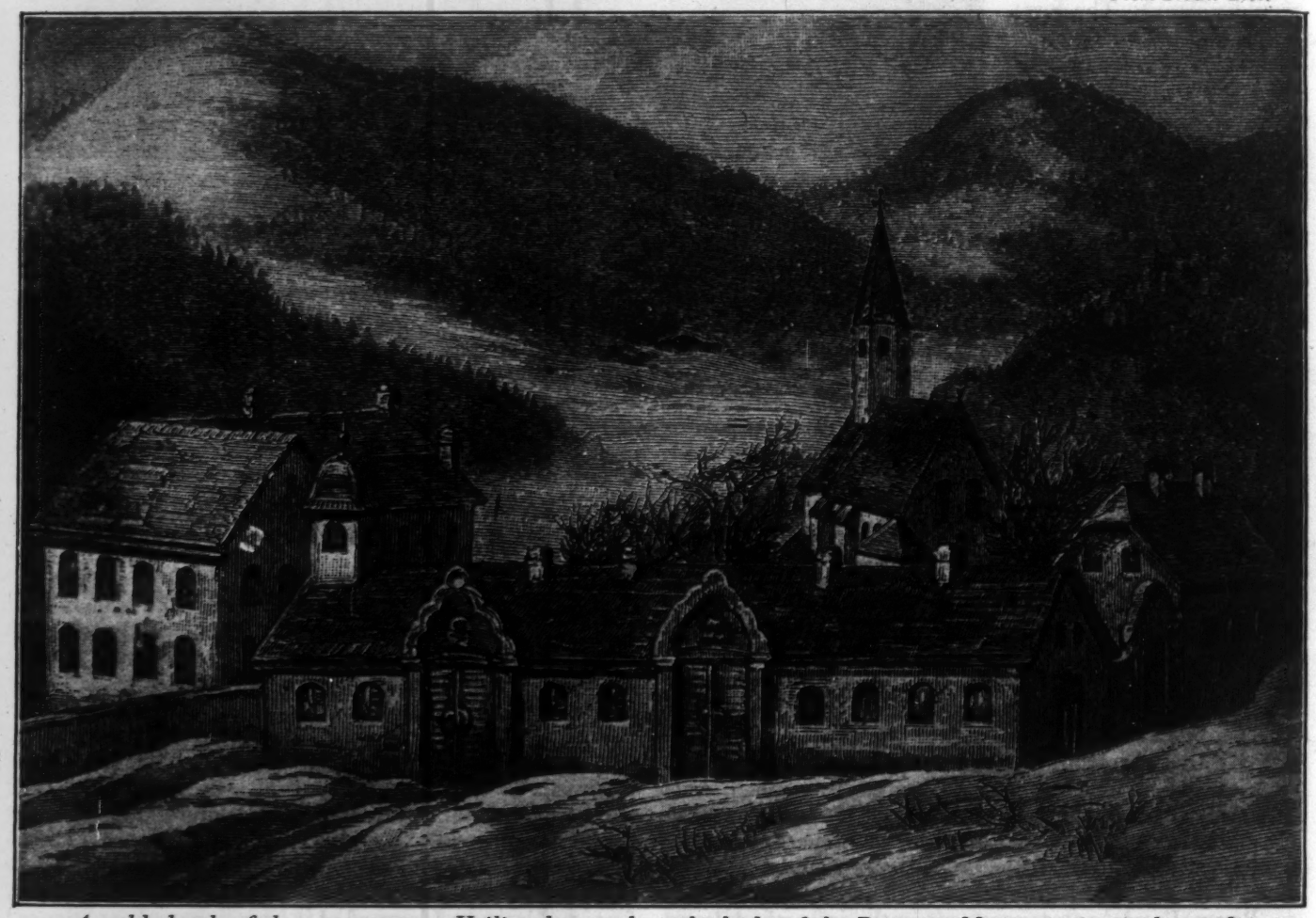
"After dinner His Highness asked her to accompany him to the balcony. He courted her, but with such tenderness that she thought him rather timid. He spoke to her of his travels and hunting expeditions. That he captured the young girl's heart at the very first meeting was quite evident to me from the way Mary spoke about him. However, conventions were strictly adhered to, for he had not even kissed her hand. Mary told mother of all that took place and mother advised her to discontinue her visits to the Countess for some time at least, so as to discourage any further advances on the part of the Crown Prince.

"Not until three weeks later did Mary visit the Countess again, and this time I accompanied her. The Crown Prince was not there. My sister went to the balcony by herself and remained there about half an hour. When she returned she had a beautiful bouquet of red roses, a most surprising event, considering that there were no flowers on the balcony. Later on I learned from my mother that the Crown Prince rode past and threw the flowers up to her. I was really alarmed over the affair and I made a scene at home over it.

"Countess Larisch took Mary for rides in the Prater quite often, and Mary told us that the Crown Prince rode up to them on horseback one day and they had a delightful conversation riding around the Lusthaus. She said that the Crown Prince was taking the affair very seriously and had confided to her that he wanted to divorce his wife and contract a morganatic marriage with Mary.

"One day—it was in the spring—I was introduced to

From Brown Bros.



An old sketch of the monastery at Heiligenkreuz where the body of the Baroness Mary was interred secretly

His Highness. He was quite candid about his love for my sister and I, too, saw how serious he was about it. I was greatly worried, however, for I doubted if he would ever succeed in his plan and I even mentioned my skepticism to him. He agreed with me that it was a very difficult thing to achieve, but added that he hoped he would succeed eventually. His eyes were filled with tears as he told me that his love for Mary was his first real passion, that he had never loved a woman so dearly and so passionately as he loved Mary, and that his fate was irretrievably entwined with that of Mary's.

"I gave my consent to his contracting a morganatic marriage with my sister. Those days were full of happiness for all of us, but they were very short-lived, and soon after great sorrows descended upon all concerned. The details and the circumstances of the affair remained shrouded from the public view, yet those of us who stood near the parties most concerned knew that His Highness meant what he had said and even those who were skeptical as to his sincerity soon learned that he was as honest and as sincere about my sister as any man could have been. It was evident that no power on earth would ever separate him from his love. At about this time the Crown Princess sent a lady-in-waiting to my mother, bringing a message of most vehement disapproval from Her Highness.

"We were crying over the affair and I begged my sister to tear herself away from the Crown Prince, for if she persisted in her relations with him, we were all liable to be disgraced and annihilated. Mary declared that she trusted His Highness infinitely and believed in the ultimate success of his plans and in the strength of his decisions.

"I was already prepared to take Mary to a French convent, when the Crown Prince declared that he could not continue to live and be deprived of her company. We all cried after this scene. There were a number of others, and they all left us in terrible depression. One day the Crown Prince told us that his worst enemies were among the Clerical Court Party, who opposed his divorce on religious grounds. I was absolutely unable to help my people or to help myself. And this state of affairs went on until the latter part of the year 1888.

"The horrible end came quite unexpectedly to all of us. On January 28th, 1889, His Highness, Count Bombelles, Count Hoyos and myself went to Meyerling to hunt. His Highness was rather upset on account of the bad hunting we had on the first day—we had not sighted a single stag all day.

"On the 29th, we were all seated in the 'peasant room' when Mary arrived. We had just finished our meal. We remained together for a while, but there was little joy all around. We were terribly depressed, as if we anticipated some misfortune. Later on the Crown Prince, Mary and myself withdrew from the company and in the course of the conversation His Highness remarked that he was afraid he would not be able to carry out his intentions against the opposition of his father.

The Scene of the Tragedy

"MARY remained silent, and when Rudolph pressed her to speak, all she said was: 'In that case my only choice is death.'

"When suppertime came, Mary did not touch any food, but retired very early. At about midnight we all went to bed. It was arranged that we should wake the Crown Prince at six in the morning. We were all hopeful for a fine day's hunting next day.

"A few minutes after seven o'clock in the morning there was a great stir in the little Castle. We all rose. Loschek, who slept in the anteroom just outside His Highness' bedroom, told us that His Highness came out of his room at about six o'clock and told him that he wished to have another hour's sleep and that at seven he wanted the carriage to be ready. Promptly at seven, therefore, Loschek knocked at his door. Receiving no answer, he tried to open the door, but found that it was locked from the inside. We hurried to Count Bombelles who also knocked without avail. Bombelles then sent for Hoyos and me. We decided to break open the door.

"Inside, we found the curtains drawn and four candles burning on a small table. There wasn't much left of these candles when we entered. The Crown Prince was lying dead in his bed, his left hand hanging down at the bedside. There was a revolver lying on the carpet and we noticed a tiny wound over the left temple of the Crown Prince. A small quantity of bloody foam had collected around his lips.

"We did not notice Mary at first. She was covered from head to foot with a sheet. There was a glass with a small silver spoon in it next to the candlesticks on the small table, with the contents of some poison still left in it. She had poisoned herself. On the same table we found four sealed envelopes and one unsealed one.

"We agreed that it would be best for all of us to follow them.

"At eight in the morning Bombelles drove to Vienna and I informed the monastery at Heiligenkreuz. They placed Mary's body in a simple wooden coffin and took her to the cemetery at Heiligenkreuz. My mother and I were her only escorts. A day or two afterward my mother and I were requested to leave the country."

The Facts as Revealed in Official Documents

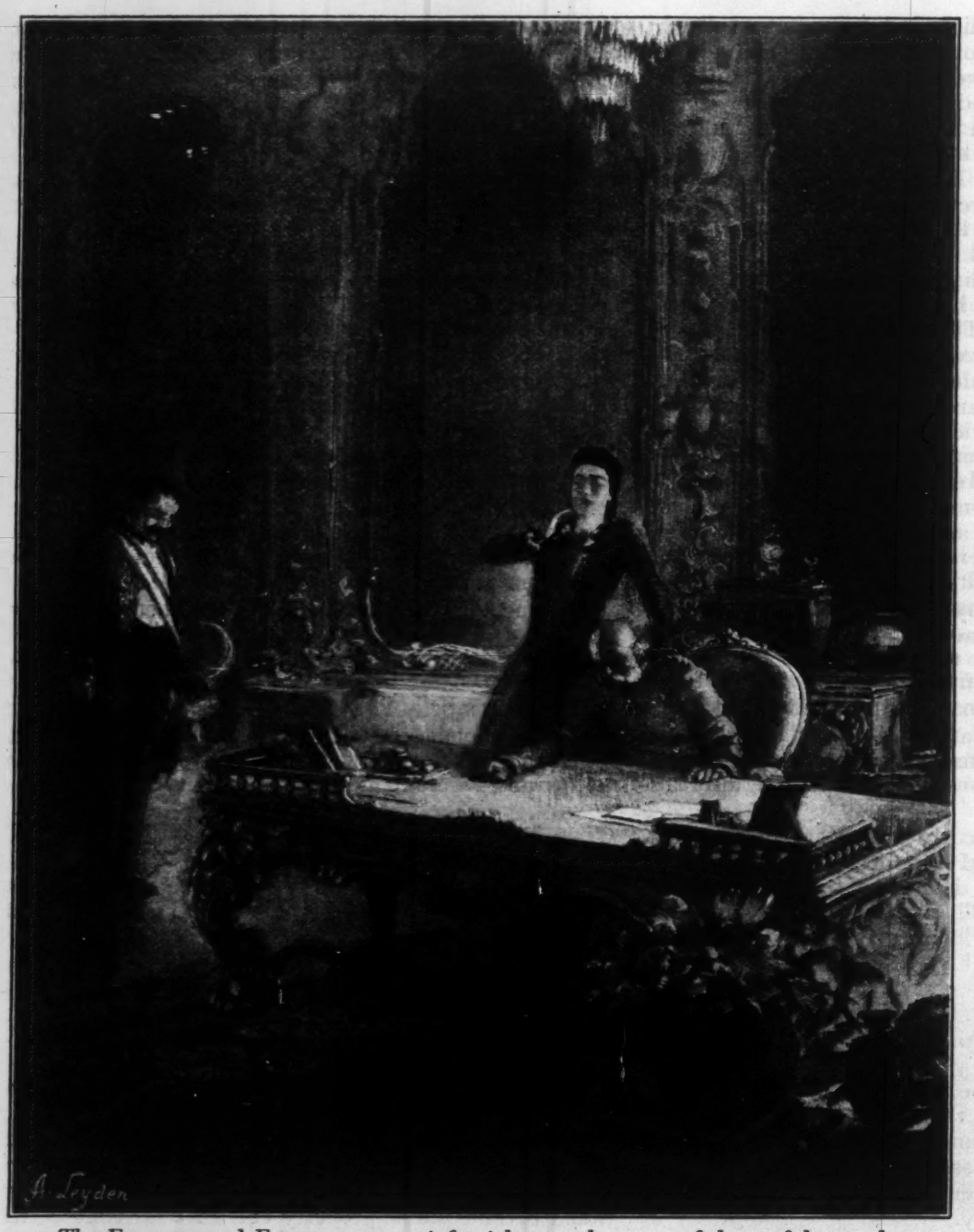
THIS is what Baron Vetsera has to say of his sister's tragedy, and it is but too obvious that even he was left in ignorance as to what really took place. The story dealing with the funeral of Mary is an obvious fiction, for the police documents and all other available information prove beyond doubt that Baron Vetsera was not there and had nothing whatever to do with the final disposal of the body.

It is also obvious that Baron Vetsera is trying to shield his mother and to protect the memory of his sister, in the hope that no evidence will ever be brought forward to contradict him. He could not have known thirteen years ago that the Hapsburg Archives and their secrets would become public property and that his confiscated statement would be compared with official documents relating to the case. Whatever his motives may have been, it is certain that he acted in a chivalrous and brotherly manner and, in keeping his secret to himself throughout his lifetime, shows that he even tried to be loyal to the father of the Crown Prince by his silence. He died virtually in exile and still he buried any bitterness that might have gnawed at his heart.

Pursuing the facts of the tragedy further, as the documents from the Royal Archives reveal them, we learn that on the morning of the 28th of January Crown Prince Rudolph received an urgent call to appear before the Emperor. He immediately scented trouble, for his conscience was not quite clear. Without the Emperor's knowledge he had written a letter to the Pope asking for the annulment of his marriage with the Crown Princess Stephanie.

He now feared that the Pope had communicated with his father and, when he entered the Emperor's room in response to his call and saw his mother and the Papal Nuncio there, also, he was quite sure about the impending discussion.

High words arose between the Emperor and the



The Emperor and Empress were grief-stricken at the news of the awful tragedy

Crown Prince and, according to some accounts, enraged partly by the Pope's treatment of him and partly by the Nuncio's slighting reference to Mary, Rudolph boxed the ears of the terrified Nuncio there and then. This was the last occasion that Rudolph was seen alive by the Emperor and Empress.

Strangely enough, when the successor of Rudolph, Archduke Franz Ferdinand—who was killed at Sarajevo, in 1914—announced his intention of contracting a morganatic marriage with the Countess Chotek, the Emperor gave his consent after a comparatively short consideration. At that time he was already well advanced in years and it is assumed that, having gone through the terrible experience at Meyerling, he dared not oppose the marriage of the heir to the Throne for fear of another disaster.

He accepted, though reluctantly, what fate had in store for him, but the relations between Emperor and Heir Presumptive were strained and distant afterward. He is quoted as having said quite often to members of his family who came to him with requests for permission to marry women of lower rank: "Take her if you love her, but for heaven's sake don't marry her!" This was his creed. He placed the prestige of the Hapsburg family and the religious dogmas and Royal conventions above everything—morality, happiness and even life.

Rudolph realized the hopelessness of his case and it is more than probable that it was under the influence of this unnerving interview that he made up his mind to put an end to his life.

It was under these circumstances that he decided to spend his last hours in the company of his beloved Mary. Whether Mary knew the end that was awaiting her on that fatal day when, accompanied by Countess Larisch, she left her mother's house never to return again — cannot be told with certainty. Countess Larisch's account of the whole incident does not afford any evidence in this direction.

The story would not be complete, however, without the inclusion of Countess Larisch's version of what happened.

After describing how she called for Mary at the Vetsera Palace and how excited Mary seemed on entering the carriage, Countess Larisch proceeds:

"'Mary, I must tell you something. I think it must be clear to you that in taking you to this meeting with Rudolph I am being disloyal to my aunt and the Emperor. This weakness is the sign of my great friendship. I cannot bear to see you unhappy and I am sure Rudolph will tell you what is best for you. Do as he desires. Act on my advice and finish this episode, else I fear there will be sad consequences for all of us.'

"Mary was silent—but with a pressure of her hand indicated that she understood my words.

"On arriving at the Burg, it was obvious that we were expected, as the small iron door was only shut. On opening the door, we noticed Loschek, the Crown Prince's valet, waiting for us. He did not utter a word, simply beckoned us to follow him. We were being taken through long dark corridors and staircases to the top of the Burg. Suddenly I became anxious, something within me began to protest against what I was doing as if it wished to protect us against unknown danger. I stopped. Perhaps it was not too late to return.

"Mary noticed my hesitation, caught my arm and cried: 'No, no, no! I want to see Rudolph and you must

not try to prevent me from having a talk with him.'

"We came then to another dark corridor. I grew nervous. 'Where are we going?' I asked.

"I was surprised to notice how familiar the place seemed to Mary. Finally at the end of the corridor we entered a room. We waited there for a while, Mary walking several times across the room in a nervous fashion. Finally she pressed my two hands and kissed me, and then said rather sadly:

" 'Forgive me for all the trouble I have caused you. Whatever happens, do not believe that I wanted to cheat you or to play false with you.'

"Just then the Crown Prince entered.

" 'Come into my room, it is a more friendly place than this,' he said, and led us into a pleasant light room, where he continued: 'I would like to speak with Mary a few minutes alone in the smoking room. May I?'

" 'No, stay here,' I answered, with an unconscious fear of trouble. 'Or let me retire to the anteroom.'

" 'Madness!' shouted the Crown Prince. 'Some one might see you. I promise that I will only keep the Baroness for ten minutes.' Before I could reply, he opened the door and pushed Mary through it and as he followed her out, he remarked, 'I repeat, only for ten minutes.' I heard the key being turned in the lock afterward, and I almost fainted.

"The waiting seemed endless and, on looking at the clock, I noticed that the ten minutes had long since passed. Presently Rudolph again entered the room. He was alone!

"Bewildered I looked at him and could only mutter: 'Where is Mary?'

"He laughed. Instead of taking note of my question, he was occupied in locking all the doors of the room.

" 'Answer me!' I shouted. 'Tell me what has happened!' I was so excited that I could only stay on my feet by forcing myself to do so. The blood was rushing to my head. The room seemed to turn around with me!

" 'There is nothing to explain,' he replied, at length.

" 'But Mary! Where is Mary? What have you done with her?'

" 'Be quiet and listen to me,' he said. 'You will have to go back without Mary!'

" 'You are joking!' I cried. 'You do not know what you are talking about! To keep Mary with you — you cannot think of it seriously! I will not leave without her.'

" 'Mary is not here in the Burg any more,' Rudolph said, then.

"My fright almost deprived me of my powers of thinking. When I pulled myself together again I heard my cousin say:

" 'If you remain quiet, nothing will happen to you. Go back to the old Baroness and tell her that Mary ran away from you.'

" 'I will not do it. I shall go straight to the Empress.'

"I rushed to the window and tried to open it, shouting for help at the same time. The Crown Prince pressed his hand over my mouth and dragged me away.

" 'I will have to kill you yet,' said Rudolph, grimly.

" 'You are wicked! Have you lost your head? I will not keep quiet. I will tell the Empress. Let me go—at once!'

" 'If you do not swear that you will keep quiet, I will kill you.' Saying this, he took a small revolver out of a drawer and pressed it against my forehead.

" 'Yes, shoot me down!' I screamed in exasperation.

Mary hurried to the appointed corner, where Rudolph's coachman waited for her

From Brown Bros.

From a contemporary picture of the Crown Prince's elaborate funeral in Vienna when a whole mighty Empire in mourning tears followed Rudolph to the ancient Royal tomb

'You would be doing a merciful act as you have already ruined my life.'

"'I see you have courage,' said the Crown Prince, removing the revolver.

"'If I play with a fiend like you I have to have courage!' I shouted. 'You are a fiend! You got me here with the promise that you would act honorably. You have not kept your word of honor.'

"The Crown Prince now spoke to me in an amused and cynical manner.

"'May I ask since when you are playing the part of a Saint! You are just the one to lecture on honor and respectability. You who since your childhood have been a master in deception!'

The Crown Prince Outlines His Plan

"I BURST into tears and to my surprise, Rudolph led me to the sofa where he sat beside me.

"'You are right, I treated you harshly. Can you forgive me? I was mad,' he went on. 'Will you listen? Take care because the fate of a tragedy rests in your hands.'

"'How can I believe you after all this?'

"'I swear to the Black Virgin of the Burg that I am speaking the truth. I want to keep Mary with me for two days to soften her mother. Why do you wish to deprive me of this little happiness? Do what I ask. Get into your carriage and drive to some store where they know you. Call there and, after spending some time in the store, send one of the assistants out to the carriage with a message for Mary. Naturally, he will return and say that Mary is not in the carriage. To which you will reply: 'This is impossible, as we came together.'

"I replied that the driver would know that I came alone from the Burg. Thereupon Rudolph opened a leather bag and handed me five hundred florins—about two hundred dollars—to give to the driver, with the words, 'Tell him that I have sent it and if he gets into any difficulty arising out of this matter he should see Bratfisch, who will put him right.'

"'And shall I tell the Baroness that Mary ran away while I was in the store?' I asked.

"'Yes!' nodded Rudolph. 'This will suffice for two days, after which I shall talk to her personally.'

"'It will be easy to come to terms with her,' I interposed, and repeated to him my conversations with the Baroness.

"The Crown Prince laughed and said: 'What a convenient mother Mary has! But now, Marie, you have to go. But you must not be cross.' Suddenly he caught me in his arms and kissed me on the lips for the first and last time in life."

The subsequent movements of the Countess as described by herself agree in their essentials with the evidence supplied by the Baroness Vetsera, the assistant at Rodeck's and the driver.

In order not to be disturbed at Meyerling by letters or messengers from his wife, the Crown Prince wrote to her on the 28th of January that he was leaving for a three days' shooting party, but would be back at the family dinner on January the 30th, 1889. It was due to this letter that his absence did not create any unusual attention. Among the friends the Crown Prince invited for January the 29th were Count Hoyos and Prince Philip

Coburg, but he did not join them at the shooting, making a bad cold his excuse. To simulate this he went to the trouble of wrapping a silk handkerchief around his neck.

At dinner he did not take his seat among his friends, but retired to another room to join Baroness Mary with whom he was spending practically all the time. The friends present knew that there was a woman in the Castle, but did not know who she was.

On January the 28th, Rudolph and Mary were alone at the Castle where they arrived in the early hours of the afternoon. Nobody knew of Mary's presence except Loschek, the Crown Prince's valet. On her arrival, she was led by Loschek, according to instructions from the Crown Prince, into the dressing room adjoining his bedroom.

The Emperor Arrives at Meyerling

THAT afternoon and the following morning Rudolph and Mary remained together constantly. Even the next day the Crown Prince only spent a little time with his friends, limiting this to a few minutes during meals, when, after drinking a glass or two of champagne with his guests, he returned to his beloved Mary. Loschek received orders from the Crown Prince to wake him at eight o'clock on the following morning—January the 30th—but on knocking at the door at this time he was asked by the Crown Prince to call him again in half an hour's time.

This time, in spite of continued and persistent knocking at the door, no answer was received. Loschek became restless, tried harder, very much harder, but without success. He then proceeded to the room where breakfast was being served for the guests and spoke to Count Hoyos about his misgivings.

Without any delay, the door was broken open, and the sight that presented itself to Loschek and Count Hoyos beggars description.

The Crown Prince was lying on his left side, with a revolver in his hand. His skull was veritably shattered. He was in night attire. The Baroness was found lying beside him with a bullet in her head.

Count Hoyos returned to his friends, who were still at breakfast. He told them that the Crown Prince had suddenly become nervously ill. They must not disturb him. He was leaving for Vienna to bring a doctor to the bedside of the Crown Prince and to tell the Emperor.

Accordingly, he called on Doctor Wiederhofer, the Empress' medical adviser, to whom he related the terrible event, asking him to convey the news through the medium of the Empress to the Emperor. Without any loss of time, Doctor Wiederhofer, in the company of Count Hoyos, drove to the Burg to see the Empress. The doctor spoke. In a few words he told the sad news, begging the Empress to tell the Emperor at once.

At first, the Empress could not utter a word, then she stood up and asked them to follow her.

The Empress entered the Emperor's rooms alone, calling the doctor and Count Hoyos in after she had informed him of the awful tragedy. The Emperor covered his face with his hands and the doctor was instructed to leave without delay for Meyerling.

In the meantime Loschek had lifted the body of the Baroness out of the bed and carried it into a pantry which was situated at the far end of a long corridor. He also removed from the Crown Prince's room all the clothing belonging to Baroness Mary. Otherwise Loschek left everything untouched in the death chamber.

On the arrival of Doctor Wiederhofer the Crown Prince's skull was sewn together and the Crown Prince's remains were laid out in state.

Doctor Wiederhofer was then taken to the pantry where he was shown the body of the Baroness, which had been placed in a basket. A hat and woman's apparel were strewn about in disorder, and as the pantry was dark Mary's body was removed to the billiard room next door.

Removing the long hair from her face, the doctor could see that one side was intact and had assumed a serene appearance; the other side was shattered by the bullet. After washing away the blood, the doctor carefully bandaged the head. This done, the body was replaced in the basket and removed again to the pantry to be kept out of sight of the Emperor who was expected shortly.

When the old Emperor presently arrived it was heart-rending to see him leaning against the wall, crying bitterly. Finally he was able to receive Doctor Wiederhofer's report, afterward returning to Vienna to arrange for his son's funeral.

Count Stockau arrived at Meyerling some hours later and was told by Loschek the details of the tragedy. Without seeing Mary, he hastened back to Vienna to inform his relatives of the death, returning later in the evening with his brother-in-law Baron Baltazzi.

By order of the Emperor, the two above-named uncles were the only relatives allowed to be present at Mary's funeral.

On arriving at Meyerling, Count Stockau and Baron Baltazzi were taken by Loschek to the pantry where he handed over to the terrified relatives the body of Mary, which was still in the basket. They were told at the same time that she must be removed from Meyerling, dressed in street attire and placed in the carriage in a sitting position, so as to preclude the possibility of its being found out that the death of the Crown Prince was connected with another tragedy.

Accordingly, wrapped in a sealskin coat, the girl's body was placed in a chair and carried by the two uncles through the long corridor into the carriage waiting outside. The uncles then took their places beside their unfortunate niece on the back seat of the carriage, and began their dreary drive to the cemetery.

Meanwhile, Mary's farewell letters had been found in a common envelope, addressed to Mary's mother, the Baroness Helen Vetsera, in the Crown Prince's own hand. The letters had been sent to the Emperor by messenger and His Majesty sent them to the mourning mother for perusal only on condition that she gave her word of honor to return them to him immediately after reading them. Some years later the Emperor sent them to the Baroness with permission to keep them as a last souvenir from her unfortunate daughter.

The Baroness Mary's Farewell Letters

THE first letter was addressed to the mother and ran as follows:

"My dear Mother!

Both of us are leaving with blessed souls to the unknown beyond. Please pardon me for what I am about to do, but I could not overcome my love for him. In accordance with his wishes, I want to be buried next to him in the Alland Cemetery. In death I am happier than I was in life.

Your Mary."

To her sister Hanna, she wrote the following pathetic message:

"My dear Sister!

Do think of me sometimes and I hope you will be happy in marriage. Take care, and marry for love only. I could not achieve this bliss, so I am going with him into

Rudolph and Mary write their farewell notes in the death chamber at Meyerling Castle

the beyond. I want to be his, only his own, anywhere, even in death. Do not weep for me for I am leaving this world joyfully and happily. This is a beautiful place, not unlike Schwartzau. Think of the life line on my palm. God be with you. MARY."

In a postscript, she added the request that her sister should place a gardenia on her grave on the 13th of January every year—this being the date of the consummation of their love. She ended the postscript as follows:

"Tell mother that my dying wish is that she provide for the future of my chambermaid and her family so that she is not made to suffer for my sins."

To her brother she wrote:

"My dear Brother!

God be with you. I shall watch over you from the beyond, as I loved you very dearly.

Your faithful sister, MARY."

The official reports of the Vienna Police Department concerning the journey to the [*Continued on page 117*]

Armed with a bunch of flowers that were not in their first youth, Jim advanced toward Marie

Molly's Aunt at Angmering

Jim Maitland Finds the Girl—and Loses His Nerve

By Major H. C. McNeile

Illustrations by G. W. Gage

THE last of these chronicles of that prince of wanderers, Jim Maitland, as is only meet and proper, caused the cessation of his wanderings and turned him into an orderly member of society. For he found her—did Jim. He found his girl—the girl he had last seen in the hotel at Tampico. The Fate that juggles the pieces gave the wheel another twist—a kindly twist—and the harbor for which old Jim in his heart of hearts had been steering through long years hove in sight. And now there was Molly—bless her—at the helm.

Great happiness is apt to make one a bit selfish, I think, and somehow or other Jim and his quest had slipped a little into the background of my mind. As he had said to me, with a shrug of his shoulders and an apparent indifference which failed to deceive, what chance was there of finding her—that girl who was never absent for long from his mind? And even if he did find her—what then? She hated and despised him. And I had agreed: the odds against finding her were long. Also I had forgotten, for such is the way of a man in love himself.

And then suddenly one afternoon it happened. At first I could hardly believe my eyes; I said to myself that it was merely an astonishing likeness. But after a moment or two I knew that it was no mistake—the girl talking to Molly was Jim's girl.

It was a hat shop—*Chez Bernie* it was called—and Molly had taken me there for the purpose of disregarding my advice. It appeared that she often came to this shop. It was run by a lady who had built up the business herself. Moreover, she was a dear; had struggled through a bad time and now had made good. Sheila Bernie was her name, and from the corner to which I had retired I saw Sheila Bernie come out from an inner sanctum and greet Molly. And Sheila Bernie was the girl I had known as Sheila Blair—the wife of Raymond Blair, drunken derelict.

Molly called me up to introduce me, and for a moment Jim's girl—in my mind I always called her that—stared at me with a puzzled frown.

"Surely," she said hesitatingly, "we have met somewhere."

I bowed and took her hand.

"Tampico," I said. "In the South Seas." I heard her catch her breath, and then I went on: "Mr. Maitland and I landed in London about a month ago."

I knew that Molly was looking from one to the other of us, but she didn't make any fool remark about the world being small, since she is that rare manner of human who knows when to speak and when not to.

"Will you tell Mr. Maitland," said the girl quietly, "that I made a very grave mistake which I have never ceased regretting. I can quite understand that he will find it impossible to forgive me, but I had no method of communicating with him."

"I shall certainly tell him," I assured her. "But is

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there any reason, Mrs. Blair, why you shouldn't tell him yourself?"

For a moment she hesitated, then: "I am here every day from nine till five."

She turned to Molly, but for the first and last time in her life Molly's interest in hats seemed to have waned. Tea was her sole thought, and she would come back again tomorrow when she had more time. So tea it was, and at tea came the inquisition.

"TELL me everything, Dick. Why did you call her Mrs. Blair? I've known her now for two years; I've stayed with her sometimes in a little bungalow she's got down in Sussex. And she's never mentioned the fact that she was married."

"Her husband died some years ago," I said quietly, and my thoughts went back to that sun-drenched dusty street in Tampico. "It's an amazing, an incredible coincidence—running into her this afternoon. You see, there has never been another woman in Jim's life since he met her. And I think he'd given up all hope of ever seeing her again."

And then I told her the whole story. I told her of Tampico, of its loneliness and its rottenness; I told her of the human derelicts who died their drink-sodden deaths in it. And I told her of Raymond Blair.

"In your life, Molly," I said, "you've probably never come across such a case. You've seen men tight, maybe, and on that you've based your ideas of drunkenness. Blair was a crawling, pitiful thing; he wasn't a man at all. When the drink was out of him there was no depth to which he wouldn't sink to get it; when the drink was in him—and this is the point I want to make clear—he was almost normal. In fact, he had got into the last and final stage of the drunkard."

"And that was Sheila's husband?" said Molly, very low.

"That was her husband," I answered gravely. "She wasn't out there with him, and she thought he was a trader in a big way. In fact, she used to send out money to him every month to help him expand his business. How she got it I don't know—but it went down his throat, right enough."

"What a brute!" cried Molly.

"When a man gets to that condition, my dear, he's dead to every sense of decency. And things might have gone on till he died without her ever finding out, but for the fact that she suddenly decided to come out herself to see her husband. She arrived with Jim—he looked after her on the way out. And that was when I met him first."

"And what was the husband doing?"

"Raymond Blair was in a saloon reciting nursery rhymes for the benefit of a bunch of loafers, and crawling on the floor like a dog to get the nickels they flung at him in their contempt."

"How awful!" whispered Molly.

"You see the drink was out of him, and that was the problem."

And then I briefly sketched for her the fight in Dutch Joe's gin hall and the council of war in MacAndrew's house.

"There he was—a jibbering, crawling thing; and waiting for him at the hotel was his wife, utterly unsuspecting—his wife, the woman Jim loved. Don't make any mistake about that point—Jim loved her, and she wasn't far off loving Jim. But she was straight, and she was white, and she had come out to join her husband. It was Jim who decided. He might have taken Blair to the hotel as he was, and then waited for the inevitable end that could not be long delayed. But he didn't; he gave the man a bottle of gin and turned him into something comparatively normal.

"You see, as I've told you before, with Blair the position of things was reversed. Blair drunk was normal; Blair sober was just a dreadful nightmare. And it seemed to Jim that it was the only way of playing the game. But you could hardly expect the girl to understand that. What Blair said to her—I don't know. I suppose she found him peculiar and changed; I suppose he tried to make some pitiful excuse. At any rate, she found out that he had just drunk a complete bottle of gin. He'd gone to the hotel with Jim, and it was Jim she blamed. She thought he'd deliberately gone out of his way to make her husband drunk. Which was no more than the truth, but not for the reason which she imagined.

"I suppose she knew Jim was in love with her and thought he hoped by this method to blacken her husband in her eyes. So she called Jim a cur, and told him she never wished to see him again. And Jim never said a word, nor would he let MacAndrew or me explain. He just stood there until she'd finished—and at the top of the stairs stood her husband with his hands shaking and his lips trembling and a look of pitiable entreaty in his eyes. One could almost hear him saying, 'Don't give me away.' And Jim didn't. He turned on his heel and went out into the night, and he's never seen her since that day. We went off together next morning on the boat."

"But it was big, Dick—big," said Molly, and her eyes were shining. "And she knows now, anyway."

"Yes—she knows now," I answered. "During the remaining six months of Blair's life she must have seen him sober fairly often. And maybe MacAndrew put her wise later."

"So it's all come right, after all!" cried Molly. "You'll tell Jim, and he'll go around and they'll meet again."

"I shall tell Jim, right enough," I answered. "But he's a queer, proud sort of blighter, you know, and——"

"You don't mean to say," interrupted Molly, "that you think he'll be such an ass as to stick in his toes and jib!"

"Dash it all," I said rather feebly, "you must admit that it's a bit galling to a fellow to be abused like a pickpocket for doing one of the whitest things he could possibly have done."

"That was years ago!" cried Molly scornfully. "He ought to have forgotten all about it by this time."

"Well, he hasn't," I said. "Besides, how do you know that she is in love with him?"

"Because I saw her face when you mentioned his name."

"You weren't looking at her; you were looking at me."

"MY dear boy," said Molly kindly, "don't expose your limitations too much. These things are a little beyond you. I have definitely decided that Jim and Sheila Bernie—or Blair, whichever you prefer—are to be married on the same day we are. You will therefore tell him where she is to be found, and if necessary conduct him to her shop tomorrow morning personally. You will then leave them alone, and engage a table for four at the Ritz for lunch."

"Everything shall be as you say," I murmured, and consumed a cup of cold tea.

And up to a point it was. I dined with Jim that night, and over the port I told him.

"I've some wonderful news for you, old man. Whom do you think I saw this afternoon?"

He sat very still, staring at me.

"She's running a hat shop down in Sloane Street. I was in there with Molly today. And she wants to see you—to apologize for the mistake she made in Tampico."

"You've seen her, Dick?" he said at length. "Tell me—how does she look?"

"Prettier than ever, as you'll see for youself tomorrow morning." For the life of me I couldn't keep my voice quite steady, there was such a wonderful look in old Jim's eyes, "You're to go around," I went on gruffly, "and you are to bring her to lunch with Molly and me at the Ritz. It's all fixed up."

He gave a little whimsical smile and laid his hand on my shoulder as we strolled out of the dining room.

"Methinks I see the work of one Molly in that arrangement, Dick, my boy. Bless both your hearts."

At the door instinctively our eyes went up to the star-studded sky of the soft May night.

"Fine weather, old Dick; fine weather in front—and happy days behind," he said. "Surely the world is good."

And with the grip of his hand still on mine, we separated.

NOW what on earth more could I have done than that? I'd given him the address of the hat shop; I'd told him she wanted to see him, and, short of taking him there in a taxi and pushing him through the door, I fail to see that I deserved the withering contempt poured on me next day by Molly at the Ritz.

"I've got a table for four——" I began brightly, as I saw her.

"Then you can countermand it," she remarked, "and order one for two."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "You don't mean to say that they've gone and messed it up."

Molly gurgled suddenly.

"When you see him you ask him why he doesn't buy his matches wholesale in future. It would save such a lot of time."

"When you've quite finished talking in riddles," I murmured, "perhaps you'll condescend to explain."

Once again she gurgled.

"Oh, Dick—what an angel he is! We were both up in the workroom," she continued gleefully, "watching——"

"What on earth were you doing there?"

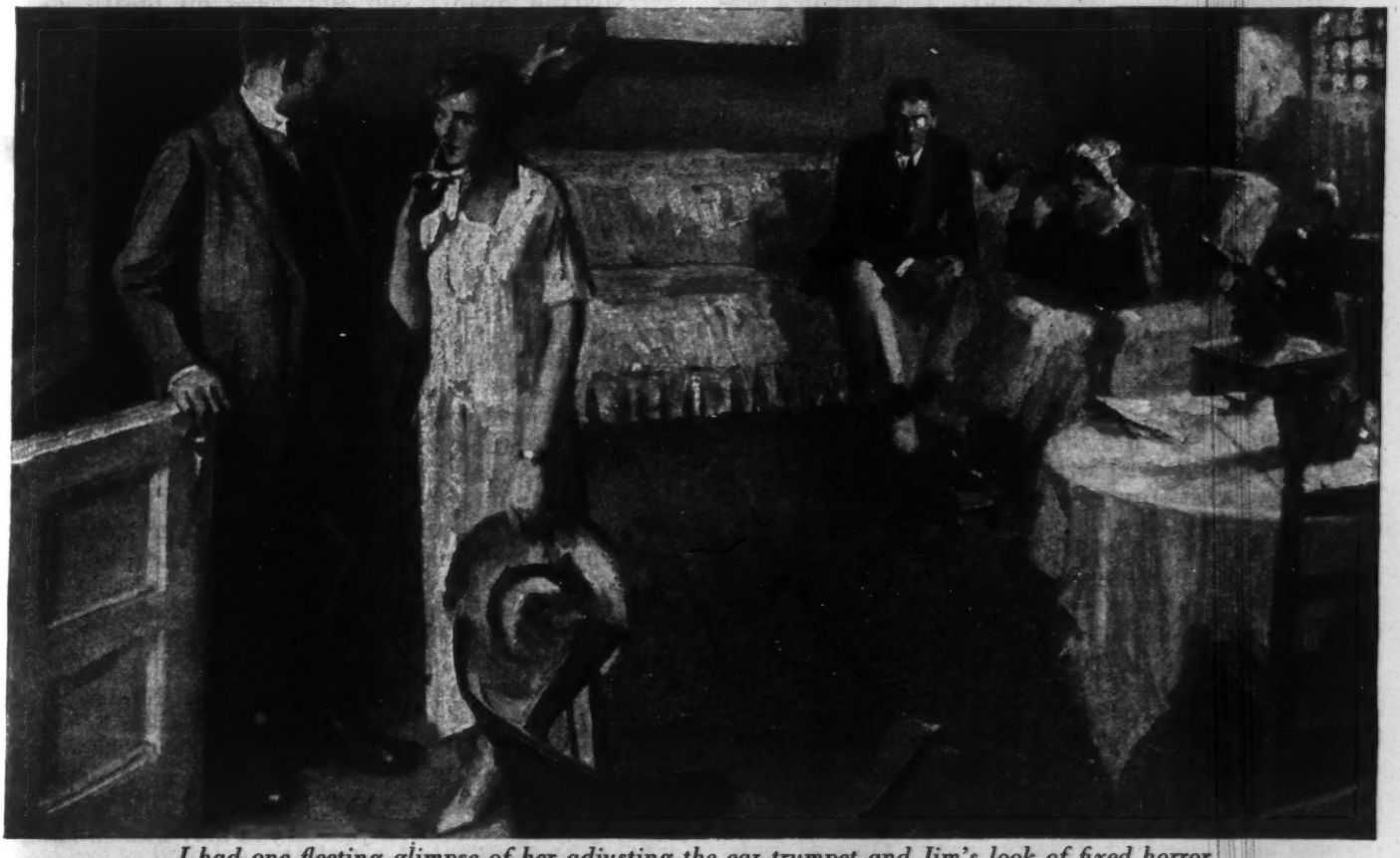
"Buying hats, Silly, and other things—and talking generally. Suddenly we saw him getting out of a taxi about fifty yards away. Dick, he had on a top hat and he looked too beautiful. He looked at the numbers of the houses, and then very slowly he started to walk toward the shop. He got slower and slower, and finally he stopped altogether. And that was when he bought his first box of matches, I presume, because he went into a tobacconist's.

"However, after about five minutes he emerged—rapidly crossed the road, strode furiously down the other side as if no such place as Bernie's existed, and bought another box of matches from an old man selling them in the gutter. Then he crossed to our side of the street again, and went to ground in another tobacconist's—more matches.

"And then the poor old thing lost his head completely. He rushed straight past the door of the shop, and vanished into the blue. It was a full quarter of an hour before he appeared again, looking thoroughly grim and determined. In one hand he held a large bunch of flowers that were not in their first youth and, armed with them, he advanced to the door. Marie was below—she's the assistant—and she greeted him with her best shop manner.

"Poor lamb! It was too pathetic. We were both just out of sight, listening hard. Was Miss Bernie in? Marie believed so, but she would see. Did monsieur wish to see her particularly, for at this hour Mademoiselle Bernie was generally busy? My dear! He clutched at it. Horrible coward! It didn't matter at all; he wouldn't dream of worrying mademoiselle if she was busy. Another time would do just as well. Perhaps Marie would give her these flowers. Then he took out his handkerchief to wipe his forehead; boxes of matches flew in all directions, and he bolted like a maniac—to return no more."

"But why didn't Mrs. Blair go out and speak to him?" I demanded indignantly.



I had one fleeting glimpse of her adjusting the ear trumpet and Jim's look of fixed horror

"Why didn't she?" said Molly. "Because, my dear, she loves him. And no woman wants the man she loves to see her for the first time when her eyes are wet."

"Oh!" I grunted foolishly. "I see."

"Just tears of joy, Dick. But they're quite as bad for the complexion as the ordinary brand. So when she was sure he wasn't coming back, she just picked up the boxes of matches slowly and kissed the flowers and put them in water, and then shut up the shop for the day."

"And what happens now?" I asked.

"I shall take the matter in hand myself," she remarked casually. "Though if it wasn't for the fact that I have decided on a double wedding, I would let things take their natural course. He richly deserves to be kept on tenterhooks for at least six months after his revolting display of cowardice this morning. But since time is getting short, something has got to be done at once. I think—yes, I think you had better take a little motor trip in Sussex, Dick, and bring Jim with you. Take enough clothes for the week-end, and bathing suits."

"And to which portion of Sussex am I to go?"

"IT'S close to a little place called Angmering," she said. "A charming bungalow with a strip of garden running down to the sea. I shall be there, and——"

"Mrs. Blair's bungalow," I announced brightly.

"What wonderful brain power!" remarked Molly. "But you're not to tell Jim that, or he'll funk it again. Just bring him down and arrive tomorrow afternoon. Say I'm stopping with my aunt. Now, pay the bill and buzz off. You're to keep the patient amused today, but don't let him get feverish."

So I buzzed off to find Jim at his club, displaying every symptom of profound melancholia.

"Well," I said, affecting not to notice his anguished expression, "how did you find Mrs. Blair?"

"She was too busy to see me, old boy," he said sheepishly. "She's always busy in the morning, I was told."

"You confounded old liar!" I cried. "You know perfectly well that you ratted horribly. You were in a pea-green funk and all the traces still remain."

"It seemed so different this morning, somehow," he said in an abashed voice. "Do you think I ought to try again this afternoon, Dick?"

"She's gone out of London for the week-end," I remarked at once, and the look of the reprieved prisoner appeared on his face. "So you can't do anything till Tuesday. And in the meantime Molly wants to know if you will motor down with me tomorrow to her aunt's bungalow for the week-end."

"Aunt?" cried Jim suspiciously.

"Yes—aunt. Either mother's sister or father's. I didn't ask which."

"Is anybody else going to be there?" he demanded.

"Not that I'm aware of," I answered. "They particularly want you to make a four at bridge or ludo or something, and a quiet week-end by the sea may make your nerves a bit stronger."

Suddenly he grinned like a schoolboy.

"You're right, old Dick. I did rat this morning, I've never been in such a funk in my life. For all I know she may be engaged to some one else or even married again. Anyway, she's probably forgotten all about me by now."

"More than likely," I agreed brutally. "But you'd better talk things over with Molly—or with her aunt."

And so the following afternoon we arrived at the bungalow where the garden ran down to the sea. Molly was there, and her aunt, and I heard Jim give an audible gasp as he saw his portion for the week-end. His job was the aunt, as I told him on the way down in the car, and she was some portion. Gray hair that hung in wisps appeared below a cotton sunbonnet; a pair of large yellow spectacles concealed her eyes, and one dreadful black tooth caught one's gaze whenever she smiled. But her particular charm lay in her voice, which was a cracked falsetto.

"I'm a little hard of hearing, Mr. Maitland," she said, producing an ear trumpet. "But if you speak into this all the time I expect I shall hear you. You must tell me all your adventures in those heathenish parts while the two young people enjoy themselves."

"Delighted!" boomed Jim, but his face looked a little strained.

"Now, my dears," she went on, "you two run away and have a little talk while Mr.Maitland amuses me."

I had one fleeting glimpse of her adjusting the ear trumpet, and Jim's look of fixed horror; I just heard her first remark—"Now tell me all about pirates and sharks and things," and then Molly and I collapsed into each other's arms.

"She's wonderful!" I murmured weakly. "How long is the punishment to last?"

"It depends," said Molly. "We'll give 'em half an hour, anyway."

We did, and when we got back Jim was a wreck.

"I can't stand it any more." He had seized my arm and pulled me to one side. "Much will I do for you, Dick—but not that. I don't want to be rude about Molly's relative, but the woman should be put under restraint. Are you aware that she's just asked me if I've ever eaten anybody? Said Molly had told her I had become a cannibal."

"Courage, *mon brave!*" I muttered in a shaking voice. "I'll do the same for you some day. Think how you're amusing the old pet! And after tea we're going to bathe."

"Not the elderly trout!" he gasped. "Great heavens, my dear fellow, you can't mean she's going to bathe!"

"Auntie swims very well," said Molly, who had joined us unperceived. "But sometimes she gets cramp, Jim, and if she does you must be at hand to help her."

"Merciful Allah!" said Jim under his breath, and Molly turned away with suspicious abruptness.

AND, sure enough, auntie appeared after tea completely enveloped in a bath robe. We were waiting for her in the garden and as she passed us only her shrill falsetto, summoning Jim, proclaimed who she was.

"You and I will swim together, Mr. Maitland," she announced. "There's a lovely pool here with a diving board, and then we'll swim out to sea."

"For heaven's sake, get a boat and follow!" croaked Jim to me. "If the old woman gets cramp we're lost. And surely she's not going to dive——"

The words died away on his lips, and of a sudden he stood very still. Silhouetted on the end of the diving board was the lovely figure of a girl. Gone were the spectacles and the gray hair—gone was the ear trumpet. And for one second she looked back at him as he stood there speechless.

"Come with me, won't you? In case I get cramp."

Then she was gone, and only a little swirling eddy marked the perfect dive. And Molly, being a girl, slipped her hand through my arm and cried a little and laughed a little as we watched Jim's dark head pursuing the elusive scarlet cap.

"The dear fool!" she whispered. "But he deserved it, didn't he?"

It seemed to me that just at that moment dark head caught scarlet cap, and whether it was cramp or not I don't know, but I saw her arms go around his neck. For you may kiss in the water just as you may kiss on land, and both methods were in use at that moment.

A Study in Mountain Education

Americans Who Never Saw the Stars and Stripes

By Albert V. Simis

"I ain't afear'd to meet the Lord," declared an aged woman. "I've niver rid a-striddle and I don't play kyards"

TODAY in the United States four million native-born American citizens, sons and daughters of American-born parents, are locked up and lost to progress and civilization on an "inland island" 100,000 square miles in area—the Appalachian mountain region of the South. Many of them are today living as their forbears did two centuries ago—in some cases not even as well.

In the past year I have talked with persons in these mountains of Kentucky, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia and Tennessee who have never seen an American flag; who have never seen a railroad train, a city, a building more than two stories high, a movie, a radio, a telephone, an airplane. There are thousands of families there whose cash income for a year does not reach fifty dollars. I know a schoolhouse, if you can dignify the shack by that name, that never had a bench or chair in it, where the children sit on a rail around the walls—and where they speak the language of Shakespeare, sometimes using words almost obsolete in Shakespeare's day.

One afternoon I talked to a mountain man who refused to have glass windows in his cabin because "if God had wanted us to have windows, he would have grown glass for us just like he grows our corn." I talked with an elderly woman, many times a mother, who had never been "over the mountain" and on to the county seat, ten miles away; and who, while smoking a short black pipe and chewing tobacco at the same time, expressed her horror when told that in many parts of the country girls are smoking cigarettes.

She showed me, without reservation, a picture of her husband in stripes. He was "away," serving four years for a "killing." If he had been convicted of stealing a hog, she would have had a real family skeleton to hide. But shooting a man—that was a private affair, a different matter! I saw a preacher laboriously reading a Bible, which some one "outside" had sent him, and he was comparing the text word for word with his old copy of the Testaments. He wasn't going to use the new book until he had assured himself there were no changes in it.

Various educational efforts have been made among the mountaineers in these regions from time to time, but one of the most interesting and successful undertakings of the kind has not hitherto been described to the public. It is the work of Mrs. Alice S. G. Lloyd, through whose efforts there has grown up a modern form of mountain assistance that is accomplishing great results in expanding educational facilities. Her work is unique in that it dovetails with the public school system, helps public moneys to function, and brings to the surface the initiative of the mountaineer himself—both old and young.

Knott County, Kentucky, where she works, is a fair sample of the isolated mountain region. Three hundred and fifty square miles in area, with a population of 12,000 native-born Americans, but without a railroad—or any other road worthy the name—it is a maze of mountain and creek, with little or no bottom land, where every now and then a horse or mule rolls down the hillside as a patient mountaineer guides a bull-tongue plow around the skyline, trying to get in a few acres of corn. There creeks are streets, and you go "Up Caney to Hollybush" just as you go "up Fifth Avenue to Forty-second"—only you walk, or ride a horse or mule, or go in a jolt wagon.

Into this region, in 1916, came Mrs. Lloyd. Formerly a Radcliffe College student, later a feature writer on a Boston newspaper, she carried with her the New England valuation of education. She came into the mountains for her health; she remained because the mountain needs overwhelmed her. With a ten-dollar bill and a typewriter as her capital, she began social service work.

Miles away over the mountain on Caney Creek, lived Humpty Joab, a mountaineer who could neither read nor write. Neither could his wife, nor any of their six children. There, on the rough steep slope of one of the innumerable mountains, Humpty Joab owned a "farm," where Humpty, his wife and the children, almost from the

Creeks are the "roads" by which these mountaineer youngsters travel to school. At right, the belle of the Caney Creek kindergarten in her "sports costume"

time they were able to walk, stood braced on the hillside, hoed their patch of corn in the summer and "foddered" it in the fall. In the winter they tended a few hogs.

The entire family income in cash for a year would not buy a suit of clothes in the North. The lumber and mineral rights had long since been sold. Their cabin was windowless, one room, the earth for a floor. Phronnie, Marthy, Sophy and Onnie, the girls, and Lige and Sam, the sons, had no school to attend. The county couldn't afford one there on Caney Creek just then.

Though illiterate himself, Humpty Joab, or Abisha Johnson as he was really named, was a thinker. He had plenty of time for contemplation, even if he had no mental background of education, and he thought straight and direct, as the mountaineers all do. He realized how poor his condition, he saw no hope of breaking his bondage without the strength of mental equipment.

An inspiration came to Joab when he heard of the advent of Mrs. Lloyd. Over the mountains he trudged and laid before her his case.

"I hain't the only one," he declared. "There's a plenty ithers thar aneedin' to be holped. If you'll come I'll give the land."

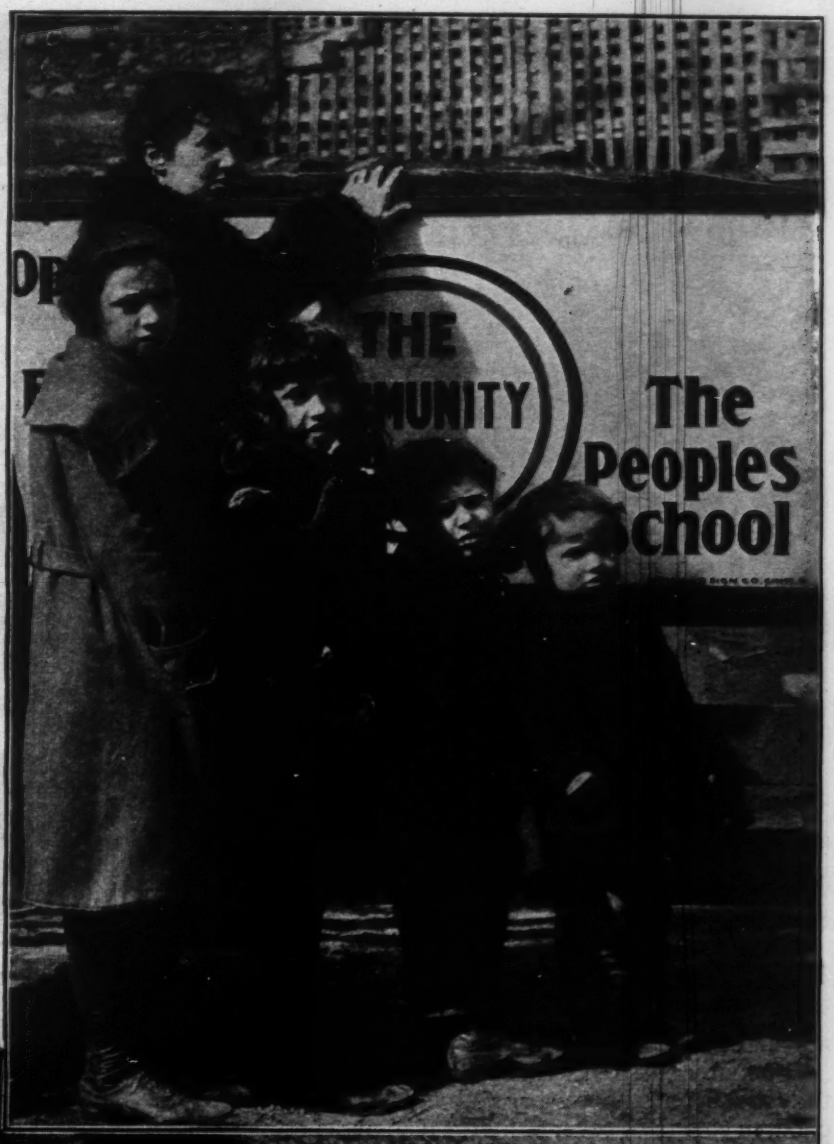
Mrs. Lloyd went. A shack was built, and there she took up her work. Letters, hundreds of them, each written personally on her typewriter, she sent back North to former college friends, who responded generously. The work grew constantly.

Today, seven years after the building of the shack, more than a score of buildings stand on the land that Humpty Joab gave for the Caney Creek Community Center. Near by is the grade school, deeded to the county; a high school with certificate privileges to Cornell and other universities, likewise owned by the county, but built by the Caney Creek Community Center.

A modern schoolhouse, now attended by 130 children, replaced the one-room log hut that housed thirty pupils. Mountaineers themselves contributed lumber and labor, the county educational board gave what money it could, and friends of Mrs. Lloyd gave the rest.

A trained instructor was put in to assist the mountain teacher, for the attendance jumped at once. Less than a month later this teacher came to Mrs. Lloyd.

"I reckon I hain't a teacher," he announced. "I think hit will do me a sight of good for me to go to school." And the next day he enrolled as a pupil in the very school in which he had taught. Today he is a really successful teacher, and has another



At right, Mrs. F. B. Prater, who moved into the Caney Creek region to obtain educational advantages for her children. Below, the type of home that is passing

Four mountaineers carried a neighbor with a broken leg on a stretcher for twelve miles over rocky trails, stopping only once on the journey to give the injured man a drink of water

school of his own in another part of the mountains.

So many children wished to attend the Caney school that it was found necessary to build dormitories, for the children could not cover daily the distances between their homes and the school. On the Center property also is a modern dining hall, a free public library with 16,000 volumes, a print shop, a sawmill, a chair factory, a weaving plant, and the United States Government has dignified the place with a post office—Pippapass, Knott County, Kentucky, according to the postal records. The name was chosen because the trim little building housing the postal work was built with funds contributed by members of the Browning Society. Mrs. Lloyd's mother, Mrs. E. M. Geddes, is postmaster, and her salary of $1,000 a year goes back into the Center's mountain work.

Mrs. Lloyd's Early Difficulties

At its printery the Center teaches mountain boys the printing trade. Sons of mountaineers in a county which had no newspaper now get out its only weekly, the *Beacon Light of Knott County*, as well as printing a monthly news letter for the friends of the work. They also do the county official printing, placards and commercial work. Every household in Knott County receives the *Beacon Light* once a week, where formerly it was necessary to send a horseman around for weeks in advance to announce a public meeting.

It was a public gathering during her first year in the mountains that gave Mrs. Lloyd insight into one phase of mountain character. In order to learn the wishes of the people, she called a meeting at one of the early buildings. On horseback or mule came the mountaineers from all of the creeks and their forks and branches. Some came twenty miles over the mountains, until more than a thousand were on the grounds—but not one of them could be induced to enter the hall.

In despair Mrs. Lloyd held the meeting in the open, meanwhile making inquiries among those she knew best as to why the people would not enter the building. At first none would tell, but finally she found that it was because they believed there was a bomb under the building which would blow them all up. Investigation revealed that what they had taken for a bomb was a tank of oil used in the lamps.

The library work of the Community Center has extended far beyond the limits of Caney Creek. The Kentucky State Library Commission finally aided the work, the Commissioner and assistant teaching Caney Creek Community Center High School pupils to catalog, classify and shelve library books. From its volumes the Community Center has stocked 128 libraries in public schools in Knott County and two contiguous counties. The books are sent in 60 at a time in boxes which open as shelves made by the Community Center workshop. When the books have been read the cases are returned and a new consignment is sent to the schools. The Center also sends textbooks to the country schools where none are supplied.

The early development of health work gave Mrs. Lloyd no end of trouble. In the primitive sections, among those who live far back from the main creeks on the little forks, there are strong and strange superstitions. One is to the effect that if a baby does not cry in a certain way shortly after birth, it must not be washed for several years. Should it be washed in violation of this rule, it will die.

Had not the first health nurse Mrs. Lloyd engaged

been a brave young woman, there would have been a different story to tell. The nurse had been attending a woman of the superstitious type, miles away from the Center, who was expecting a child. After many days of diplomatic talk the young nurse had convinced the woman of the proper way to take care of a child—and when the baby came it was washed and tended in the proper way. And this despite the fact that it did not cry in the fashion that allowed such attention.

Characteristics of the Mountaineer

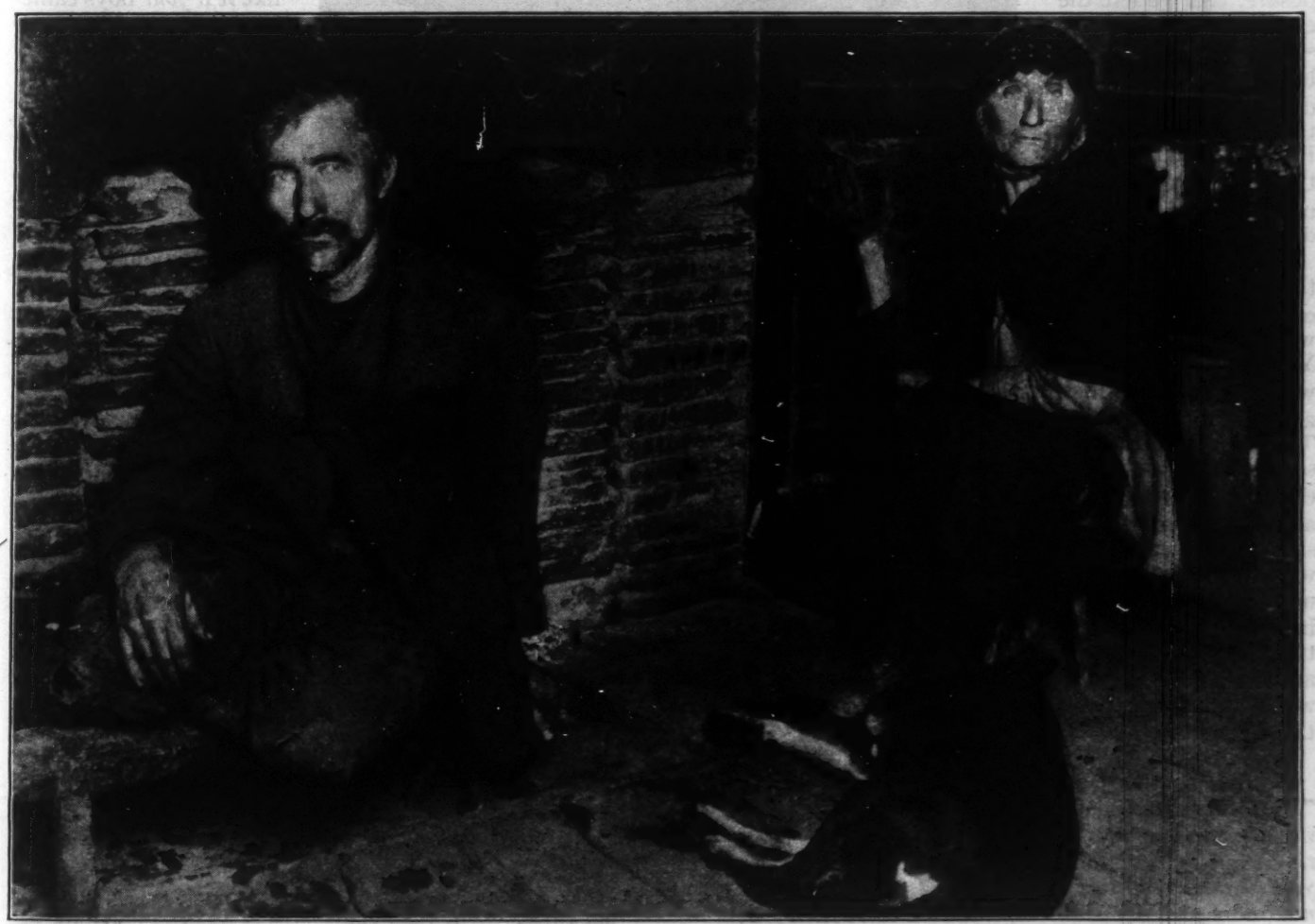
TWO days later news came to the Center that the baby was dead—and the news was brought by a group of twenty or more irate horsemen, friends and relatives of the mother, each of them armed and determined to fix the responsibility for the baby's death upon the nurse. Mrs. Lloyd argued with them to no avail. Then the nurse herself came out of her room, mounted a horse and bade the men come with her. She rode with them straight to the woman's hut—and finally the woman admitted that she herself had caused the death of the child, had accidentally smothered it in her sleep. Today the nurse at the Center finds an easier task, and the people would not wish to be without her.

The work done by the Center sounds an entirely new note in mountain education and the success that has met its efforts points to the probable future solution of the mountain problem. Developing community desire for schools, and having mountaineers form their own boards of trustees on civic and educational improvements, such as the Caney Creek extension department is constantly doing over an ever-widening area, strikes at fundamentals —makes the mountaineer help to frame his own advancement. He is given opportunity, and he is helped to use that opportunity wisely. He bears his share of the burden as far as he can.

Meanwhile Humpty Joab lives in a house with windows, with a wood floor. His children go to school, and, sitting on the porch with me not long ago, he talked about the possibilities of a registered line of hogs the Center was raising. He is only the man-of-all-work at the Center, but he sees a new vision in the mountains. The Caney Creek Community Center, on the land that Joab gave, small when considered in the light of the whole question of mountain education, stands big in proving actual accomplishment.

Living for months at a time in a rough plank shack on the edge of Caney Creek, together with trips into the mountains of the other highland states, I have had unusual opportunities to know the mountaineers, not only those who dwell hidden up the little forks, but also those who have acquired wealth and education. I have partaken of meals with them in huts, and in two-story mountain "mansions." In both cases I was told it was "clever of me to come"—"clever" in the colloquial sense of "kind" and "obliging."

Once accepted as a friend, you are sure of the warmest hospitality. Though most of them did not fully understand my mission—educational and industrial survey work for a philanthropic foundation—they sensed that I was at least interested in their behalf. Whenever possible, I was invited to supper for "squirrel and squirrel gravy," a favorite mountain dish. Or, sitting down with the father and the children while the mother stood up and cooked and served, I would have fried chicken and hoe cake, sometimes biscuits. "I kilt them friers just for you," the hostess would announce. Often, however, the menu was



Primitive hut of the poorer class of mountaineer—a condition that is rapidly being wiped out by education

just fried pork and hoe cake—with plenty of grease. Live for two months in the mountains on mountain fare, and see how you will appreciate an acid grape fruit when you return to city life!

Mountain isolation makes for a taciturnity that cloaks emotion. The mountaineers rarely show surprise, astonishment, wonder, however deeply they may be interested. I took two mountain boys into the Hotel Sinton in Cincinnati, where they were to speak before a men's club. They had never seen a city before, never seen a building more than two stories high. As they described it afterward, "We went into a room and the room went up." I had watched them closely as the "room went up" for I knew they had never seen an elevator.

Their hands clenched tight, but they looked straight ahead as floor after floor sped by. When we stopped at the eighth floor to get out, they had entirely recovered their composure. As we left the elevator, one of them said to me, "You don't have to walk much here, do you?" And it was the only comment. From then on they used the elevator with the unconcern of the city dweller.

The only remark these same boys made on seeing the Woolworth Tower in New York was to wonder whether it was as high as their hills at home. They might have been seeing Woolworth Towers all their lives as far as any outward expression of astonishment was concerned. But months afterward, back in their beloved Kentucky hills, barefoot and in overalls, they would talk to me about those sights.

"Uncle Sam," a moonshiner at 10, a fugitive at 17, hiding for years in the mountains; now a respected member of the community, his reformation being chiefly due to the influence exerted by his children to induce him to give up his stills

Taciturn as the mountaineers are, nevertheless oratory seems to come natural to them. Even those who are practically illiterate can speak effectively. I have heard a ten-year-old boy hold the interest of an audience of two thousand persons for half an hour, speaking impromptu, and all the training he had had was in a boy's club at a community center. Another boy who had come to New York with one of his teachers to address a large church congregation, astonished both teacher and audience. In his speech he told of a boy in his school, who had learned that whisky was bad to drink. If it was bad to drink, it was bad to make it, the boy had reasoned, and so one night he went into the hills and with an axe chopped up his father's still. There was a moment's pause.

"How would you like it if *your* boys came home some night and chopped up *your* stills?" the little speaker suddenly flung at the audience.

Judging by the laughter and the applause that filled the church, the audience "got the point." The teacher laughed, also, but it was a rather nervous laugh.

I asked "Preacher Billy," otherwise Reverend William Slone, who holds church in various schoolhouses in northeastern Kentucky, how long it took him to prepare his sermons.

"I don't prepare them," he said.

"Well, don't you think over what you are going to say before you get up before the congregation?"

"No, sir, I don't know a word of what I'm going to say until I get up there and open the Bible. Wherever I open I find a text and begin preaching as I hear the call."

A "home-made" mine wagon—a relic of more primitive days, even in the most isolated mountain regions

And he preaches for about two hours, a good, well-connected sermon, flowing in English that would make the Shakespearean scholar marvel. Yet Preacher Billy is not educated, as we understand education. It is his one regret.

Holding in view the mountaineer's enforced isolation, the following incidents will be appraised understandingly.

On June 19, this year, an aviator flew south over Knott County, or at least he flew south over that part of the county I was in. No one in that section of the mountains missed the sight, and it is doubtful if the happenings that resulted would, or could have been duplicated anywhere else in the United States. The following accounts of what took place as the roar of the engine swept over the hills come from three sources: first, the things I saw myself; second, what was told me by responsible, well-educated persons; third, what was told me by poorly educated mountaineers.

At the time the airplane passed—about eight o'clock in the morning—I was riding in a jolt wagon driven by a mountaineer, one who was passably educated. He had heard and read all about airplanes, but never had seen one. Over and above the creaking and the crashing of the wagon as it banged over the rocks, he had heard a strange sound in the mountains, long before I had noticed anything unusual. He called my attention to it, but I could hear nothing. I did see, here and there on the hillside, families stop their hoeing to gaze north over the hills. And then I too was able to hear the engine, and informed my companion of the cause.

He did not appear particularly interested, and as the airplane came into sight, he snatched a quick glance at it, "reckoned it didn't look much bigger'n a mighty big hawk," and went on with his jolting. But every now and then there was a surreptitious twist of the neck, and I knew he was impelled to have just one more look.

In two family groups hoeing corn, far up on the hillside, I saw women, boys and girls break in terror for the bushes as the strange machine roared over the wooded hilltops. I saw others throw themselves on the ground as the fearful motor thundered by. What they said, what feelings they held, I do not know, but I do know they were terror-stricken.

The following is vouched for by a Northern man, a director of religious education, a man of the utmost responsibility and education. As the airplane passed, an illiterate but religious mountaineer ran to his cabin, where his aged wife stood calmly in the opening that served for a door.

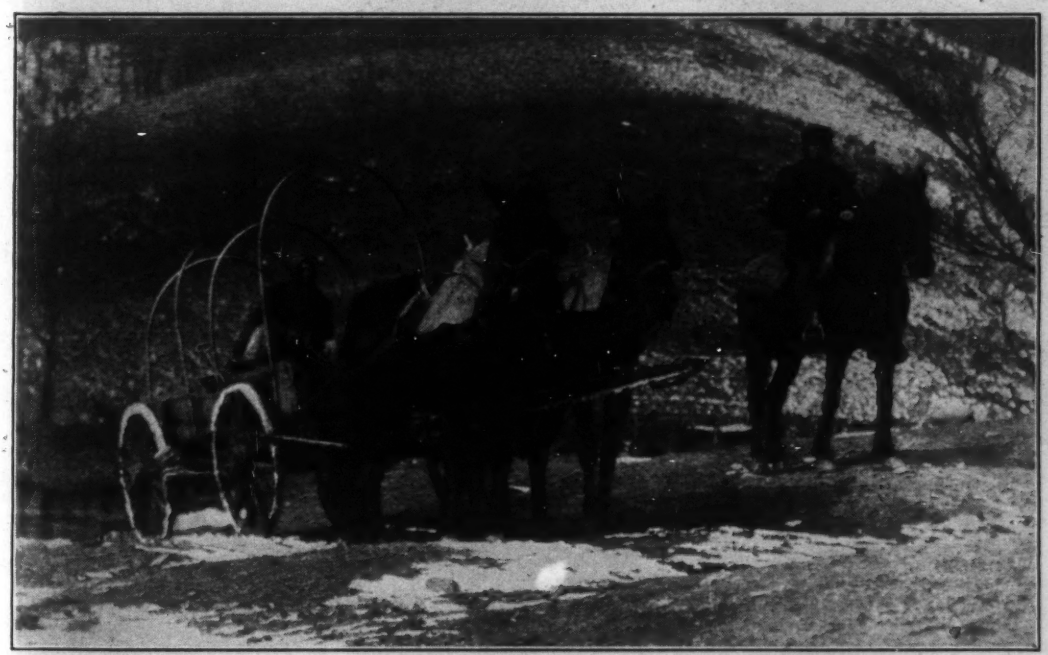
"Hit's the end of creation!" he cried.

"I ain't afear'd," replied the woman. "I ain't afear'd to meet the Lord. I've niver rid a-striddle and I don't play kyards.'"

Therein lies the code of morals in the face of which mountain workers must be diplomatists.

And an aged preacher, unable to write his name, but who can preach for three hours, or sing the religious hymns of "long" or "common" measure with a fervency that brings many of his hearers to a state of religious exaltation, "sinned" for the first time in his long career. (This from mountain testimony.)

Like some others of his brethren, his first thought on hearing the motor's roar and seeing the strange apparition sweep through the sky, was that the end of the world had come, but it wasn't coming according to program, to his way of



Typical mountain travelers. The "jolt wagon" and the mail carrier have innumerable creeks to ford, as evidenced by the gathering ice on the wagon shafts

thinking, and he blamed the Lord for not having kept faith.

"Oh, Lord!" he shouted. "Hit's the end of the world a-coming, and you didn't have Gabriel blow his trumpet as you said you would!"

The mountain woman who "Niver rid a-striddle" expressed convictions common in the hills, in the face of which it behooves the teacher to look carefully to her riding costume. The worker who plays a violin must not be offended to find that instrument banned in certain sections of the highlands, where it is associated only with a hoe-down dance, moonshine and shooting. It requires real diplomacy, real understanding, to adapt one's own education to the form necessary to help those less advanced, especially those who combine a strong individualism with their lack.

The Mountaineers' "Legal Tender"

CORN, of course, is as good as money in the mountains, but it is not the only "legal tender." Recently I was sitting in a creekside store, talking to the proprietor, when a mountaineer entered with a letter in his hand.

"I aim to send a letter," the visitor announced, and from the side pocket of his coat he produced an egg, placing it upon the rough plank counter. The proprietor took the egg and handed him a stamp.

"Back it for me," the mountaineer commanded, using the language of the day when envelopes were unknown and a letter was folded and "backed" with the address.

I could not helping hearing the address as it was written. The letter went to a woolen mill in one of the Southern states, where a farmer may send his wool, and, for a portion of the poundage, receive a suit of clothes.

For an egg, the mountaineer sent his letter. For his wool, he will get his ready-to-wear suit. No money figured in either transaction.

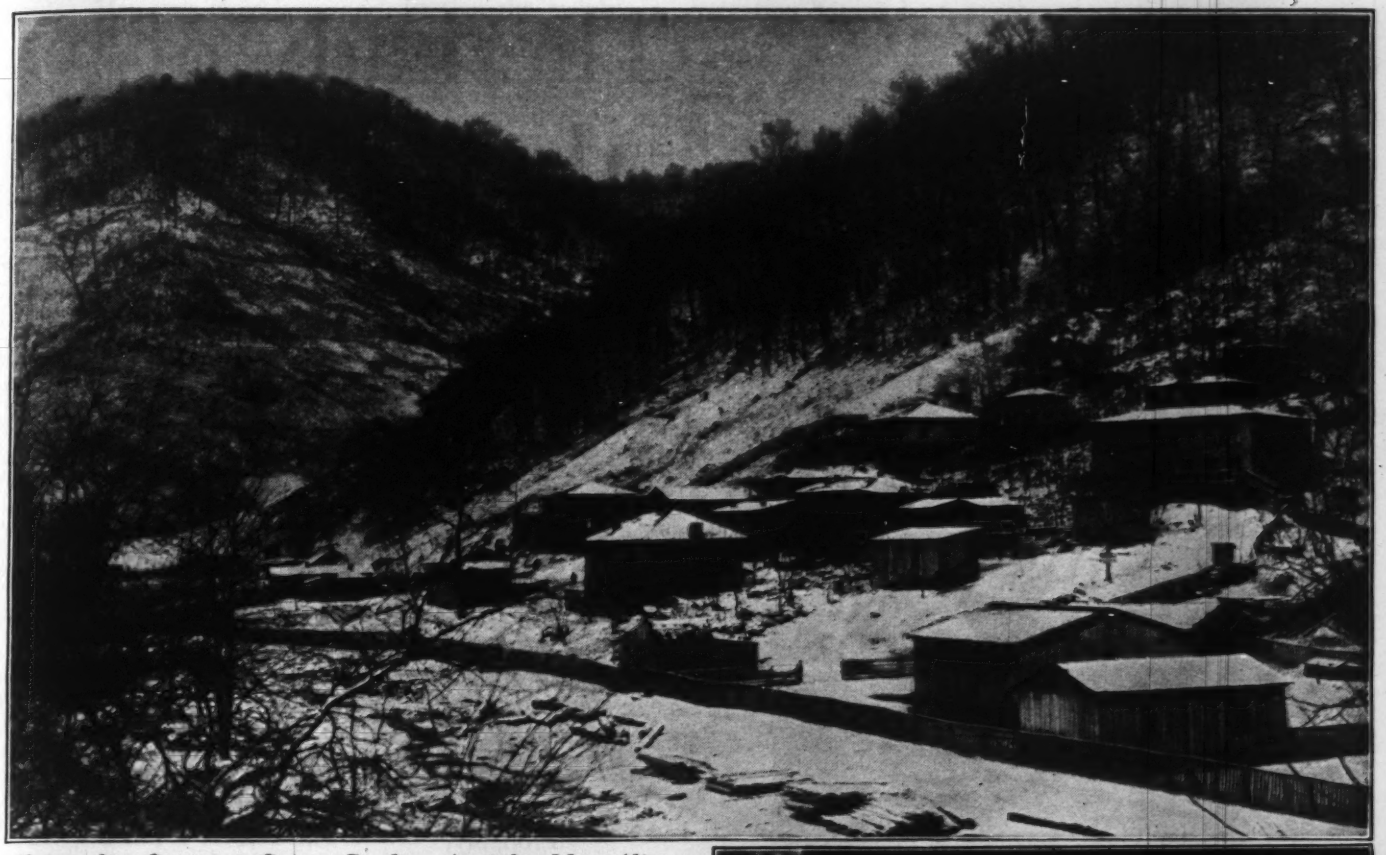
The world knows the American mountaineer mainly from feud fiction and moonshine thrillers, or newspaper accounts of feud fights or liquor raids. In the main these accounts are true, but they are no more the whole truth than are the instances of mountain primitiveness already cited. There are plenty of feuds, active ones, in the mountains today, and there is plenty of moonshine. Both are condemned by the thinking mountaineer himself, though both are natural developments in such lives. Neither the feud nor the moonshine is a major problem in the mountains. Education is.

These mountaineers are of the same settler stock that Lincoln, that Clay, came from. The stock that gave us John Sevier—"first and greatest of all the Indian fighters of the West," Theodore Roosevelt called him—that gave us Sam Houston and Stonewall Jackson.

Today the same spirit and strength of those pioneers are still in the mountains. I have known four tall, lean mountain men to carry a neighbor with a broken leg on a stretcher for twelve miles, over rocky trails hard to travel even unencumbered, and to stop only once on the journey, when the injured man asked for a drink of water from a spring. There seems to be no limit to the endurance of these shut-in mountain dwellers, no hardship that they cannot suffer without complaint. Deprivation apparently means nothing to them. No other stock could have survived such isolation.

So it is only natural that the one trait of the moun-

The Pippapass Post Office with its postmistress—Mrs. E. M. Geddes—whose salary goes back into the Center's work



Above, the Center at Caney Creek. At right, Mrs. Alice Lloyd, who with a ten-dollar bill, a typewriter and a real conviction, has brought opportunity to the mountaineers

taineer standing out above all others is his independence, born of that isolation. He would rather struggle along on his little hillside patch of corn, raise a few hogs, fighting for a mere existence, but beholden to no one, than to work under what to him is "gang labor." In those cases where he does succumb to the lure of wages, he is rarely satisfied. A "company house" is not his cabin.

It is in those remote mountain counties where big industrial interests have not yet started to penetrate that you see the independence of the mountaineer at its best. There is no need to teach him there the old adage "when you want something well done, do it yourself." He knows that if he wants anything done, well or otherwise, the only way is "to do it yourself." There is no chance in the mountains of getting any one else to do it for you. He learns that self-confident independence as a boy, and he is forced to retain it through life. Small wonder that he is direct in manner, that he never talks around his subject,

If he wants a house, he goes out, fells the trees, makes his planks, "builds him" his dwelling, such as it is. He is practically all-sufficient. "I put my budget (bundle) on my back, and went and got me hit," a twelve-year-old boy told me, when I asked him how he acquired a book he was reading. The place where he "went and got me hit" was twelve miles away.

Each one of these mountain dwellers is aggressively independent, intense in American patriotism—yet calling his neighbor of the "level country" of his same state a "furriner." They are the people who gave us a Sergeant York, and who also gave us another mountaineer boy who calmly left the lines in France to "git to see his dad" —not because he was afraid, or with any intention of deserting, but because he knew no restraint on his strong individualism and because his knowledge of the world was so limited he did not believe it a long hike home.

Four million stand at the mountain goal—to give to the nation a virility that cannot be surpassed, or to be swallowed up in the complexities that follow progress, to pay the penalty of their isolated unpreparedness. Destruction is the fate that faces all unable to keep pace with economic advancement. Education must save the mountaineer to himself, to us—for the mountaineer has much to give America.

The Lady of the Blue Cloak

Being the First of a Series of Thrilling New Adventure Stories Comprising "The Mysteries of the Knotted Cord"

By Edmund Snell

Illustrations by Dudley G. Summers

When Ferring returned, he found the fair possessor of the blue mantello coolly smoking a cigarette in the chair that was opposite his own

ALAN FERRING had a peculiar preference for corners. He dropped into them as a matter of course and fought his way out with a coolness and determination that was surprising in a short, slight figure of a man, with flaxen hair of the texture of spun silk and a delicate cut of feature.

He had arrived at the Ristorante Cucco, coming from Turin by way of the Barriera Cassala. His was the only dinner jacket in this particularly cosmopolitan place of refreshment and the waiter, who hovered in his immediate vicinity—ever mindful of the accustomed generosity of the *Inglese*—held safely guarded in some mysterious recess an opera hat that reminded him of former—and better—times.

"Paolo!" called Ferring, from his point of vantage at the junction of two interior walls. "Who is that?"

The waiter started and came forward.

"Who, *signore?*"

"The lady in the blue mantello at the far end of the room."

The Italian followed the direction of the other's gaze. He paused for a moment before replying.

"I do not know, *signore.*"

Ferring picked up the wine list and appeared to be studying the contents.

"Ever seen her here before?"

"Never, *signore.*" The waiter shook his head slowly from side to side. "Perhaps you would wish me to inquire?"

The fair man at the table pursed up his lips.

"Not on your life, Paolo." He glanced up with a suddenness that took the waiter's breath away. "What d'you make of her? Good, bad or indifferent?"

The man smiled. "Certainly not indifferent, *signore.* You see she is removing her cloak. She is somebody of importance, *per carità!* The manager himself is going to serve."

Ferring surveyed the contents of his glass with one eye half closed. "Good, then?"

Paolo spread out his hands. "It does not always signify, but in this case——"

"Probably."

"Possibly, *signore.* There are few probabilities in Italy in these days, but infinite possibilities. It is the era of a new régime, and who knows where we shall finish? We accept the new state of affairs because it could not be worse than the old."

The Englishman laughed. "Paolo, you surprise me! I thought that your illustrious countrymen had made a clean sweep of everything—and that all was to be happy ever after!"

The waiter's eyes sparkled.

"I am no longer young, *signore*—and I have traveled. I come back to Italy to see it as it really is, not as some people would imagine it to be. There is always that craving for power, that love of intrigue, that blind jealousy of those who have climbed a step higher. Reactionaries abound and public sentiment—swayed first this way and that—follows always the ass that brays the loudest! But how do you find our country, *signore?*"

Ferring shrugged his shoulders.

"To be perfectly frank with you, I find it pleasant. I am overwhelmed with hospitality. I seem to have stumbled unawares upon a landscape of perpetual smiles, a land of beautiful women, one spot on the earth's surface where romance is not altogether dead."

The waiter shook his head sadly.

"THROUGH the tinted spectacles of a tourist, *signore!* A bird of passage that stays with us only while the sun is hot. You pluck the fruits that come first to hand. You do not have to penetrate beneath the outer crust."

"I'm not sure that I want to."

The blue mantello now hung over the back of a chair. It was of an exquisite shade, cut to resemble as closely as possible the cloak of an officer of a crack cavalry regiment, with a band of black velvet at the collar and a silver chain at the throat. Its owner wore no hat and Ferring found time to admire the luxurious blue-black tresses, the white regular features, the graceful curves of her throat and neck and the size and shapeliness of her

hands. Her eyes were large and, he thought, troubled; her fingers moved nervously from one object to another; and from time to time he was forced to withdraw his gaze, feeling that she was staring deliberately in his direction.

A group of chattering newcomers appeared to be threading their way toward Paolo's tables. The waiter pulled himself erect, adjusted his bow and prepared to intercept them.

"You have formed a charitable view of my country, *signore*. If my advice is of any service to you—keep it. Do not seek to know too much of the inner life of the new Italy. Above all things, avoid politics as you would the plague!"

FERRING yawned. For a man whose sole object in life was profitable adventure, who had no home in particular and whose intimate knowledge of the four corners of the earth, and most of what lay between, would have shattered the convictions of those worthy beings who contribute to encyclopedias, it was not altogether pleasant to be hailed as a tourist. He wondered what Paolo would have thought if he could have seen his biceps, the miniature of miniature automatic pistols that was as much part of his equipment as his watch and chain, or—for the matter of that—the state of his bank balance! Wealthy strangers came to Cucco's because it was bohemian, Ferring because it was cheap. Also, Cucco's—like Paolo's Italy—was a rendezvous of countless surprises.

He ordered a second half bottle of *Grignolino* and began dipping grapes—after the approved manner—in a tumbler of water. The object of his furtive scrutiny had not yet commenced her meal and, from the turned-down chair opposite, the Englishman gathered that she was waiting for some one to join her. She turned presently and, drawing something from a bead bag, wrote hastily. A second later she had beckoned to a waiter, who conversed for some moments with Paolo. The latter's mustaches twitched and he came quickly to where Ferring was sitting.

"The question answers itself," he said, and dropped an absurd, tinted envelope upon the cloth.

Ferring picked it up. It was the size of a patience card and the pasteboard within bore on the one side: Pasqua Francesca Patrini, and on the reverse, "*If you value your life, go quickly. P.*"

There was no prefix, no address, nothing to explain further the identity of the writer, the nature of the crime he had committed, or the reason for her solicitude on his behalf.

He pushed his plate away from him, lit a cigarette and hooked one arm over the back of the chair. The fact that he appeared to be in danger did not worry him; but he would have given a good deal at that moment to be enabled to find out *why*. He looked across the room. The girl seemed sane enough, in all conscience. An amused smile playing at the corners of his mouth, he began to review his immediate past. He had left the disreputable hotel where the state of his fortunes compelled him to reside and, crossing the river, come on foot to Cucco's. He had spoken to Paolo—and stared at a woman in a blue mantle whom he never remembered seeing in his life before. He had discussed her, certainly, with the waiter; but there was not the slightest possibility of their conversation having been overheard, of that he was sure.

"The *Signore Inglese* is in luck," suggested Paolo, with an insinuating smile, brushing past his table with a pile of steaming dishes.

"On the contrary!"

"How so, *signore?*"

The Englishman wrinkled his forehead. "I'm desperately in doubt, Paolo."

"*Santissima vergine!* If I could only be in the signore's position, that other chair would not remain empty long!"

"Possibly not, my friend; but, as it happens, you haven't the remotest notion what my position is."

Paolo, turning to continue his duties, stiffened suddenly. The babel of chattering voices ceased as if at a given signal. Every eye in the great room seemed to be gazing in one direction and Ferring's attention was drawn to the figure of a man who paused on the threshold. The newcomer was of immense stature, with the build of an athlete and a long pointed beard. He wore a palpable wig that curled grotesquely at the back, a brown-velvet smoking jacket over which drooped a flowing black bow and patent shoes of prodigious length. Cruel lips were drawn back from blackened, isolated fangs and the glowing end of a cigar almost met the lower extremity of a thin, aquiline nose as he surveyed the room.

He returned the silent homage of the assembled diners with a curt nod, shifted the cigar end to the opposite corner of his mouth and came slowly forward, passing Ferring's chair so closely that the Englishman could see that his eyes were of a peculiar shade of green and that they moved restlessly as if in search of something. He was gone again, making directly for the spot where the girl of the blue mantello faced a turned-down chair, leaving in his wake a film of cigar smoke the odor of which was distinctly out of the ordinary. It wafted to Ferring's nostrils a suggestion of sickly sweetness, reminiscent of stale incense.

At first sight of the man Ferring had started, dimly conscious that he had seen him somewhere before; by the time the stranger had dropped into the vacant chair the Englishman's brain was several degrees clearer. Two nights before he had gone to the Chiarelli Theatre to see "La Tosca." The opera had attracted an immense crowd and to gain even the main entrance had necessitated a struggle. The colossus, taking advantage of his size, had shouldered his way to the front, eventually supplanting two ladies in their position in the queue. Ferring had interfered; there had been a slight scene—and the sea of people had swept them apart again.

PAOLA disappeared through a doorway and Ferring, consumed with curiosity, followed. Halfway to the kitchen he caught up with him.

"Paolo!"

"Signore?"

"Just a minute. Who is the gentleman in the velvet jacket?"

The waiter paled visibly. He pushed the other into a lobby and shut the door after them.

"You must have nothing to do with that lady," he panted. "When I spoke to you just now I had no idea she was with him. He is the most powerful man in all

To illustrate
"THE MOVING FINGER"
Another of Edmund Snell's thrilling stories of the "Knotted Cord" series, to appear in McClure's next month.

Italy, *signore.*" His agitated tones betrayed his fright.

"The ass that brays the loudest!"

Paolo put his finger to his lips.

"Softly, *signore!* He has friends everywhere. Who knows, by this time he may even be aware that the lady wrote to you!"

Ferring held the back of the card so that the waiter could read.

"*Madre di Dio!* What have you done? Listen, I will fetch you your things and you can pay me here. There is a side entrance leading to a courtyard. If you go that way, nobody will see you."

FERRING stuck his hands in his jacket pockets and smiled.

"I'm going back to the restaurant—to finish my wine. When it suits me, Paolo, I shall depart by the main doorway—and to the devil with our large acquaintance!"

The man trembled from head to foot.

"It would be madness—sheer madness. You have insulted him, perhaps. To insult Spalanza is fatal."

"Spalanza!"

"You have heard of him?"

"Never in my life. He tried to push in front of me at the opera—and I pulled him back; that was all."

Paolo surveyed him incredulously.

"You—pulled—him—back?"

"Certainly. He was rather a heavy sort of fellow for me to shift, so I was forced to take possession of his left ear."

The waiter waved both arms in the air, muttered incoherently and, swinging open the door, plunged for the passage as if he had seen a ghost.

"Spalanza!" murmured Ferring to himself. "Why simply Spalanza? Why not Signor Spalanza, Count Spalanza, Marquis—— It looks as if we're in for an amusing evening!"

He emerged from the lobby and went slowly back to his seat, in time to catch the giant, turned halfway around, staring straight toward his corner.

During the few moments that the Englishman had been away the place had taken on an entirely new aspect. At the erstwhile empty tables there was scarcely a vacant seat and the original spot wherein he had entrenched himself was rendered invisible by reason of a knot of people standing—ready to depart.

Ferring, returning Spalanza's gaze with interest, made the somewhat startling discovery that the girl in the blue mantello had vanished. The Italian's head swung back to its normal position and the Englishman threaded his way back to the corner to encounter a blue cloak hanging from the wall and the fair possessor coolly smoking a cigarette in the chair opposite his own.

He sat down awkwardly and reached for his glass. His vis-à-vis looked up at him and smiled.

"You did not expect to find me here?"

Ferring leaned back, twisting the wine glass between his fingers.

"Hardly. I gather you did not come of your own accord."

"What makes you think that?"

Ferring flushed. "Perhaps I'm rather addicted to jumping to conclusions. I'd got it into my head—to put it bluntly—that you were hardly that sort of girl." He lowered his voice. "You were good enough to warn me this evening that I was in danger. I might have taken your advice and left—only, I rather like being in danger."

Her hands were arched beneath her chin and the sheer proximity of her face across the small table thrilled him. Pasqua Patrini was more than beautiful, she was uncommon, shedding upon her immediate surroundings in that commonplace restaurant an almost ethereal radiance. There was a suggestion of originality in the way she did her hair and in her method of appearing attractive without the aid of a single article of jewelry. The Englishman—perfectly aware by this time that she was Spalanza's decoy—liked her none the less for that. He admired her a good deal more when he remembered that—fully cognizant of the purpose for which she had been sent to Cucco's alone—she had seen fit to put him on his guard.

"You are English, of course?"

Ferring nodded.

"Does Spalanza know you wrote to me?" he queried abruptly.

She closed her lids until he could only see two tiny points of fire playing between interwoven lashes.

"He assumes that I sent you a message—because he told me to. But if he knew what I put on that card—he would kill me."

"I see," Ferring remarked after a pause. "You were to lure the ever-susceptible, yet unsuspecting Britisher to some remote spot where our friend would be waiting. The incident at the opera house still rankles!"

She surveyed him pityingly.

"I must beg of you not to mention his name again. The atmosphere is sufficiently electrified already and one slip may mean the extermination of us both. He is the head of a powerful faction with an enormous following in the south, their sole aim being the overthrow of the present government. He has come to Turin to insure a sweeping majority in the north—and woe betide anybody who should stand in his way! The seriousness of your crime lies in the fact that you openly insulted him before people who were not blind to the significance of his presence here. In effect, you made him the laughing stock of half Turin. Every café is reveling in the story of the little fair-haired Englishman who made the would-be dictator stand back for him. Now do you understand?"

Ferring grinned. "I understand everything, except perhaps the reason that has prompted you to tell me all this."

Paolo set a plate of risotto in front of her and she waited until he was out of earshot.

"When he came he fully expected to find you at my table. He was furious at my non-success. When you went out you left your cane hanging from a bracket. He sent me over, trusting to his boasted knowledge of Englishmen and their ways that you would not fail to respond to my advances. I hoped you would not return and that the waiter would find your stick and keep it for another time. Listen. You cannot leave Turin by train, because the station is closely watched. You must hire a car and bribe the driver to drive hard and stop at nothing until you are in the open country."

THE Englishman screwed up his face into an expression of mingled amusement and perplexity.

"But why all this anxiety on my behalf? If our mutual friend is so extraordinarily ruthless, why do you risk incurring his displeasure? Why worry your pretty head over a poor devil of a foreigner who under any circumstances ought not to tamper with the dignity of Italian notabilities without being fully prepared to take the consequences?"

She held her fork poised halfway between her mouth and the plate.

"A man who has the courage to tackle *him* deserves better fortune than a knife in the darkness. When I heard of your escapade I was amazed, incredulous. He has a singular descriptive genius—and I recognized you

Spalanza burst from the restaurant like an enraged bull. Pasqua, her blue mantello trailing behind her, followed at a distance

in an instant. He had told me almost every detail of your appearance. I will not attempt to explain and you will be discerning enough not to ask, but from the moment I set eyes on you—I did not want you to die. In other circumstances, it is to you I would have come for help. Heaven knows I need it!" There was a touch of bitterness in her voice as she concluded.

Ferring's brain reeled. It was as if with the coming of the blue mantello the whole course of his existence had been changed. Events were piling one upon the other, so rapidly that he found it difficult to keep up with them. An hour ago he had been as free as air, bored to tears with monotony, idly inquiring the identity of the most beautiful woman in the room. Now he was apparently in imminent peril, the quarry of a vindictive Camorra whose leader he had succeeded in offending. His movements were watched, the points of egress were barred to him and the woman who was to lure him to his doom was herself in need of a helping hand.

HE glanced around the room. Spalanza sat with his back to him, but facing an enormous mirror through which he could doubtless observe everything he desired. Waiters flitted between the tables, there was a confused murmuring of voices, the strident laughter of women, the clinking of glasses. At his elbow a man was wolfing macaroni with evident relish. In such an atmosphere of conviviality the mere suggestion of risk seemed ludicrous. To hail Paolo, pay his bill, take his coat and hat and walk deliberately out by the main entrance was the simplest thing in the world to contemplate—and yet there was a certain ring of truth in Pasqua's warning that forced belief. There came back to him a memory of the pallid waiter's description of his country: *Craving for power, love of intrigue, blind jealousy!* Ferring felt that he had slipped back into the Middle Ages and that every gloomy portico sheltered a possible assassin.

"*Signorina,*" he said presently, "I am by nature an optimist. It will surprise you, perhaps, to learn that in the course of my checkered career I have been in many a worse hole than this—and wormed my way out with nothing more than a few scratches to show for it. My part in this extraordinary affair seems pretty clear: I'm bang up against tough odds—and I've got to make a bolt for it. You've given me an inkling of what's in store for me and I fancy I'm equal to the emergency. The point that exercises my mind at the moment is how I can help *you*."

Pasqua Patrini shook her head.

"I fear it would be impossible. When I have explained to you my position, I think you will agree with me. The revolt against the present government began in the south, in the province of Merluzzo. There are many evils in the present system and there were those who believed they could be righted. The originator was my father, his ideal a kind of peaceful revolution accomplished by propaganda rather than the sword. The movement grew rapidly and seemed destined to carry out its aims—until *he* joined. His size, his eloquence, his peculiarly magnetic personality brought him to the fore and presently, except for my father, he was the prime mover in the affair.

"There arose a sequence of disagreements on a question of policy and a split seemed inevitable. Division would have spelt disaster. I, who acted in the capacity of secretary to the main committee, saw the danger and strove to bridge the ever-widening breach between the two leaders. The other hated my father and scorned him for his moderate opinions, nor was he blind to the fact that his leader had the weight of popular feeling behind him. An opportunity occurred to push the movement in Sicily.

"They started out together, but only *the other* came back. The papers declared my father walked overboard in the night. Spalanza"—she breathed the name so softly that Ferring caught it only from the movements of her lips—"took his place and embarked upon his mad career of class hatred and terrorism. His personality stood him in good stead, he appealed to all that is theatrical in the Italian character, and the membership increased by leaps and bounds. I stayed with him. A thousand times I contemplated resignation, only to hang on like grim death, hoping to chance upon evidence that would throw light upon the mystery of my father's death.

"A week ago I succeeded. He came into the room while the paper was still in my hand. There were other documents in the *dossier*, the circulation of which would have been his ruin. Since then he has never let me out of his sight. I am locked in my room at night, and, *signore*, I am afraid—for many reasons. His is a nature that never forgives. We are a proud family, you will understand, and he will stop at nothing to humiliate me to the dust. If either you or I were to escape him, he would follow to the ends of the earth."

And then Ferring—who had listened calmly to her narrative, fidgeting all the while with the rim of an empty plate—did a rather extraordinary thing. This happy-go-lucky adventurer—a wanderer in a strange country with the odds sadly against him—passed his only weapon to her under the cover of the table.

"Do nothing desperate," he whispered. "Forget for the moment that he was your father's murderer. Use this only in defense of your honor."

She took it reluctantly.

"You have another?"

"One does not carry an arsenal—even in Italy!" he laughed.

"I cannot accept it."

"I'm afraid I must insist. You have risked a great deal for me tonight and it's up to me to do something in return. Do you remember telling me that, for some reason or another, you didn't want me to die? For a reason that I hope is the same I want you to live, to keep Spalanza at his distance—and to see me again." He glanced at his watch. "Now for business! Quite by chance, I learned of the existence of a back way. I'm going to leave you presently and my stick will remain on the bracket—just as you found it. I want you to tell me all you know of his plans to kidnap me. You were to make love to me, of course, and invite me to accompany you. Where, *signorina?*"

"To a car that is waiting outside. I was to pretend it was my own; in reality, it is his."

"What sort of car?"

She smiled faintly.

"You will have no difficulty in recognizing it. There are not many automobiles at Cucco's. It is a long gray car, closed in."

"And the chauffeur?"

"IS a Neapolitan—a little, dark man in a green overcoat and peaked cap."

"I see. There was to be some delay in starting—and our friend would intrude upon our plans for elopement. There would be a struggle——"

"He had prepared for that. He was armed, of course, and there was a rope under the seat."

Two deep furrows appeared between Ferring's brows.

"You are convinced that for me to remain in Turin is out of the question?"

"Perfectly."

"H'm! There appears to be only one course left open. You will wait, say, fifteen minutes, then go hurriedly back

to our friend with the news that I have somehow grown suspicious—and bolted. There will ensue a slight altercation, a mild stampede for the open——"

"And then——" she queried breathlessly.

"And then, if there's no conveyance plying for public hire, it might even transpire that you had to walk home!"

"And you——"

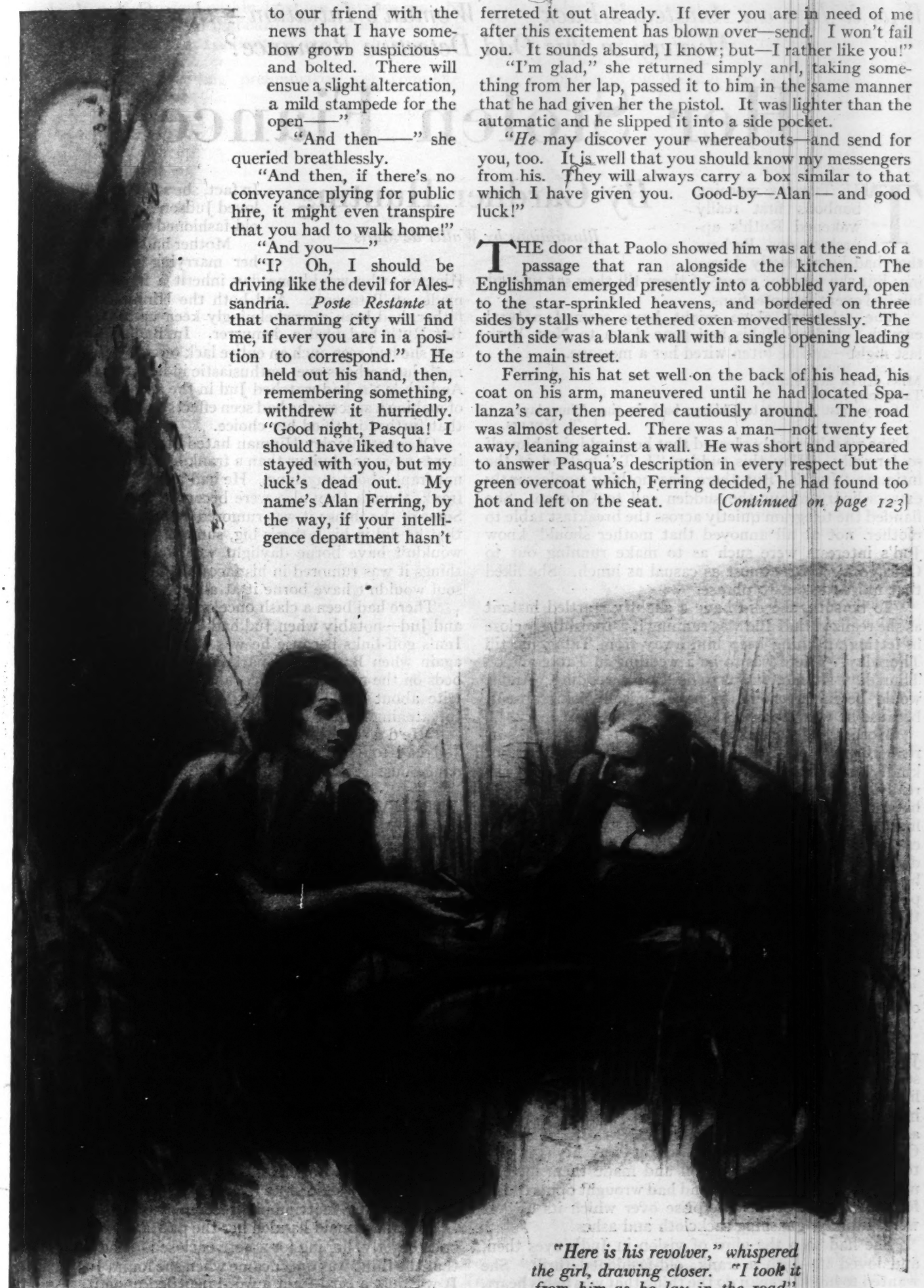
"I? Oh, I should be driving like the devil for Alessandria. *Poste Restante* at that charming city will find me, if ever you are in a position to correspond." He held out his hand, then, remembering something, withdrew it hurriedly. "Good night, Pasqua! I should have liked to have stayed with you, but my luck's dead out. My name's Alan Ferring, by the way, if your intelligence department hasn't ferreted it out already. If ever you are in need of me after this excitement has blown over—send. I won't fail you. It sounds absurd, I know; but—I rather like you!"

"I'm glad," she returned simply and, taking something from her lap, passed it to him in the same manner that he had given her the pistol. It was lighter than the automatic and he slipped it into a side pocket.

"*He* may discover your whereabouts—and send for you, too. It is well that you should know my messengers from his. They will always carry a box similar to that which I have given you. Good-by—Alan — and good luck!"

THE door that Paolo showed him was at the end of a passage that ran alongside the kitchen. The Englishman emerged presently into a cobbled yard, open to the star-sprinkled heavens, and bordered on three sides by stalls where tethered oxen moved restlessly. The fourth side was a blank wall with a single opening leading to the main street.

Ferring, his hat set well on the back of his head, his coat on his arm, maneuvered until he had located Spalanza's car, then peered cautiously around. The road was almost deserted. There was a man—not twenty feet away, leaning against a wall. He was short and appeared to answer Pasqua's description in every respect but the green overcoat which, Ferring decided, he had found too hot and left on the seat. [*Continued on page 123*]



"Here is his revolver," whispered the girl, drawing closer. "I took it from him as he lay in the road"

Was it Just an Amateur's Luck—or Woman's Intuition—that Solved the Mystery in this Odd Detective Romance?

Her Stolen Fiancé

By Gardner Hunting

Illustrations by Walter de Maris

THE Tuesday morning bonbons first really wakened Ruth's apprehensions. Perhaps they had been merely drowsing; but she was not aware of them till they sat up and blinked over the confections.

The telegram alone might have seemed natural enough. Judson Nellis had gone down to New York last night—and he often wired her a message.

MISS RUTH RATHBUN,
Tatagonic, N. Y.
Sorry must run out to Chicago back in time Thursday.
J. T. NELLIS.

She wasn't exactly pleased that he should sign himself so formally. Why this sudden "J. T." instead of the intimate "Jud"? But there was nothing unpleasantly extraordinary about the sudden call to Chicago. She handed the telegram quietly across the breakfast table to mother, not at all annoyed that mother should know Jud's interests were such as to make running out to Chicago a matter almost as casual as lunch. She liked that must-run-out-to phrase.

To be sure, she did have a slightly startled instant as she realized that Jud was running it astonishingly close in letting anything keep him away from Tatagonic till Thursday. There was to be a wedding in Tatagonic on Thursday. In fact, it was to be Ruth's wedding. And it would be inconvenient to have Judson Nellis absent, because he was the man she really wanted to marry.

Mother had not taken too kindly to the idea of surrendering her only child to anybody just yet, and not kindly enough to Judson Nellis. The only thing she really had against Jud was that he had chosen to be a hotel man; she entertained a queer fear that to marry a man of that plebeian profession was to lose patrician caste. When Ruth had lucidly explained that the dignity of the hotel business, like that of the patrician business, depends upon the man in it, and had proudly pointed out that Judson Nellis was making a success of the Tatagonic Inn, which had heretofore been a very pallid elephant on its stockholders' hands—mother had refrained from the obvious retort. But she had been crushing enough.

"Don't be visionary, child," she had said. "You're only an amateur at Life."

"Who isn't?" Ruth had responded.

Anyhow, Ruth had wanted Jud, almost as much as Jud had wanted Ruth—quite as much as she deemed it seemly to admit. She was enormously proud of the way he had followed the bent he had discovered while working his way through college—first humbly clerking summers and finally assisting in the management of the hotel at Glory Notch—and of the courageous way he had come to Tatagonic after graduation and made them let him manage the Tatagonic Inn, and had wrought opportunity for himself out of an enterprise over which its owners were, frankly, gnashing sackcloth and ashes!

She had seen the glow of vision in Jud's eyes then, and loved it—with a frank, old-fashioned thrill. She wanted to help her man do the thing that was in his heart. In fact, she suspected that she loved Judson Nellis in a frank, old-fashioned way.

Mother had rather favored her marrying young Bagley Hinman, who would one day inherit a fortune, father-made, at Tatagonic. And both the Hinmans, son and father, had been overwhelmingly keen upon the match. But Ruth had filed a demurrer. In Bagley Hinman's eyes she had seen such an entire lack of vision that it had made her perhaps over-enthusiastic in her refusal of him. And while she had watched Jud in the absorbing process of making a success she had seen effects on young Hinman that further justified her choice.

Of course Bagley Hinman hated Judson Nellis. But it was more an obvious than a frank hatred. Bagley was not frank about anything. He had habits that were not frank, though they also were becoming obvious of late. Some of the things it was rumored among acquaintances that he did in his father's big, summer-closed city home wouldn't have borne daylight well. And some of the things it was rumored in his face that he did in his little soul wouldn't have borne it at all.

There had been a clash once or twice between Bagley and Jud—notably when Jud had ordered Hinman off the Inn's golf-links because he was just plain drunk. And again when Bagley had parked his car in Jud's flower beds on the night of a dance, and had been quite uncontrite about it. Both times Bagley had been vaguely threatening in his back talk.

"He'd do anything he could without risk to hurt me," Jud had told Ruth. "Sometimes I think he could be dangerous. You see, he's a fool!"

PERHAPS it was here that Ruth's fears had been first vaguely disturbed in their beauty sleep.

"Dangerous—a fool?" she had repeated.

"Bagley has money," replied Jud. "He's like a half-wit with loose matches."

"But he can't hurt you!" Ruth had asserted.

"We won't lie awake about it," Jud grinned.

But Ruth, scared at this suggestion of ugly enmities, remembered her mother's words.

"Mother says I'm an amateur at Life," she told Jud, carefully emphasizing her mother's capital L. Then she slipped her hand into his. "But I'm a lucky amateur," she added.

The bonbons came with the mail after breakfast. Ruth was idling at the piano, singing softly a foolish little parody at which she and Jud had laughed last night:

"I was building Nellie's ho-o-ome,
I was building Nellie's home,
And 'twas from plans on which she'd decided
I was building Nellie's home!"

The numerous verses were about as witty as the average funny-strip; but it was in a wave length tuned to innumerable matrimonial receiving sets.

When the maid handed her the package, Ruth tore it open eagerly, hoping for a note enclosed. The first sense that the thing was queer came when she found Jud's card. It was just a card—not a word penciled upon it. And a

conclusion of any sort within jumping distance may be reached from such a springboard. For nothing can look quite so bare as a card unwritten upon—when you anticipate penmanship.

Most of the wedding preliminaries were complete. To be sure, there were to be a few finishing touches, but there was a whole tomorrow into which to postpone things—and Ruth had leisure to survey the man she was to wed.

This card was not like Jud. If he had time to think of bonbons, surely he had time to take some of the chill off a cold card to accompany them.

She opened the inner wrappings. It was odd that Jud should send her confections at all at a time like this—maybe it was part of that unaccountable quality in men commonly called manlike. But these candies were chocolate-covered fruits from Lang & Langley, confectioners more favorably known to the public than to Ruth—because they had once been the regular choice of Bagley Hinman, when he had been wont to shower unwelcome attentions upon her with the insistence of an effervescent pop bottle. She had told Jud this—and distinctly remembered his laughing assurance that he would faithfully eschew this product and these makers for this reason. Oh, distinctly!

Here was food for thought—this box of bonbons. Jud might think it a good time to send confections, but he would not forget her favorite aversion. Ruth began suddenly to consider rather carefully. She tried to imagine Jud going to Lang & Langley's and ordering chocolate-covered fruits for her—after certain remarks upon that subject. She couldn't. He wouldn't!

He hadn't done it! Her mind rather pounced upon the notion that the thing was a hoax. She caught up the torn wrappings of the package and looked hastily at the address. It was not Jud's handwriting! She got a nice little thrill out of that—before she reflected that some shipping clerk must have written the direction on that label. But suspicion thrives on a slender diet, and to an appetite whetted for clues nothing is too dainty. The idea that Jud had not sent the bonbons began to burn like second thoughts of a yellow jacket.

There were plenty of surface absurdities in this sudden association of ideas—ripples on the pool of conjecture into which she had dived. As she came to the surface, she got her nose above them momentarily and snatched at a breath of common sense. But—Bagley Hinman? If the thing were a hoax, of whom would one think with less resistance? If it were a trick, what sort of trick was it? Goodness, was there something the matter with the chocolates? Oh, nonsense!

But she went to find her mother.

"Mrs. Rathbun went out—I don't know where, miss," Nora told her.

Ruth's mind went on putting things together. Hereditary impulse, doubtless; she had probably had a grandmother who made the justly famous crazy quilt. So she used all the materials at hand, somewhat indiscriminately, piecing rather than patterning, hit and miss; and here now was the absurdity that Jud should send her bonbons at all

She purchased a neat traveling bag and then went shopping in Third Avenue

at a time like this—like an apology for something! Ah, she had heard of such apologies among the entirely married. Were coming events casting shadows?

But Judson Nellis was not strong on apologies for trifles. The telegram itself wasn't like him, either! In place of her thrill now she achieved a throb of qualm, and in a sudden access of apprehension, she called up the Inn. Yes, they told her, Mr. Nellis had wired last night that he was going to Chicago. Yes—back Thursday. No—he didn't say where he would stop. Anything anybody else could do?

THERE wasn't—thanks. And for a moment Ruth felt entirely foolish with reassurance. Then the sense of queerness in the whole affair crawled over her again. Vividly she remembered what Jud had said about Bagley Hinman. "He's dangerous—he's a fool!" Naturally that remnant of fabric also went into her haphazard design. She had heard of reasoning from crime and circumstances to logical motive; but, given the motive and the circumstances, could one construct a logical crime? Things began to fit together. They seemed to suggest that Bagley Hinman had perpetrated some trick to injure or humiliate Jud on the eve of his wedding! She knew quite well that such a guess would appear merely ludicrous to a reasoning male. But Ruth did not reason—she felt.

She belonged to the younger generation which is said to be over-endowed with self-confidence. But Ruth was often less than cocksure of herself—as in the present case. In the absence of her mother and without Jud, she felt about as self-reliant as a beginner on skis.

But she knew that something needed doing. It is likely to be embarrassing to the star in the piece if a wedding doesn't open on the date announced for its première. She was considerably disturbed over the bare notion that hers might not. That was why she ventured to do the only thing she could think of next—she called up the Hinman home presently and, without betraying who inquired, learned that Bagley Hinman had also gone to New York last night. That coincidence curiously heightened the color effect of her previous combinations.

She was amazed, as she canvassed the names of the men she knew, how few she did not instinctively reject as confidants now. She felt sure that no reasoning male creature would take her seriously. She could hardly do so herself. Besides, Billy Brewer, Jud's best friend, was motoring up-State. Angus Storm, who was backing Jud in the Inn enterprise, had run over to Europe as casually as Jud had run out to—— But *had* Jud gone to Chicago?

She began to surmise that a wise person—a competent person—would know how to act wisely, competently. It would be easy to make a serious mistake—like rushing to the police, say, and lodging reckless charges that might be baseless and so recoil, with consequences. She hated consequences.

But why couldn't she be wise and competent? How did one get that way? Were you born so, or were these things thrust upon you? And what could the wise and competent person do when faced by an insoluble problem—except the best thing he could think of next?

The best thing she could think of next was to go quietly to Wells Congdon, her mother's lawyer in New York. He could tell her in a nice tactful way exactly how silly she was, and send her home in peace. From the city, too, without undue publicity, she could wire to Chicago hotels where Jud might put up, and maybe find him.

After this swift cerebration, she sought Nora again.

"Tell mother I've gone down to the city," she said. "I'll be—back this afternoon."

Then she took her purse and walked down to the bank. She had several hundred dollars there, and she drew most of it.

Twenty minutes later she was in the train.

At a hotel in New York, at noon, she found a list of Chicago hotels and sent a dozen wires. Then she called up the lawyer's office and found that Wells Congdon was in Albany. His partner was in court; no one was in the office in whom she could confide. And, balked again, she was scared anew at realization of her single-handedness.

It was now that she began definitely to envision the central picture in her gallery of fears. There stood up before her inner eye the tall, narrow old city house of the Hinmans—a house she knew well from old days when she had been a guest there. In a well-remembered room she saw a vague vision of men—among them Judson Nellis, who really must be in Tatagonic on Thursday and who was being detained against his will—and hers. She saw no pictures of bonds or of violence. She saw a politely-insolent Bagley Hinman, who could use a subterfuge to get Jud there and a travesty of hospitality to keep him there—enough of a hard young daredevil to take a risk for hatred's sake, enough of a fool to be—dangerous! Of course he would have help—men enough to keep Judson Nellis—men who would also keep Bagley's secret, for Bagley's money.

She could even see how it could be done—and how Jud, thrust out on the street, say in the night, after it was over, would find it hard to prove any charges he might make, in face of flat denials, alibis and the huge improbability that anybody would undertake such a thing. Yes—if the maddening situation were real and not a mere fabric of her fancy—the probability of her theory lay in its very improbability! No one would dare charge Bagley Hinman with such an enterprise on suspicion, in advance; no one could make such a charge stick without real evidence afterward.

She called up the Hinman residence then. She would artfully learn if Bagley was there. But she listened long minutes without response. There was, in this, unlooked-for confirmation of her suspicions. Surely there would be a caretaker in the Hinman home!

Panic? Oh, yes, she was scared, if she let herself be scared. There were even dark possibilities when a man's freedom was interfered with for reasons of hatred. Anything might happen! But the telephone was uncertain; she might at least make sure whether Bagley Hinman was or was not at the uptown house.

She went out and summoned a taxi. The Hinman home was up in the Hundreds at a corner of West End a block from Riverside. She directed her driver there. Then she realized that she herself could not approach the Hinman house, and she told the chauffeur to pick up a district messenger.

HE did. A district messenger—storm signal of how many an intricate intrigue! He was a little fellow with freckles on his upper lip, and ears like the wings of Mercury, slightly misplaced. Also, curiosity glittered in his clear young gaze.

She began to see ways and means in flashes that might eventually be called inspirations—depending on how the thing turned out. She began to realize, too, that there was a humorous aspect to the affair, if it was an affair—and certainly if it wasn't.

Her winged ally gave her a blank to write upon, and she stopped her cab half a block below the destination she had given, and wrote as impulse dictated.

"Bagley, if you're there, come out to the cab. Urgent.

MAYBEL."

"Maybel" might be almost as obscure among Bagley Hinman's acquaintances as she was in Ruth Rathbun's—but Ruth thought that might not prevent a response from the young man of that house. If he came out, "Maybel" could run away; but Ruth would know where Bagley was.

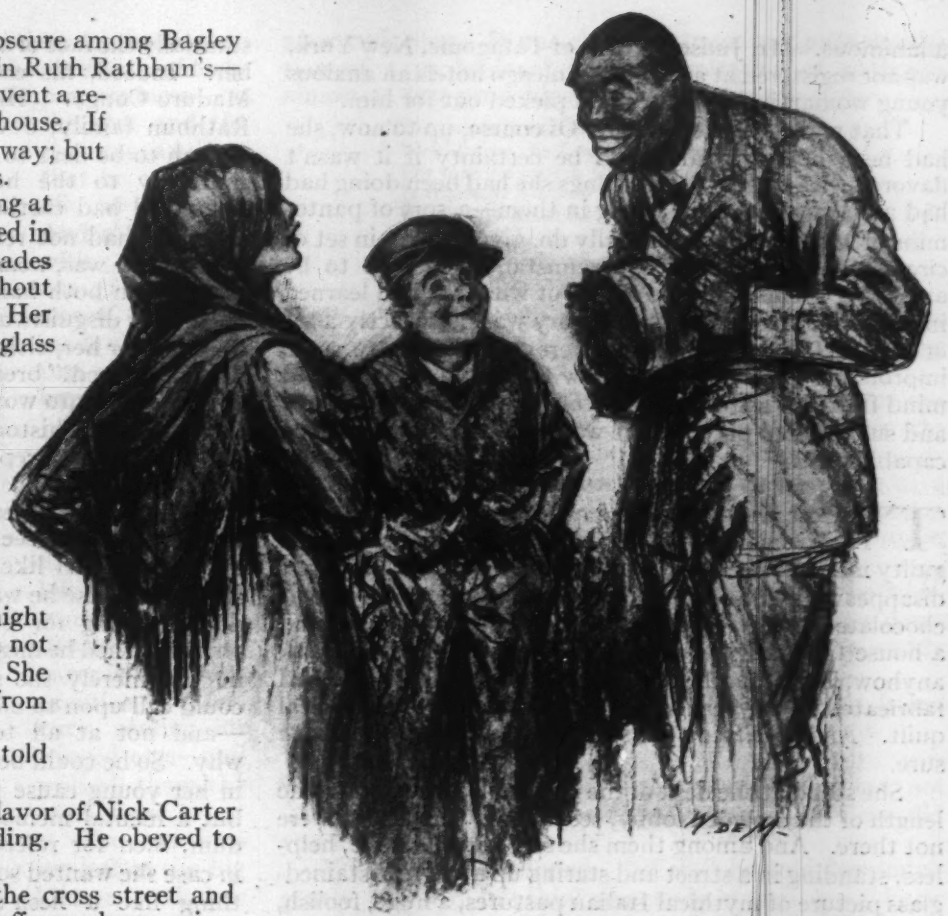
The boy took the message and rang at the West End Avenue door. Sheltered in the cab, she could see the drawn shades all over the house, which seemed to shout the fact that the place was deserted. Her eyes finally rested on the big stained-glass expanse which she knew lighted the library. She had often regarded this cathedral-like installation curiously. After a moment she noticed that one swinging leaf of the glass was open, as if for ventilation.

But her messenger was getting no answer to his ringing. He gave it up and came back toward the cab. Something a reasoning male might have called a hunch prompted Ruth not to allow him to join her here. She leaned out on the side concealed from the Hinman windows.

"Go on down the street," she told him. "I'll pick you up."

There had doubtless been some flavor of Nick Carter in the mass of Jonesy's heavier reading. He obeyed to the letter.

"Drive slowly around through the cross street and back for the boy," Ruth told her chauffeur, whose curiosity was also alight, but discreet. And a moment later she was looking guardedly up at the stained-glass window again, from the street directly below it. She caught what was left of her breath—a thin little stream of smoke was shredding out from below the open leaf of glass!



Ruth looked up into the face of an old friend, who was holding the red cap of railway servitude in both hands and beaming at her

SOME ONE was in that closed house—some one who kept the shades all down—some one who did not answer phone or doorbell, but who sat smoking inside! Was it some one who was determined to remain hidden, for a mean or a guilty reason—or who was merely drunk, or drugged, into inattention to outside life?

The questions scudded across Ruth's mind before a fresh gust of alarm. She was turning away when her eyes lighted on the side door, on the cross street, used for service purposes. Beside it stood a garbage can. Nothing remarkable in that—except that it was outside a house that obstinately professed to be tenantless.

The cab glided into Riverside and back into the street below, where her messenger anticipated her movements. He came up to the cab as it stopped, and handed Ruth her undelivered note. He started to say something—but at the moment a hurdy-gurdy half a dozen doors away began to play and he turned to look. Ruth also looked absently, received one of those fleeting impressions which the omni-retentive subconscious is said never to lose, and turned to the boy again.

"Go back to that house," she instructed him, "and walk past the garbage can at the back door. See if there's anything in it."

The boy's hazel eyes took fire. He loved this game, whatever it was, for the game's sake.

"Hurry!" she whispered to him, and he was off.

The din of the hurdy-gurdy filled her ears. A voice soared in homely melody to its rattling accompaniment. She saw a swarthy woman in calico and a shawl singing up at the windows of an apartment house. One of the windows opened and a child looked out. A man beside him tossed down a coin and laughed. The child laughed. And the woman laughed—as she caught the coin. It seemed an excellent joke—or might have, if she had had time for more than fleeting impressions. But her messenger came back sooner than she had expected—which one has no right to expect of messenger boys.

"Not a thing in the can," he reported, with the breathlessness of a youngster engaged in thinking. "Only wet!" he added significantly.

Ha! He deduced something from this moist fact! He gazed at her with eager expectation of more fuel for the blaze in his young mind. Abruptly she wanted to keep him with her—he was like a reassuring twig to one who walks a difficult path, furnishing no real support, but a stay to equilibrium.

"Get in," she said. Then, "Back to the hotel," she instructed her driver. The cab started.

"How long can I keep you?" she asked the boy.

"Huh?" He grinned at her. "Say, I'll sign up fer the season—or fer the whole war!"

"There's somebody in that house—I think," she explained slowly, necessity upon her. "I want to get a message to him, but—nobody answers the phone, either."

"Gee!" sympathized her ally volubly.

"What's your name?" she asked him.

"Jones," he replied. "They call me Jonesy."

"Well, Jonesy"—she smiled at him, and never really recovered from the evidence of its enormous effect—"you see, it's a sort of—joke on me."

He didn't answer that. He looked at her worshipfully, but as if the joke, not being entirely apparent, was not entirely credible. And after that, all the way back to the hotel, neither said a word.

Answers to her telegrams were waiting — and

unanimous. Mr. Judson Nellis, of Tatagonic, New York, was not registered at any of the Chicago hotels an anxious young woman in New York had picked out for him.

That really frightened her. Of course, up to now, she had been hoping; fear would be certainty if it wasn't flavored with hope. So the things she had been doing had had an element of play acting in them—a sort of pantomine of what she would actually do, given a certain set of circumstances. Now the circumstances seemed to be arranging themselves in a set. But what she had learned in support of her fancy-bred theory was not exactly a set of facts. If Bagley Hinman were actually up to some improbable mischief, which now ranged in her troubled mind from a trick of jam-pot calibre up to mob-violence and sudden foul play, all she was sure of was that he was capable of it.

THE rest was as unsubstantial as lemon meringue. The circumstantial evidence was such as many a guilty man has been freed upon. But—Judson Nellis *had* disappeared! She *had* received forbidden fruit—albeit chocolate-coated! Bagley Hinman *had* an animus—and a house that did protest its emptiness too much! And, anyhow, Ruth just believed that the hypothesis she had fabricated out of her mental rag-bag looked like a logical quilt. And, believing so, she must find a way to make sure.

She stood at the desk of the hotel and looked down the length of the crowded lobby, seeing only things that were not there. And among them she saw herself, alone, helpless, standing in a street and staring up at a great stained-glass picture of mythical Italian pastures, a huge, foolish, ornamental, menacing window of a closed house!

And then, like a drab scene abruptly touched with sun, the vision took on a meaning. One of those fleeting subconscious impressions that are never lost was flung into startling juxtaposition with one of her more or less repressed desires, with fulminating consequences—and a plan blazed before her mind complete in all details and glittering like an incandescent guarantee of chewing-gum perfection. It was a fanciful scheme perhaps, but it fitted into her crazy quilt—like feather-stitching! It would soon prove whether or not a sufficient number of improbabilities, pieced together, produce one reality!

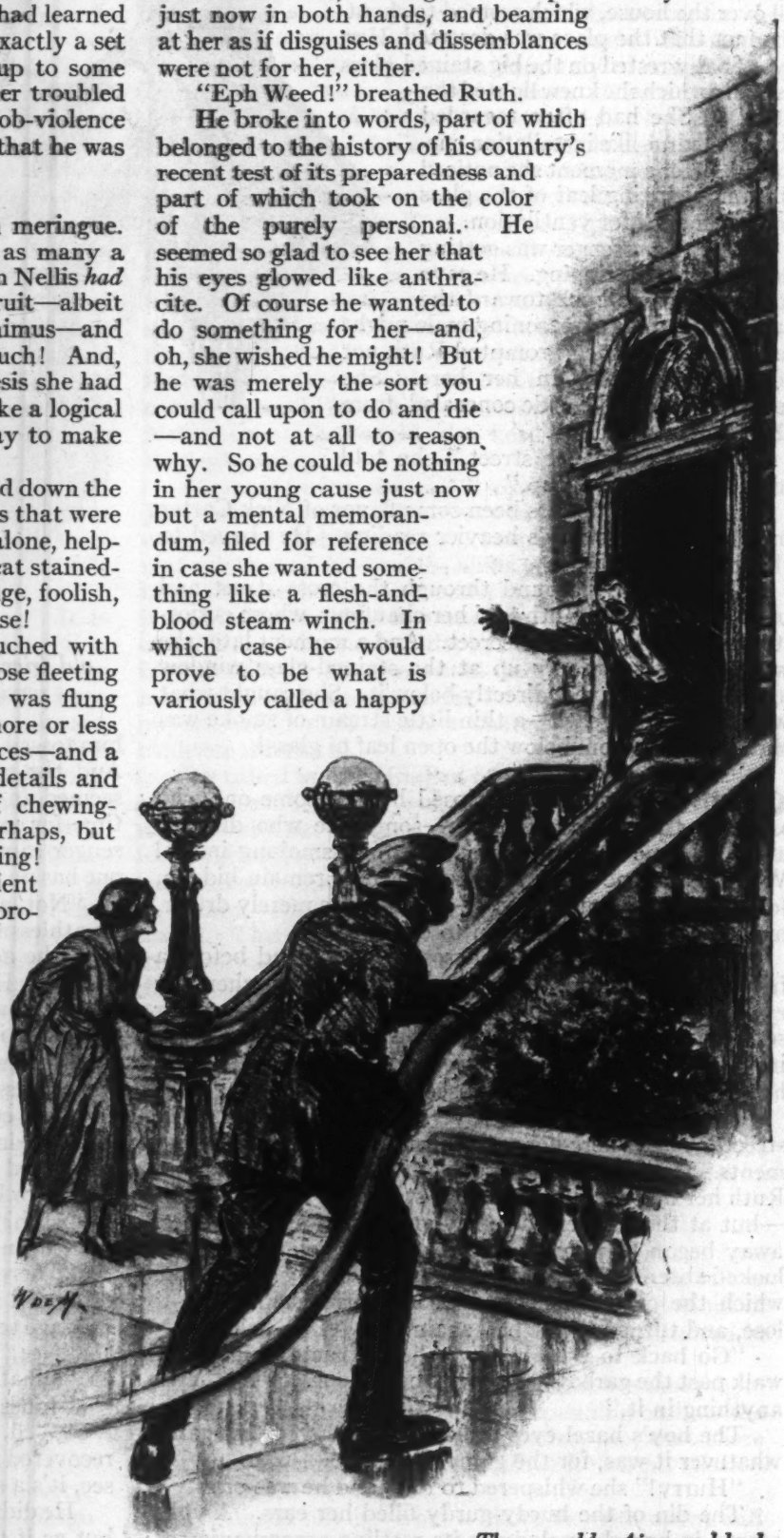
SHE did not even think of the need of luncheon. She spent an hour over a writing table, with labored pen and belabored wit. Then she went out, bought a neat black traveling bag and went shopping in Third Avenue. When she came back she registered quietly and followed her bag to a room.

She looked like a lost Quakeress in a worldly linen motor coat and cap when she went down to the lobby again. She led an excited boy through the long corridor into a near-by station, slipped out of the linen chrysalis, dropped it at the parcel room, and laughed at the eyes young Jones made at her metamorphosis—though he probably didn't know that was what he made eyes at.

Then she looked up—and straight into the face of an old friend. He had all the earmarks of a hero, this friend. He had nearly the build of an Ajax, the Greater or the Less—either will do; approximately the demeanor of a Cœur de Lion—sort of chivalrously reckless, you know; and substantially the face of an Othello—unbleached, you remember. Indeed, his complexion was a sort of Colorado Maduro Congo. He had once been a chauffeur for the Rathbun family, devoted enough and happy-go-lucky enough to be dear to Rathbun hearts. But some inner similarity to the heroes whose outer equipment his resembled had carried him crusading off to war—from which he had not returned to his Tatagonic allegiance. And here he was, wearing the red cap of railway servitude, just now in both hands, and beaming at her as if disguises and dissemblances were not for her, either.

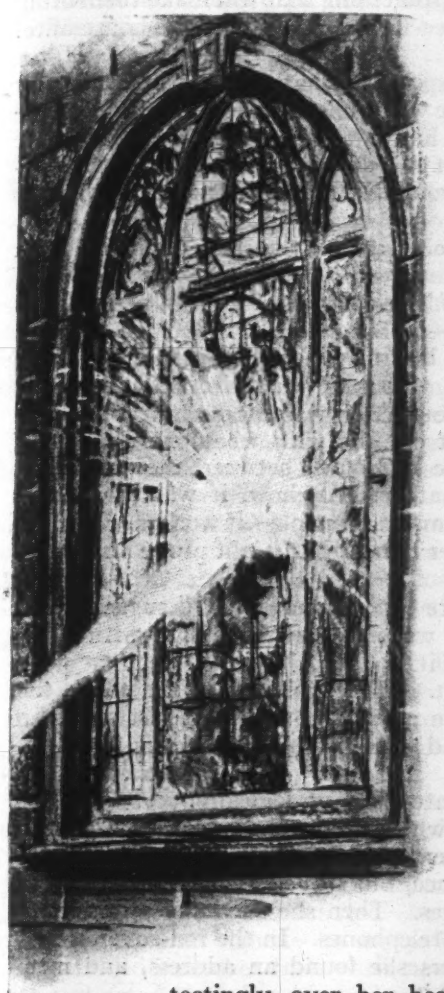
"Eph Weed!" breathed Ruth.

He broke into words, part of which belonged to the history of his country's recent test of its preparedness and part of which took on the color of the purely personal. He seemed so glad to see her that his eyes glowed like anthracite. Of course he wanted to do something for her—and, oh, she wished he might! But he was merely the sort you could call upon to do and die—and not at all to reason why. So he could be nothing in her young cause just now but a mental memorandum, filed for reference in case she wanted something like a flesh-and-blood steam winch. In which case he would prove to be what is variously called a happy



The capable Ajax suddenly turned the street-cleaning stream pointblank upon the stained-glass nymphs and fauns, and in an instant a storm of water was pouring hilariously into the Hinman library

coincidence, or a blessed dispensation, according to one's convictions. That was why she decided suddenly to sign him up also—apropos of preparedness—on the spot and the understanding that he could get off on demand. And she left him with that glow one feels when aware of having made a fellow being completely happy.



And again she took a cab to the corner up on West End Avenue.

When the cab drove away, she left her messenger standing halfway down the block—eager little apprentice to Mercury, cooling his winged ears—and walked along the cross street.

The ventilating leaf of the big Hinman window was still open. Ruth looked down at her slim figure, clad now in convincing calico, and drew the shawl on her shoulders protectingly over her head—as the woman with the hurdy-gurdy had done. Oh, yes, that was her hunch! She had probably had a grandmother who once played the intriguing parlor charade. Then she raised her face to the audience of dryads and fauns in the Hinman stained glass—and began to sing!

Her voice quavered and demiquavered like a scared tremolo stop—and her temperature was far above the desperation point, Fahrenheit. But—she was doing the best thing she could think of next.

It was the ridiculous little doggerel about the plans for Nellie's ho-o-ome, at which she and Jud had laughed—on that long-ago last night at her far-away home piano—that she sang. If Judson Nellis were where he could hear, he would know it—or his ears weren't Jud's! Also, he would know whose voice sang it here—and it would be strange indeed if he could not reason why!

Of course it was an amateur idea. But what else could an amateur invent? Besides, it was a perfectly good idea, if her amateur theory were correct. Anyhow, it was a possible remedy for a sick situation, and harmless enough at worst—if applied only externally.

She sang three verses at that open leaf of colored glass. Then a woman raised a sash across the street and flung her a kindly coin. Ruth picked it up, and kissed her hand to the giver. She was more than grateful for such an excuse to sing again; she was going to, anyway. For the main purpose of her plan was yet to be executed.

She raised her voice once more—and now it was the pathetic product cudgeled from that hour at the writing table in the hotel that she gave, for the first time on any stage. Pathetic it was indeed, as anything is apt to be after cudgeling. It was an amateur competitor's simulation of a professional beggar's imitation of pathos—almost as tear-provoking as the average sob-story:

"The waste from the rich man's table
Would save the lives of the poor;
For many a crumb that would bring us cheer
Is refuse at his door.
Won't you grant us a thought at your feasting
And try to devise a way
To give us a chance to make better use
Of the things that are thrown away?"

Would that suggest anything more than mushy mendicancy to a man who did not know the identity of the singer? What would it suggest to a man who did?

Ruth had a quaking desire to shriek with laughter—or hysteria—when her effort was ended. Once again the absurdity of the hypothesis on which she was impersonating the other end of charity seemed as complete as a definition of delirium. But stubbornly the question reiterated itself like an intermittent alarm: Only suppose she was right?

"Maybe it takes a fool—to catch a fool!" she whispered to herself. And she joined her messenger boy down the block, her face flaming so that she saw a ruddy reflection of it in his.

"Say!" he said. "Is somebody keepin' your friend shut up in that house?"

"WHAT?" she gasped—exactly as if she had not counted on the reasoning of males. "How did you know?"

Young Jonesy grinned. "Well," he told her indulgently, "if you didn't think somebody in there would know yer singin', why would you take an' sing? An' if he ain't bein' kep' there, why would you *have* to take an' sing? An' if he is bein' watched, or something, he'd be kind o' darn slow, wouldn't he, if he didn't take an' slip you a tip with the spare groceries that comes out in the can?"

"It might be the only way he could," said Ruth. Then her heart leaped. Here was one reasoning male who took her seriously.

"Whyn't you call a cop?" he asked.

"Because—I don't know what to tell a cop."

"I get you," he said.

"Then you think—it's a good way?"

"I'll say it's a peach!" he assured her. "They'll put stuff out in the can—in the night—and before it's took up tomorrow, I'll beat 'em to it!"

She was thrilled. She knew that a clever, efficient person would have invented a more ingenious way, but—as the playwright said when advised to write in more comedy, "Such as what?"

"You see, the library is the only room in the house they would keep him in—because of the windows. And—they were smoking in there. And, oh, I don't know, but maybe it will——"

"I bet it does!" said Jonesy.

They went back to the station. She warned the boy to silence, and asked him to meet her at an upper Broadway corner at seven in the morning. Then she told him her name—and saw him repeat it silently, with a look in his eyes such as those French lads must have worn when they whispered of the Maid of Orleans.

Then, resuming her linen outfit, she returned to her room in the hotel. There she called up Attorney Congdon's office again. She learned that the partner had returned from court—but had gone down on Long Island somewhere for dinner—just as he might have done on any ordinary day! And nobody knew just where.

She got Tatagonic on the wire. But she promptly dared not tell mother anything, except that she hoped to meet Jud here tomorrow—and so would stay over

night in the city. She did not know what impulsive thing mother might do—so she merely allayed mother's impulses. Her own were quite enough to have at large.

Then she lay down on her bed and tried to think—feverishly putting together more remnants.

IT was just before dinner time that she went out and shopped again. Afterward she tried to eat something in the dining room, but could swallow little besides coffee. She was in her room again long before nine o'clock when her telephone rang.

"Hello, Miss Rathbun! It's Jonesy!" said a pungent young voice on the wire. "Say—I got it!"

"Got it?" she gasped. "What have you got?"

"Say, listen!" said the boy. "I went up there again, see? He's there! Get me?"

"What—how do you know?"

"Come down in the station an' I'll show you."

She went. Young Jonesy met her—and into her hand he thrust a small square of folded paper.

"He done it slick—cut a slit in half an apple, an' tucked it in. They threw it out about half-past eight—a big geezer that looks like a Wop did—kind o' quiet, when nobody was goin' by, see? Me, I was across the street in an areaway. Afterward I got it easy!"

"You've read it?" asked Ruth, opening the paper with fingers that trembled like those of an excited girl.

"Sure!" said Jonesy, grinning like an unabashed boy.

The paper was hardly stained; the finely penciled words were clear:

"You're wonderful! But don't call the police—that'll get us in the papers. I'm in the library, kept prisoner by Bagley and a hired bully—only two of them, but that's plenty. Get Billy Brewer and tell him to start something that will make them bring me out. Smoke 'em—if you have to set the house afire!

J."

"Say!" said Jonesy, when the girl joined him again. "Is somebody keeping your friend shut up in that house?"

Ruth had an impression that she was breathing by proxy and that there was a knock in her heartbeat. So—her scared surmises had not been quite wild! Her quilt might yet be a credit to a dowry chest! But this vindication of her hunch brought her close to the fluttering edge of a nervous chill!

"What'll we do?" asked the boy, panting with eagerness.

"I don't know," she answered. "I can't—get Billy Brewer. But we'll—do something!"

A new strength began to flow through her at that. Wasn't it Sherman who said that "Action is power"? Maybe—just maybe—action was the better part of wit! Maybe it was what one did with what one thought of next that made the difference between the competent person and the amateur. Anyhow, it was as good as anybody else's pragmatic principle—it worked! Yes, she would follow another hunch that might prove an inspiration.

"Call out the fire department, what?" suggested the boy. "I seen a guy washin' down Broadway with a hose—made me think of it."

"No," said Ruth. "That would bring the police, too. And one of the men at that house could just say there wasn't any fire—and we'd get into the papers for sure—or jail!"

"Huh!" commented Jonesy, logically.

"But——" she whispered, and flamed upon him like a young five-foot person with a fresh six-foot idea. She did not go on at once, but leaned against the wall with her hand to her eyes. Then she suddenly straightened and started for the telephones. In the red-covered book of classified numbers she found an address, and memorized it.

"Dinnamite?" hazarded the boy, with a rising inflection hinting of rising hair. He was beginning genuinely to respect her.

Ruth suddenly savored the tang of high play. Once tasted, it makes the lesser condiments of life about as exciting as moonlight on the tongue. She laughed once more as a lurid vision of what she meant to do unrolled before her inner eyes. She had a medicine now, suited to the disease—a counter-irritant for trickery! No she would not employ dynamite—but she might have use for a dark-complexioned steam winch!

SHE took the boy in a cab again up to the Hinman corner. There she made a careful survey of physical details by arc light, and told Jonesy a plan that distended his eyes dangerously. And she laughed at that—with her teeth set on her courage. As Judson Nellis had suggested, she intended to start something.

After that she directed her cab into upper Broadway and searched out a man there whose eyes also widened enormously at the simple thing she asked of him, but who averred that he would sell not only his job but his raiment for the banknote she showed him. An interview followed at an uptown garage.

"Ten o'clock instead of seven in the morning," she said to her young companion as they reached the hotel again. "And by quarter past, we'll be—we'll be——"

"All to the mustard pickles!" supplied Jonesy.

"Yes," said Ruth, "all to the *hors d'œuvre*—or the *hors de combat!*"

And Jonesy went away looking like a boy who would not sleep.

BUT he was ahead of her when, arrayed once more in linen, she arrived in West End Avenue by daylight. So was a very respectable, plain-clothes Othello, who otherwise wore an Ajax set of the shoulder and a Cœur de Lion twinkle of the eye. They were both watching a red Irishman and a little Italian helper preparing to flush a cross-street pavement from the fire plug at the corner. She only nodded at her actual retainers—but she slipped something into the red Irishman's hand.

"So nice of you to be early," she said to him.

Then she walked slowly the length of the Hinman house and paused before the house adjoining.

One-half of generalship lies in reconnaissance—the other half in disposal of forces at command. Ruth hadn't argued it out thus—but a field-marshall's baton was probably lost in one of her grandmother's quilting needles. She stood now before an old-fashioned five-story "walk-up" apartment building, and even as she looked at her entirely unmilitary wrist watch, her last contingent arrived in the form of two young men with an ambulance—thus providing nicely for last contingencies.

Ruth gave them collectively a smile like the one that had so affected Jonesy.

"I'm sorry you'll have to walk up," she said. "But it's only four flights. I'll wait. Look for the name of Strong on the top floor." And she guilelessly indicated the unguarded front door of the apartment building.

One of the young men smiled—he was probably unmarried; the other sighed—he was probably not. They took a folded stretcher from their neat private conveyance and acted upon her suggestion.

When they had disappeared she walked back to the fire plug at the corner.

"All right, begin!" she said to her red mercenary, in a fire-when-you-are-ready-Gridley voice.

A roar of rushing water followed a wave of the red hand. The big nozzle kicked and spat with vicious power and a cleansing flood swept the pavement to be cleaned by private agreement. A scurrying nursemaid or two made away up the block. A leisurely male pedestrian suddenly changed his facial expression and his route, and went back to the Drive. The street was abruptly Ruth's.

"Now!" she called to the man with the hose.

He surrendered the nozzle into the competent grasp of Ajax, the More or Less, exactly as if this had been prearranged. And, regarding the yellow-backed talisman Ruth had recently slipped into his hand, he beckoned his helper toward Broadway.

It was. About the time two young men with a stretcher would be searching a fifth floor for Strongs to stretch, Ruth said another gentle word—and the something started! Her otherwise-respectable Othello suddenly swung the street-cleaning stream across the pavement with a hiss like gushing steam and turned it point-blank upon the stained-glass nymphs and fauns. Their pictured pastures crashed in before it like paper, and in an instant a storm of water was pouring hilariously into the Hinman library!

"Will it smoke 'em?" gasped Ruth, under her bated breath. "I think it will!"

It did! The voice of the water drowned any other voices that might have escaped the drowning library, but it was almost incredible how quickly the front door swung violently open and "a big geezer that looked like a Wop" rushed out, swearing in a loud tone. Then he shed dignity like a garment and made for the corner. He passed Ruth without seeing her—but that was part of the amateur plan. And Ruth, feeling for something under her coat, passed up the steps and through the front door.

In the familiar hall she shut the door and shot the bolt. As she turned toward the library the roar of water, which was devouring books in there faster than any Hinman ever had, suddenly ceased. But a young man was backing from the open door, menacing another with something he held in his hand.

"Come quietly," he was saying, "or I'll plug you!"

It didn't sound even insolently polite. It sounded like a dangerous fool! Ruth stepped close to him. In her hand she held one of those funny red-rubber things florists use to sprinkle the other bulbs in their show windows—and it smelled of ammonia!

"Bagley!" she said, suggestively.

He whirled as if she had put something cold down his back. But she thrust the bulb persuasively into his face—and, noisily protesting, he went back into Judson Nellis' arms.

"Quick, Jud!" cried Ruth. "Roll him in a rug and out the back door! There's an ambulance waiting!"

"Ambulance!" echoed Jud, but bending with alacrity to make an entirely new use of a Hinman.

"Ambulance!" re-echoed Ruth. "And you drive—if we get back there before the crew does! I've a man and a boy who will sit on Bagley!"

"Bagley!" Things were coming too fast for him.

"Yes—if we leave him behind, he can have us arrested!" elucidated Ruth. "If he goes with us, he's our alibi!"

"He's our alibi!" chanted Jud—and laughed as he swung the son of all the Hinmans upon his shoulder.

SHE ran ahead, pulled the spring lock and held the back door open. Jud's face as he went by was a blaze of bewildered joy that brought quaking hysteria into her throat like a choking gas! But she slammed the door and ran with him for the car at the curb.

"In with him!" she gasped, and Nellis jammed his squirming burden into the open ambulance. "Now drive—across Broadway—to the Park! Don't stop! An ambulance knows no traffic laws!"

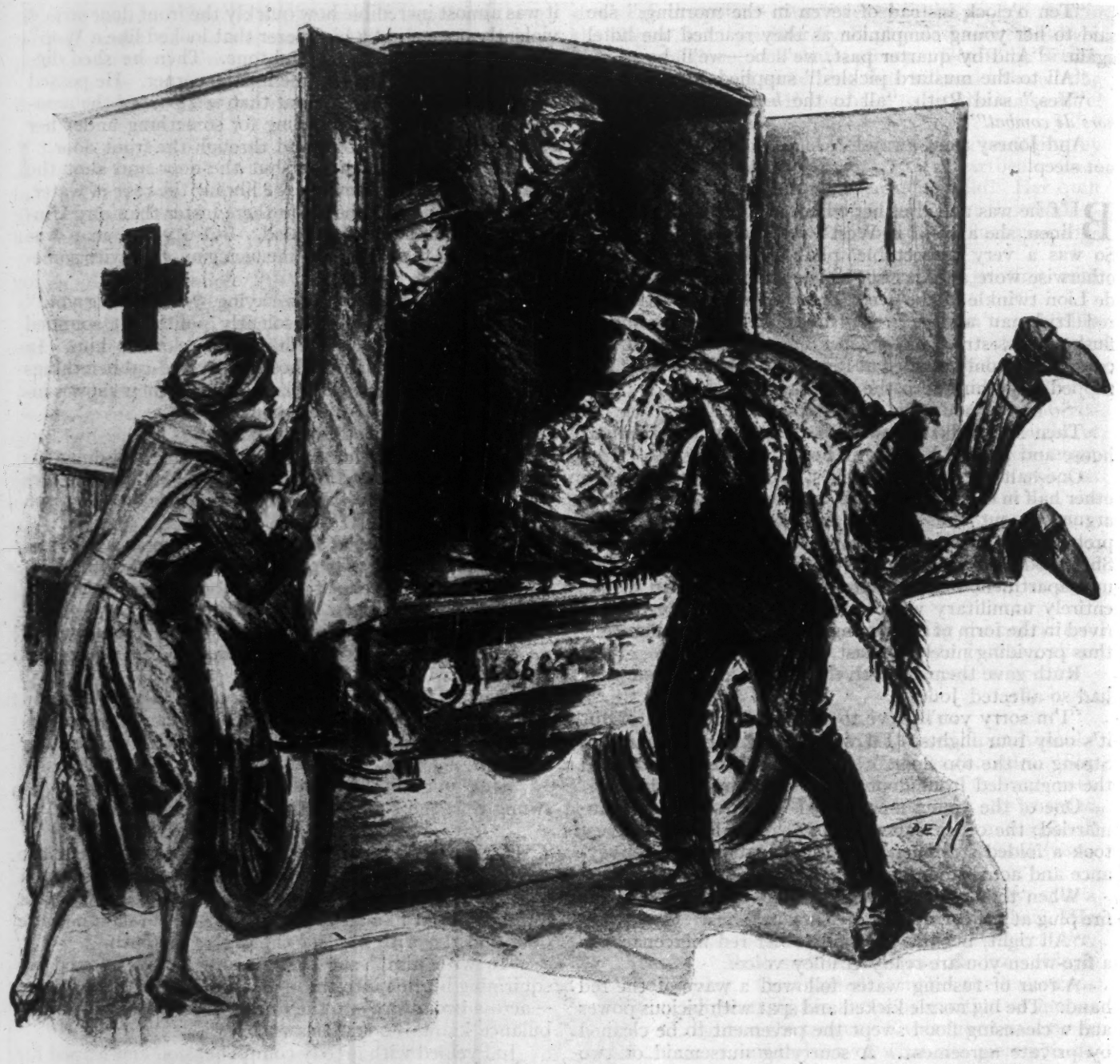
Jud yelped with greedy comprehension and leaped for the driver's seat. Ruth scrambled in beside her assorted allies who had already pinned their prisoner down inside.

The car started with a jerk—and a furious burst from its rattling gong. A swish, a spatter, a dizzying little skid on the wet pavement, and Ruth, shutting the rear doors, saw a blurred little cluster of staring men on the curb as they rushed by.

The ambulance gained speed—and its gong was shrieking its emergency warning before them. She turned as they rushed down upon mid-morning Broadway. Through the windows in front she saw Jud's broad back, steady in roused action now as a male can be when he sees reason. And she saw a big traffic officer out ahead, with flailing arms, warning unwary motors to tire-destroying stops and beckoning to Jud to come on.

They missed a sliding limousine by inches. She saw a flivver go zigzagging to the curb. A yellow cab staggered into parallel course and a clanging trolley-car's brakes screamed in her ears. But they were across, with almost the same ease in get-away that motor bandits experience, and roaring toward the Park.

Of what Bagley's bully told the Broadway officer, if anything, Ruth was never apprised. Probably he



"In with him!" Ruth gasped, and Nellis jammed his squirming burden into the open ambulance

thought better of his first impulse of loyalty to his paymaster and made a quiet exit of his own. How long it took the young men with the stretcher to find no one on the fifth floor willing to collaborate with them, she never knew; it was long enough. How her red Irishman and his helper got back their jobs unscathed was always an unsolved mystery that added tang to aftertaste. But nobody knew who she, Ruth Rathbun, was, except Ajax and Would-be Mercury—and Bagley Hinman. For different reasons, she opined, none of these would tell.

The ambulance was not stopped till the long run ended in a quiet Tatagonic street. There they set Bagley Hinman in a posture for independent traveling and the road home. And whether it was for lack of breath or of adequate sentiments, he weaved away without expending any of either, orally.

And the variegated allies went to the Inn, while Ruth and Jud went to return the purloined ambulance anonymously to its owners with a protest-smothering recompense. And then——

"But how did you do it?" demanded Jud, when he held her at last by her suddenly unstable shoulders in her own home hallway. "Why, you—you couldn't, you know! It couldn't be done!"

"I know," said Ruth, suddenly aware again what an amateur she was. "I—I couldn't. But I did! Didn't I?"

"But how did you guess what Bagley was up to? He was on my train—and played sick at the station. Got me to take him home in a cab—and trapped me. Said he was going to shanghai me—and maybe he would have! But—how did you know?"

"Oh," said Ruth, "I—just guessed, I guess. And—I hired those men to help me. Will you give Eph and Jonesy jobs, Jud?"

"Of course. But how did you ever think of doing anything so—so clever?"

"Clever?" repeated Ruth. "I couldn't think of anything clever."

"H'm!" said Jud. "Couldn't, eh? I wonder what would have happened to Bagley Hinman, if you could!"

How We Trapped America's Boldest Bandit

The Inside Story of a Thrilling Manhunt in the Osage Hills with Oklahoma's "Phantom Terror" as the Quarry

By Charles F. Robb

Manager of the Criminal Department of the Burns International Detective Agency

OUT IN the Osage country of Oklahoma, a man was shot down in his tracks not long ago—shot on sight as he broke cover, like the beast of prey that he undoubtedly was.

He dropped with barely a sound, and as he lay dead in the roadway his slayers closed in around him, silently rejoicing in a desperate job well done. They set up no clamor of cheering, voiced no regret that he had escaped trial and punishment—that he had been spared society's revenge. The dead man had gone too far into cold, merciless crime for any punishment to have been adequate. He was just a grim, inhuman menace—an unnatural monster in the guise of a man. Society's safety demanded that he be handled in only one way—that is, quickly, efficiently, impersonally disposed of.

It was the body of Al Spencer that lay huddled there in the road—Al Spencer, who in eighteen months had become as feared and daring a bandit as can be found in the history of crime; Al Spencer, who in little more than a twelve-month held up twenty-five banks and robbed each of sums varying between $5,000 and $20,000; Al Spencer, who for a year had terrorized one entire state and part of another—whose deadly gun was called "the washboard" because of the many notches it bore, each the silent boast of a killing.

Jesse James, the Dalton Brothers, Henry Starr—these bandits of another day have been made famous by news articles written around their exploits. But Al Spencer, who could have given lessons in the higher science of crime to them all, passed with only trifling notice. The news wires raised little more commotion over his death than was caused by his own choked gasp as he gave up his outlawed life. And yet before he was run to earth and shot ere his ready gun could claim another victim, Al Spencer had been the quarry in as dramatic a man hunt as detectives have played in years.

Spencer was known as the "phantom bandit" of the Osage Hills in Oklahoma. He was a constant menace not only to the lives and property of his neighbors, but to their own peaceful activities. For he ruthlessly drafted law-abiding citizens into his service when occasion demanded and forced them to share in his crime. The story is told that once when he set out to raid a certain bank, his confederate took sick and Spencer was obliged to abandon him. Not to be defeated in his purpose, Spencer approached the first man he saw—it happened to be a farmer plowing his fields—and introduced himself over the fence.

"I am going to rob the bank in town this noon. You're to help me," he said.

Without a word the farmer unhitched his horses, joined Spencer and an hour later participated in a bank holdup. That afternoon he was back at his field plowing. When the pursuing posse asked him whether he had seen Spencer he replied that he had—and then completely misdirected the officers. Later, when his actual participation in the crime was proved, the farmer pleaded that Spencer would have slain him had he failed to help in the holdup, and would surely have set fire to his home if he had afterward betrayed him to the posse.

As incidents like this accumulated and as bank after bank was robbed, the Protective Department of the American Bankers Association, whose task it is to protect nearly 25,000 banks in every state in the Union, put representatives of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency on the trail in Oklahoma, and later decided to send a New York man down to make a personal investigation. This task fell to me.

And when I was able to send the following wire some time later I felt that I had partici-

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"IN LESS than eighteen months, Al Spencer robbed more banks than any other desperado in the history of crime."

The bandit whom Detective Charles F. Robb thus stigmatizes ended his career with, strangely enough, only passing comment from the press.

The remarkable man hunt that culminated in Al Spencer's downfall is here disclosed in detail for the first time.

Al Spencer snapped in an action pose by one of his pals shortly before his death

pated in a man hunt which is unparalleled in the history of crime in America:

"Spencer killed tonight by Federal Posse. Corbell (another Burns operative) and myself in party.

ROBB."

The telegram was filed at Bartlesville, Oklahoma, late on the evening of Saturday, September 15, 1923.

Even after we had "got" him, we learned little about Spencer's life. He first came to the attention of the police in 1916, when he was arrested at Nowata, Oklahoma, charged with stealing cattle. He was released on bail and while at liberty awaiting trial, he continued his career of crime by robbing box cars and small country stores.

By the year 1919, Spencer had gained some notoriety. He had gathered around him a band of thieves and had as his lieutenant a man named Nick Lamar, who figured in Spencer's later exploits. This band moved about the country robbing stores until finally the Burns Agency was retained by the owner of a store at Neodesha, Kansas, to put a stop to the numerous raids of Spencer's gang. Investigator H. O. Brown was assigned to the case and after a short chase Spencer was captured in Colorado and returned to Kansas for trial. He entered a plea of guilty to robbery and was sentenced to a term of five years at Lansing, Kansas.

After serving a part of this sentence, he was turned over to the Oklahoma authorities and was tried and convicted on a charge of stealing cattle. He was then sentenced to a term of ten years in the state penitentiary at McAlester, Oklahoma.

On January 15, 1922, while serving as a "trusty," Spencer violated the terms of his parole and fled to the cover of the rugged Osage Hills and there obtained refuge among friends.

Charles F. Robb, Burns detective who participated in the Spencer man hunt

At the time of Spencer's escape I did not think we would be confronted with the task of having to hunt him again. But it was soon apparent that this escape had been the turning point in his career. A hunted criminal, he now turned from casual robbery to the specialized, skilled and desperate profession of bank robbing, and soon had made himself unchallenged champion in the field. He robbed his first bank about eighteen months ago and between that time and his death he robbed more banks than any other bandit in the history of crime.

In his first bank holdup, at Nelagoney, Oklahoma, he was aided by a man named Meigs and several others. In rapid succession, this group shortly afterward held up banks at Pawhuska and Broken Bow, Oklahoma, after which they had their first battle with a posse of angry citizens. Meigs was killed and Spencer again found refuge in the canyon fastnesses of the Osage Hills.

With the brains of a fox and the sneaky instinct of a coyote, Spencer would steal out of the hills, attack a bank and then disappear, only to bob up in some other locality. He never took any one into his confidence. He simply would not run the risk of being "double-crossed." When planning the details of a new holdup, he would work absolutely alone—he would not even tell the other members of the band where he was going until they were actually on the way. Then he would simply outline to each his particular task, keeping the grand strategy of the job a secret.

Spencer's success made it easy for him to surround himself with a band of men who would follow his suggestions and orders without question. Moreover, his grim vengefulness was notorious and his pleasant habit of burning down the homes of those he suspected of disloyalty kept the inhabitants of the hills in mortal fear of him. Also, it made our task in hunting him an almost impossible one.

The Osage Hills in the northeastern part of Oklahoma, where this guerrilla was being fought, are wild, deserted and covered with low-growing timber and underbrush. It would be difficult to imagine a stage more ideally set for banditry. Everywhere there are shallow gulches, filled with thick brush and in these are caves, affording splendid cover. Knowing a few such caves with springs near at hand, Spencer could hide out safely for weeks at a time between his sudden raids. His field of operations, comprising several hundred square miles of the hilly wilderness, was much too large for our men to surround and beat over.

But it was not long before Spencer began to have encounters with our men. At one time he and Ralph White—his chief lieutenant at this time—were cornered in a log cabin by several members of a posse, who surrounded the cabin on three sides. On the fourth side was a tall bluff. It would have been impossible for any one to escape over that hill without being seen. It seemed certain that Spencer would surrender and, in fact, he did suddenly come out into the open, unarmed, with his hands in the air. But before he got more than a step or two from the door White stuck a gun into his back and ordered him to return. He took his lieutenant's desperate hint and promptly ducked back into the cabin. A gun battle followed and when nightfall came neither side apparently had any advantage. Yet during the night Spencer and White quietly escaped—just how it was never learned!

At another time Spencer was trailed to a farmhouse which was surrounded by a posse consisting of county officials and operatives from the Burns Agency. The county officers guarded one side of the house and the operatives the other. Orders were given that anybody attempting to leave the house was to be halted instantly and fired on, if necessary. The posse waited on the alert all night. At about four in the morning a door was heard to slam and then all was quiet again. At daybreak the posse closed in, searched the house—and all they found was a farmer with his family. He said Spencer had left

A Unique Rogue's Gallery Photograph from the "Al Spencer Private Collection"

The Spencer gang thus rehearsed holdups for its own amusement and kept photographic records of the event. This snapshot, which detectives obtained just before Spencer's death, shows the bandit leader himself (in the center) with his lieutenant Ralph White at his left

at four o'clock. Just why no alarm was raised when the door was heard to slam and just how Spencer got through the lines is one of the mysteries which probably will never be solved now that Spencer is dead.

Spencer actually escaped at least twenty-five times from posses which had him completely surrounded! And the only explanation is that the battles were staged at night and Spencer knew every step of the ground, while the posses, which consisted of men from different parts of the State, were not familiar with the neighborhood.

The Bandits Flee Into the Hills

STILL, the man hunt was getting just a bit too exciting for Al Spencer, and finally he disappeared deep into the hills, apparently determined to hide until the chase was abandoned.

It is certain from evidence in the form of remarkable photographs, which members of the band took of each other and which fell into our hands shortly before Spencer's death, that he enlisted a few new members while taking this enforced vacation. From these photographs one is led to believe that the new men were trained in their profession. One of these photographs shows Spencer's entire band actually rehearsing a holdup. The other confirms the many stories that Spencer and his men used their spare moments in practicing shooting.

But the phantom bandit of the Osages could not restrain himself long from lawless outbursts. Having tried his hand at every other form of crime, including the robbery of a post office and the murder of a peaceful citizen, Spencer broke out in an unexpected exploit. Late Monday night, August 20, 1923, he and six other members of his band—Nick Lamar, Ralph White, Riley Dixon, Frank Nash, Grover Durrill and Whitie Fallon—held up a fast passenger train of the Kansas, Missouri and Texas Railroad and looted the registered mail sacks. The scene of the robbery was a few miles from Bartlesville, near Pawhuska, Oklahoma, Spencer's old stamping ground. Following the holdup, the band fled back to the Osage Hills.

Spencer may have enjoyed the exploit at the time, but he evidently failed to remember that robbing the mails is just about the most serious of all property crimes. Uncle Sam says that the mails must not be tampered with—and so Uncle Sam now stepped into the game. This brought Federal officers to the aid of the local men and our operatives. Then, too, some of Spencer's old friends turned against him when they saw that the Federal Government was backing the man hunt. They dared, at last, to give the authorities certain useful information about Spencer and his gang.

Shortly after the train robbery a posse was formed consisting of forty-seven Federal officers, bank operatives

and representatives of the various railroads and express companies. They first went into the hills to raid the homes of the men believed to be Spencer's confederates. They found letters which helped to identify members of Spencer's gang. They asked pertinent questions, too, and obtained information concerning others who were helping Spencer. During these raids Ike Ogg, who was really Spencer's manager, was arrested. Ogg at this writing is awaiting trial.

The Burns Agency is Called Upon

IT was at this time that the Protective Department of the American Bankers Association and the Burns Agency decided to send me into the field to get first-hand information as to just what the posse had to contend with. Hitherto I had been watching the affair from afar. I left New York on September 7th and joined the posse at their headquarters in the Maire Hotel, Bartlesville. Here I was introduced to the two leaders of this band of man hunters—Jack Adamson, a post office inspector, and Alva McDonald, a United States Marshal. They were experienced and knew what it meant to be under fire. Although I was from New York and classed as a "tenderfoot," I was received cordially into the ranks of these veteran bandit hunters.

For the first two or three days after my arrival we were all restless to see something happen. Rumor after rumor came in that Spencer had been seen at such and such a farmhouse or that he was actually going to come into Bartlesville to visit certain friends. Every one of these reports was run down, but in each case we discovered we were chasing rainbows. Every now and then we ran across a bit of information which we could verify and finally we had reason to believe that Spencer had taken refuge in the country north of Bartlesville. But we didn't dare make an open move to trap him there because everything we did was quickly reported by spies in town to Spencer and his friends.

Then we put our heads together. We knew we had to throw up a smoke screen somehow. To disarm these spies who were carrying information to Spencer, we finally let it be known that we thought Spencer had left the vicinity and was now in Texas. We confidentially intimated that we had given up all hopes of landing him for the time being and had decided to concentrate our efforts in the hunt for another member of his gang, Grover Durrill.

On several following nights, we conspicuously left the hotel fully armed and went outside the city, apparently for the purpose of raiding various suspected points. But just as soon as we were alone, and well out of the spies' sight, we changed our tactics and, instead of going into the hills, as watchers in town had been led to expect, we took up positions in hiding along the various roads leading from the city, so as to cover any attempts of confederates from the town to reach Spencer with reports of the day's events. We hoped even that we might capture him, in the event that he endeavored to get around us and back into the hills between us and Pawhuska.

Our ostentatious and apparently futile parades out of town had just the effect we had hoped for, and we were promptly dubbed the "Kid Glove Squad." For days we were the butt of a good many jokes among the boys in the pool rooms. Our secret watching of the roads was not suspected.

While we were thus acting the part of amateur detectives and advertising every move we were making, Inspector Adamson, United States Marshal McDonald and Chief of Police Gaston were busily engaged in checking up an important piece of information concerning Spencer. The lookers-on kept their eyes on the smoke-screen squad which made lots of noise and conspicuously moved from place to place without results, and in the meantime the three men were able to work under cover and each day got closer and closer to their prey. They moved about the country quite unobserved, picking up bits of gossip here and there that might reveal just where Spencer was lurking. They appeared harmless and disinterested in the spectacular proceedings that the rest of us were staging, and no one suspected that they were slowly moving, step by step, to the point where they would encounter Spencer.

Finally on the night of September 14th we knew that the time had come to call off our musical comedy man hunt and put on the real drama, for—thanks to our own game of camouflage, and to information picked up from sources that even now would not be safe to mention—we had Spencer's hiding place spotted. The next task was to prevent his learning of our knowledge and then to make our way unobserved to the farm on which he was supposed to be concealed.

In the conference which took place that night all plans for the raid were made and scheduled for the following evening. Our success would hinge on a ruse by which we hoped to get Spencer to venture out from his hiding place in the brush. Again I cannot even yet disclose just how the word was allowed to find its way to Spencer's ears, as he lay in concealment. Others of his gang are still at large and vengeance might be wrought by them on innocent heads.

Suffice it to say that we agreed to leave town in three cars, by different routes, and join at a certain point some miles north of Dewey, Oklahoma.

It had been raining for days and the roads were in terrible condition. Because of the distance we had to travel the posse, consisting of Jack Adamson and P. Haynes, Post Office Inspectors, Chief of Police Gaston of Bartlesville, Alva McDonald, U. S. Marshal, Luther Bishop and Harry Wolfe of the Oklahoma City Police Department, Ruel Taylor and Joe Palmer, special agents of the M. K. & T. Railway Company, Jim Crowe of the Indian Service, Ed Robinson and Jim Stallings, Deputy U. S. Marshals, Abe Corbett, of our agency, and myself started out at three in the afternoon in three cars; two going in one direction and one in another, so that observers in town would not think we had a common destination.

We Surround the Bandit's Lair

AT the agreed rendezvous the three cars met, and we continued our drive in a roundabout way over villainous roads and through gathering darkness to a wooded region some forty-odd miles northwest of Bartlesville in the Osage Hills. There we left our cars and the posse split up into three groups, consisting of two, five and six men, each man being assigned to a certain station in the circle that was to be thrown around our quarry's lair. Since leaving Bartlesville we had secured from a secret source certain information as to where Spencer was hidden; moreover, we had every reason to believe that he now suspected our approach and consequently that he would make a move, sometime during the night, in hopes of slipping through our ranks.

A dirt road branching off from the Kansas-Oklahoma highway leads into the country that we were covering. Back on this road about three-quarters of a mile stands a schoolhouse and, just beyond, the road crosses a bridge over a dry creek, and then passes between fields on the south and timber on the north. Somewhere to the north of the schoolhouse, Spencer [*Continued on page 126*]

The lobo stopped, supremely contemptuous as the fierce range steer faced him, ready for the charge

A Drama of the War Between Man and Beast on the Desert's Edge

The Lobo's Last Hunt

By T. Von Ziekursch

Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull

THE world was a place of reds, a gigantic color scheme as of some supreme master artist who found unguessed shades and tones of it: duns, browns, maroons, sepias, carmine, others that baffled definition and were constantly changing. The rock was red, varied shades of it predominated in the sand strata, each needle and butte, the sharp-cut rim of the mountains, the sky itself and the eyes of one who looked on it too long became red.

In all these fading distances where desert sands met desert mountains, where the very quality of the world became false, mystic, harsh, there was no softening tone, nothing to lessen the cruel power of it. The very fact that life itself could exist was mere mockery. The fury of it was omnipresent, vicious. It seared along the nerves an active power, creeping, burning, throbbing. The sight of it was heating; it was the color that brought madness.

Looked at without ceasing, it was an agent of death, a strange, unreal will that strangled mental resistance. The air was a blanket that lay close, unmoving. Here in this waste of hardness, silence was a dimension in itself, an active part of an unreal world. The rocks were a jumbled, fantastic mass, softening into solidity in the distance. The sides of the sharp escarpments were an exotic mixture of brown, tawny duns, purplish reds.

Gradually twilight shadows fell on the sand and they, too, were sharp, for they held no coolness. Among the rocks every break and crack assumed a purplish hue deepening into grays. The shadows lengthened obliquely, and the sun settled in back of the sharp spine of ridges that reared in harsh disarray. The oven had lost its flame, but the heat brooded and pulsed like a live thing. Then high among the boulders, where two of them leaned close against the wall of stone, there was movement and a vague form appeared in the twilight. The sudden night of the desert fell and the heavens were lighted with an eerie glow, a silvered green that diffused against the rock—a deceptive light in which distances were plain and were suddenly lost.

Then the black thing that was a shadow merely heavier than the others moved again, out to the edge of a small table-like formation. There the great lobo stood and sought vainly to test the air. It carried no message, no tale of passing bird or beast, for this was the desert, the place of death. Slowly he returned to the leaning boulders and then went down over the sheer face of the rock nimbly as some cat, finding footing where there was none, leaping at last to the sand levels. Where the base of the rock walls merged with the sand and the blackness was solid, he trotted along in a shambling fashion that was like a glide. The scimitar of pale gold that was the moon came up and the great lobo stopped.

RIGHT at the base of the cliff was a break in the stone. He flattened and his head disappeared in the dark fissure. Here, in one of those hidden caverns that only the wild know how to find in the desert, he lapped at the water. It came seeping through the rock at the very base of the mountains, cold, rich with a touch of the strength, a part of the mountains themselves.

At last the lobo arose and resumed his shuffling trot,

turning through a gorge that rose and split the rock ridge in front. An hour he continued, then climbed higher over a sharp spur and crossed an arid, flat plateau. Beyond, the surface fell away, steep at first, then gradually to more gentle levels and he came at last to the low hills that bordered the range country, the land of men and herds, of guns and traps and poison, of swift, heavy-jawed fighting packs that he had known of old and outmatched in speed and cunning long since. But all this was to be avoided. Once his kind had been plentiful in this land where the grass grew long, but now they were a race on the verge of extinction, relics of a past almost forgotten.

ON the flats in front he saw the huge forms of cattle and through the darkness his marvelous eyes took in every detail. Now, in the night, he was at the height of his powers, absolutely supreme, safe from the guns of men and fast-running horses. Even the fighting pack would be helpless compared to him. Silent as the night breeze itself, he came and passed within twenty feet of the herd, so that even the nervous, timid cows with calves at their sides did not know of his passing. Thus his ancestors had roamed among the bison herds and struck the weaklings and even the great bulls when the madness of the blood lust ordained, for they were the great buffalo wolves of the plains.

Within ten feet of a fierce range steer he passed, supremely contemptuous as it reared up and faced him with mighty horns lowered. The impulse to kill came strongly. He had killed them before, these wards of man, and been hunted weeks on end for it. Of the steers, of the men who rode herd, of the dogs, he had no fear. They were no match for his strength, his cunning, his swift tirelessness that was the heritage of a mighty breed. He leaped lightly aside to avoid the steer's charge, and hesitated. There was the open neck. One lunge and the great throat would be torn gaping. Instead, he whirled like some mad dervish and drove in as the steer lumbered past. His jaw hung loose and the steer stumbled and went down, the tendon of one rear leg nipped through by the deadly, hamstringing bite.

The steer's bleating roar drew the rider of the herd galloping on his pony, gun in hand. But the lobo was gone silently into the night, leaving no other trace. The man dismounted and read what had happened aright, then he cursed. This was one they had missed in those years of ceaseless warfare. There had been indications of it before, occasionally the carcass of a calf or cow found in some isolated arroyo. The man shot the steer, mounted and spurred away toward the ranch house.

The lobo continued toward the east. If his lope had been silent before, it was stealth personified now and in a shallow dip he turned and worked the slight rise of the slope, testing with the nose of a connoisseur those air currents that a man could not have known existed. His leap was sudden and he caught the big jack rabbit before it had left its crouch. For this he had ventured into the lands of men. In his feasting he stopped suddenly, for a disturbing thing entered. A sound came from down in the flat lands. He ate hurriedly now and resumed the hunt, working the slope. Then he became motionless as a bit of statuary, head erect, listening. That was the fighting pack turned loose now in the night to hunt him down.

The lobo's contempt was great. He would finish the hunt. Of these dogs he knew no real fear for they could overwhelm him only by sheer weight of numbers. He was a match for any three of them. Their metal was that of the broadsword, his the rapier.

But he did not finish the hunt. Instead, he stood listening, for the sounds that came were different than they had ever been before. There was no eager baying of the hounds as they sought the scent. Undoubtedly the pack was massed and was advancing slowly toward the west.

Then the sounds told a different story, a story of separation, of the splitting up of the pack, and at last to the lobo came realization that they had cut in between him and that region of sand and rock where lay safety.

Perhaps it was confusion that held him motionless now. They had never done that before. Always it had been a futile chase, with him leading as he willed and leaving them baffled when he chose to return to the hot sinks and dead washes of the desert bad lands. His marvelous senses were bringing new messages fast now. They had passed beyond him; they were below him and in front of him. On three sides they intervened between him and the rock ridges and gorge through which he had come. Only down toward the open range was the way open. His mane bristled at the cry that came, for now the men had turned loose a part of the trailing hounds with some of the fighting dogs and they were coming as he had come, direct from where he had hamstrung the steer.

Swiftly, silently, he leaped straight up the slope and then veered into a great half circle, for there in the moonlight at the top was the silhouetted form of a man standing beside his horse and he held four great dogs. The lobo sunk lower in a crouching trot and sped away along the side of the slope. Perhaps he sensed that these were the long-legged wolfhounds, capable of terrific speed, greater than his own over short distances. Given a fair lead, he would run them into exhaustion, but here he did not dare attempt a wild rush to break through. Their keen eyes would see him and they would be entirely too close. But that baffled attempt to cross from the ranch lands to the rock ridges cost heavily when the trailing dogs swept close and the keen-eyed fighting pack saw him, a black streak racing through the long grass. The short, subdued mouthings gave way to one roaring burst and the dozen horsemen at wide intervals along the top of the slope knew that the dogs had sighted him. The great wolfhounds they held knew it too, by the volume of that pack cry, and were straining at the leashes.

The race that began was a wild, terrific thing. In the heavier shadows at the base of the slope the lobo was a darting black thing, hard, grim, contemptuous still, willing to test metal in a death fight with any of them at the slightest opportunity, but wise enough to acknowledge the superiority of overwhelming numbers. He could not cope with them except by cunning and speed. Twice he turned back to the slope and sped on, but both times saw there in the bright moonglow the outlined forms of horsemen riding parallel to the chase down in the flat lands, and with each horseman were those big, long-legged dogs.

THIS chase was too close for comfort. As if some mystic throttle had been opened, he leaped across the range lands, and the pack, unable to match that magnificent burst, dropped back gradually. In only one thing had the men erred. They had kept the long-legged wolfhounds out of their trailing pack, had saved them as sentinels on top of the slope with the horsemen, to be turned loose when the other dogs had performed their task and forced him to attempt breaking through. Two or three of those great leaping brutes with the trailers, and the chase would have ended.

His terrific speed eased as the cries from in back told that the trailers had lost sight of him and were tracking

by scent again, not more than half as fast. But they were coming surely and he turned and doubled, sought the depths of coulees and arroyos in vain. And still his contempt for them was supreme. He was thoroughly warmed now, every long muscle and iron sinew loosened. The hours passed and he led on before those grim hounds, veering steadily toward the west, toward that rising slope beyond which lay the rock ridges and the deep gorge leading to the desert. And always he found stationed there at intervals horsemen and dogs.

Not so fast, nor as strong as himself were those hounds and fighting Airedales on his trail, but as tireless and grim, and the baying that came told of their purpose. Perhaps they were tiring, their pace decreasing, but he, too, had dropped into a long loping trot and his tail hung very low. He no longer sought to turn toward the west, but circled away over a stretch of rough flats and came at last to where the cottonwoods stood like sentinels guarding the line of the creek. In the mephitic blackness beneath them he entered the shallow water and ran on, emerging upon the bank, then leaped into the creek again, turned and loped back upstream, following the meanderings for miles.

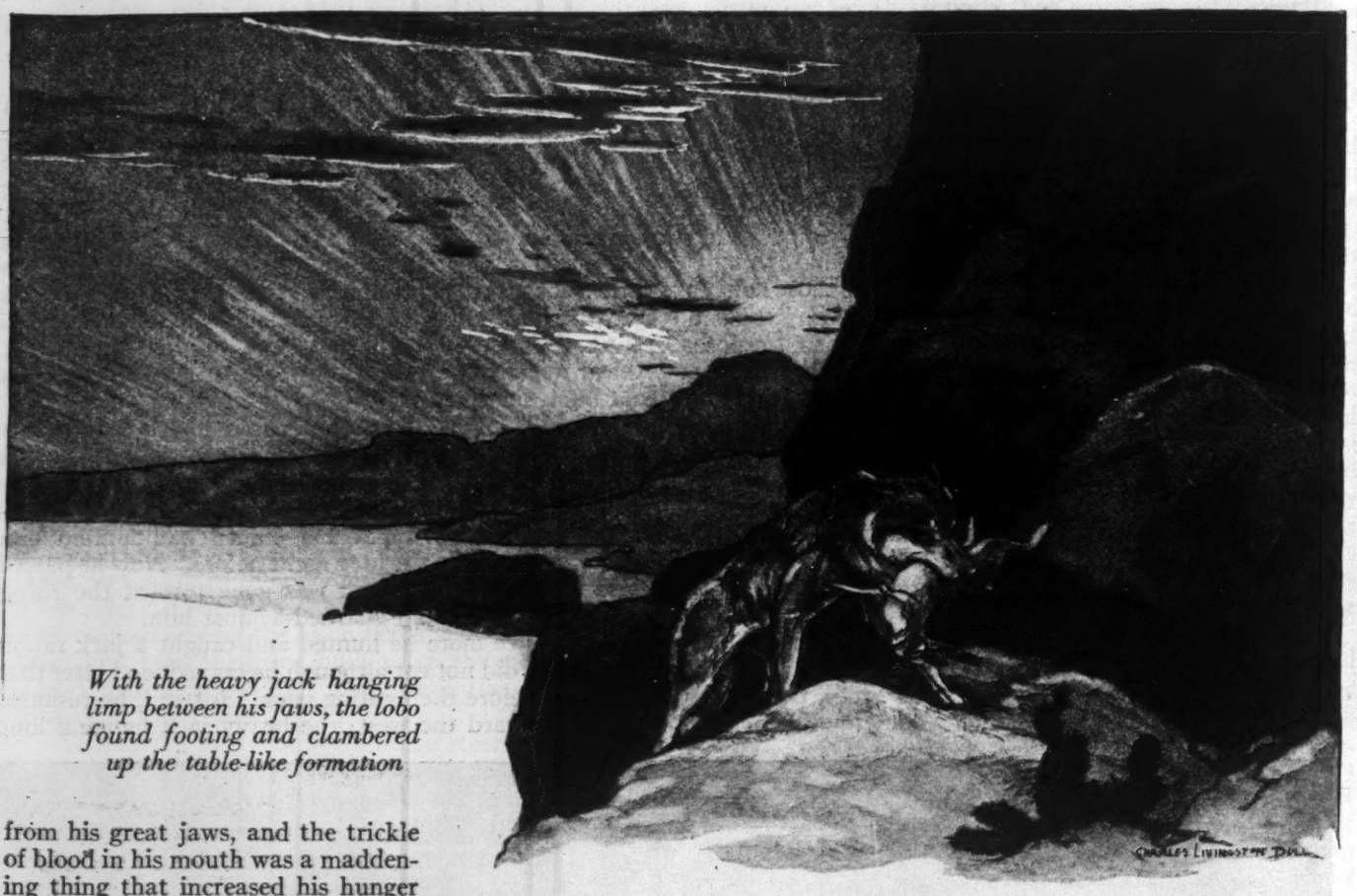
Barely able to continue longer and with tongues hanging out, the hounds came just as the dawning lighted the range. The Airedales had quit long since, their noses unable to keep enthusiasm alive. They found where he had leaped for a moment to the bank and then ranged on downstream. Baffled at last and exhausted, they returned to the ranch house where the men waited.

Throughout the long day the great lobo lay hidden by the side of the creek and when the twilight came again to shield him as one of its own, he emerged from the long grasses. Far away toward the west was that rising slope where the men and dogs had waited vainly the night previous and beyond were the rock ridges, the wild gorges and canyons, then the desert. At that gliding lope, he turned toward them as night settled, passing stray bands of cattle and horsemen who had serenely assured themselves that they would have him on his next foray. Ahead loomed the ranch house and corrals, the stables and bunk houses.

He sank lower in his lope, merging with the plain, a mere touch of heavier black, indistinguishable five feet away. This was the superb stalking craft at which only the great, tawny pumas in the far recesses of the mountains could match him. These men had hunted him fiercely throughout the long night before. Now he passed close to their habitat and was gone toward the rising levels which they had guarded against him.

Here once more he hunted and caught a jack rabbit at last, but did not eat although he craved food after that long race before the fighting pack. Instead, he resumed his lope toward the west, the heavy jack hanging limp

Silently, swiftly, the lobo veered. For at the top of the cliff was the silhouetted form of a man standing beside his horse, and he held four great dogs



With the heavy jack hanging limp between his jaws, the lobo found footing and clambered up the table-like formation

from his great jaws, and the trickle of blood in his mouth was a maddening thing that increased his hunger greatly. He stopped abruptly. There was the carcass of the steer he had hamstrung. He went close, dropped the jack and tore hurriedly at this greater kill which the men had finished with a bullet.

A few moments he ate, then picked up the body of the rabbit and went on. The moon was settling over the western ridges, mingling its last glow with that of the fading stars as he came down through the gorge and out into the place of hot sands. He made no effort to cover his trail, for there would be no telltale scent of his passing. Once he staggered, but went ahead.

In the east the sky flushed and emptied its vials of reds anew over the desert. The great lobo hesitated and looked about carefully, then resumed his way, wavering slightly in his lope. Here was the base of a rock wall, sheer and steep. But he found footing and clambered up to the table-like formation where two boulders leaned against each other.

At the very edge of the place he dropped the rabbit, stumbled, and a quiver ran through his haunches. Slowly he sagged, clawed at the rock and fell backward down the face of the stone. A moment he lay, slumped in a heap, then moved and there was something grim about him as he crawled off toward that fissure which held the water he craved.

HALFWAY there he quivered all over once more, then lay still, while on the table of rock far above a female lobo came from beneath the leaning boulders. She, too, was weak and her heavy body told the tale of the newborn whelps. At the edge of the rock she took the rabbit her mate had brought and returned beneath the boulders.

Far toward the east the man who rode beyond the fringes of the herd on the edge of the range country looked about keenly as his horse snorted and stood still, stiff-legged, trembling.

There, in a little gully, was the carcass of the steer that had been hamstrung two days before. They had loaded it with strychnine pills. The man rode close and a peculiar light of triumph was in his eyes. He looked away, toward the west, out over those forbidding reaches of the desert.

Slowly, then, his head shook and he marveled at the vast power that had enabled this wild thing to continue so long before the dogs, to elude them and come back here where sheer hunger had overcome cunning at last.

HE rode off to tell the others, and in the desert the female lobo came once more from among the boulders. About her was that quality of renewed strength.

Once she paced restlessly, uneasily, about the inaccessible table formation of rock. Then, of a sudden, her head lifted high, thrown far back.

Throbbing, pulsing, long-drawn, came a cry, weird and uncanny as the wail from some spirit of the waste places. Down over the dead washes it rolled and echoed back from each sheer wall of stone, reverberating with all the loneliness of a lost thing.

Again it sounded, with a rising intonation of fierceness, then ebbed away, a mournful plea, rolling, lost at last in distances and silence.

Once again it sounded, deep, uncanny, over the wastes, a weird cry of utter loneliness, perhaps one last call to the mate who did not answer.

At last, as if in mute resignation, she curled up, half hidden by the leaning boulders, great head resting on forepaws, gray-brown eyes closed to a mere slit through which she looked out on a world that was a place of brutal reds as the heat waves danced in eerie fashion and the smoke veils rose like phantoms where desert sands met desert mountains.

An Aerial Fugitive

A Thrilling Escape from the Vigilant Rays of Enemy Searchlights Over the Lines

Suddenly Jinks stood up, his face ghastly in the darkness. He was holding his throat with one hand and pointing with the other

By Major "Tom" Vigors

Illlustrations by Theodore Van Gorp

IN the latter part of the war, I was member of a special squadron detailed for night work over the German lines. The work involved anything from small night raids on ammunition dumps, billet areas and up-line airdromes, to long-distance bombing and secret service co-ordinance.

Our airdrome was situated about a couple of miles south of Aire—a comfortable sort of hole. Three large army huts had been converted into a palatial mess, and we boasted a dining room, smoking and card room, a large room set apart for ping-pong, and last, but not least, a marvelous bar, with a more marvelous attendant.

Outside the mess were dotted about the sleeping quarters of the officers, and to the east of these came the orderly room, map room, etc. Farther east still came the hangars. The whole place constituted one of the best, though smallest, airdromes along the whole Front, so far not molested very much by our friends the Boche.

At full strength, the Squadron numbered forty officers, sixteen in each flight, and four staff officers, under one of the most popular and experienced colonels in the flying game.

Well, on the particular night I wish to write about, flying had been called off. Orders were that the whole crowd could go to bed; but if the weather lifted later on we would be called for some routine bombing jobs. It was a pitch-black night, with those occasional patches of ground mist that flyers hate worse than anything else.

Not feeling particularly lively, myself, I decided to go to bed, leaving the rest of the fellows smoking and playing cards in the bar, where they elected to remain rather than follow the hint as to the desirability of sleep which the orders had conveyed. I found "Shorty" Harrison, my observer, sitting on his camp bed in our hut writing a letter to his girl.

With an abrupt gesture, Shorty finished his letter as I entered, put it on the table and then gazed at me.

"What about my revenge at crib, old flatfoot?" he queried.

"Not tonight, Shorty. I want to turn in and get a decent night's sleep for once. It seems about ten years since I've slept a whole night through without having to get out and perform. I should think you'd feel about the same way, considering the hectic time we've had for the last three weeks."

At that moment we heard a knock at the door and my orderly entered and saluted.

"The colonel wants to see yer right away in the map room, sir," he panted, turning to me. "Ses he to me, the colonel, my compliments to the lieutenant, and arsk 'im to 'urry."

"Tell him I'll be down at once."

"Yessir."

While talking with Shorty I had started to undress, and, much against my will, I reached out again for my boots and tugged them on. Then, pulling on a big coat, I made my way down to the map room. I knocked at the door and waited.

"Come in," came the colonel's voice.

I Receive Unexpected Orders

I ENTERED and there was the colonel, studying a large aerial map of our sector. He acknowledged my salute, and told me to be seated. His tone and manner were so affable that any thoughts of a scragging went completely out of my mind. Evidently the "Old Man" was in a good humor.

Finally the colonel looked up at me.

"Well, lad, listen to me. There's a very important job that has to be done tonight without fail, and much as I dislike sending any one up on a night like this, I am afraid you will have to do it. You are more used to the Ghent section and its immediate surroundings than any one else in the Squadron, and that's where you'll have to go.

Now, if you'll just be quiet and listen to me——"

Well, I listened, and as the colonel went on every hair on my head seemed to stand up separately. To go up on such a night as this was bad enough, but to do the job detailed was an absolute nightmare.

It appeared that a Secret Service officer, Captain Odd, whom I knew very well as "Jinks," had been on the other side of the lines for the past two weeks, gathering up some information of vital interest to headquarters. It had been arranged that he should be picked up at a certain spot on this night and conveyed back to our airdrome, and from there by car to Headquarters. He was to be at a large triangular field at La Pinte, a small village south of Ghent, a matter of about thirty-five miles from the front line and sixty miles in all from our airdrome.

A Flip Across the Lines

THE field in question was very well known to most of us, as it served as a good landmark when we were operating on the Gotha airdromes situated around Ghent. Arrangements had been made that Captain Odd should be in this field at three o'clock in the morning, and, beginning at two-fifty-five o'clock, would flash three longs to signal that all was clear for landing. If the lights were not seen by three-ten o'clock, I was to land and wait until four o'clock for him. If he had not arrived by that time I could clear off and return.

After giving me some technical instructions regarding the signal of the night, the colonel shook hands and wished me good luck.

Saluting, I turned to leave the map room, and just as the door was closing heard the colonel call out:

"Remember, lieutenant, your job is vital, so take no chances whatever."

I felt that I could be relied on to take no chances on a job of this character, and, muttering rather sulkily to myself, I started back to my hut. It was then 11.45 p. m., and I should have to get off the ground by 1.45 a. m. to make La Pinte comfortably in the time ordered, so I had a matter of two hours in which to map out my plans. On reaching the hut, I borrowed from Shorty a big coat and spare pair of boots, and I had the orderly fill up my thermos with hot coffee. Odd could probably do with it, I figured.

I told Shorty the news, and together we worked out the best way of getting to La Pinte with the least trouble from the Boche. Shorty knew the area just as well as myself—better, in fact, as he had had more opportunity, as observer, of noticing details when operating over that quarter. When we had finished I was surprised to find that it was time to get down to the sheds.

I found the 'bus pulled out and ready for me. Getting into my kit, I climbed in, tested the controls and gave the signal for the man to swing the "prop." In a few seconds the big engine was roaring out. Settling down in the seat, I waited for it to get warm before testing the instruments. Everything was O.K. The watch on the dashboard said 1.40 a. m. The flaremen had lighted the ground flares and I could see them walking about in the glare of the naphtha lamps.

Waving my arms for the "let-go," the wheel chucks were pulled away, and with a man at each wing tip the 'bus trundled out to the take-off. Signaling the "let-go," I swerved upwind, opened the 'bus out and went scudding alongside the flares. In a few seconds I touched the stick, and with a roar was in the air. As a matter of precaution, I had decided to climb up to a good height before crossing the lines, so I settled down into a wide spiral climb, watching the instruments closely, and now and again glancing over the side to the ground, where I could see the lights of St. Omer in the distance and, underneath, the flare lamps of the airdrome being put out one by one. Most of the mist had cleared away by this time and observation could have been worse. When I reached 16,000 feet, I turned northeast toward the lines and La Pinte, and settled down for the sixty-mile flip.

At this height I had a fairly good following wind, and in no time I could see the Very lights of the front lines twinkling and jumping about like so many fireflies. Every now and again a lurid flare would break out, showing where shells were bursting, and around the Ypres quarter there was evidently a lively artillery scrap going on, for innumerable shell bursts were flashing on both sides of the line. Looking down on an artillery mix-up at night makes you feel darn sorry for the poor chaps in the trenches. I could imagine them crouching down in their dugouts—that is, those lucky enough to find dugouts around Ypres—and wondering where the next shell was going to drop.

In less than half an hour I had crossed the lines without incident and had reached Ledeghem, just north of Menin. It was from here onward that I knew I could expect trouble. I got it, too! Searchlights sprang up seemingly from every quarter, and in less time than it takes to write it, the famous Ledeghem-Rolleghem-kupple-Gullech triangle lights were operating with a vengeance. Once a 'plane got in this combination of lights, it was difficult to get out of it, as I knew from past experience. Half throttling the engine, in order to fool them as to my actual distance, I pushed the stick forward and commenced to come down.

Waiting until 180 showed on the peto, I pulled her up and zoomed back to my old height, smacked on right rudder and left stick, shut the throttle and started a sideslip, pulled out, banked left and then opened full throttle going north. This caused all the lights to swing with one accord in my direction, and as one large beam shot across the 'plane, my heart almost stopped beating. This scrapping with searchlights was a nightly occurrence, but one I had never enjoyed and never should. Moreover, on this occasion I could not afford to take a chance and drop an egg among them or dive down a beam and smack a gun off at 'em, and get away in the resulting confusion.

Archies—anti-aircraft shells—and flaming onions, so called for their likeness to large strings of onions, were shooting up in fair numbers, but not close enough to be alarming. Evidently they had little idea of my whereabouts or actual height.

I Arrive at La Pinte

THIS strafe continued until I was past Wacken, when things quieted down a little and I was able to discern the lights of Ghent, in front and slightly to the south. I had got off my course in dodging the "hate." It was now 2.40 and in a few minutes I would be over Deynze, where I planned to shut off and glide down to La Pinte. In this way I should eliminate to a large extent the risk of having my exact position spotted. Although it was a dark night, clouds were not troublesome, luckily, and I could just make out the Deynze-Ghent Road, with the railway line running alongside.

I got the 'bus in a steep glide, and in a short time was over La Pinte, with 8,000 feet still showing on the aneroid. Pulling over in a slight bank, I commenced the spiral down, all the time keeping a sharp eye open for Jinks, as it was now about time for him to commence his signaling. Seven thousand, six, five, four and then three thousand showed on the aneroid, but still no light. This

was a fine pickle to be in. Up to that time I had had pretty good luck. The strafing was bad, but not more than usual, and the bad night had helped rather than hindered. Now, if I had to cruise around until the appointed time, I should be located immediately, while, if I took a chance and came down, I should not be carrying out the colonel's explicit instructions. However, I decided that I could only choose the lesser of two evils, so I continued the spiral, preparatory to landing.

By a series of sideslips, I came down to within 200 feet of the ground. The field was immediately in front of me, and I was heading due west, which was upwind. Now, landing a machine at night, with flares to guide you is not a particularly easy matter, but to come down in a strange field, on a dark night, with no flares, thirty-five miles over the German lines, and with the knowledge that it had to be done without the slightest mishap, did not appeal to me in the smallest degree. I dared not use the engine to help out if I was short, and therefore the 'bus had to be landed the first time, with no chance of going around for a second shot.

Straining every nerve to catch sight of any obstacle in the way, I skimmed along just over a couple of trees. Still gliding, I crossed a ditch, a little bank, and the field was directly underneath me. I flattened out, pulled the stick back and bumped along the ground. I had landed without any trouble, but a big slice of luck must have been on my side. Though I had absolutely no hope that the engine would pick up again on a small throttle, I tried it. To my surprise, she ticked over quite reasonably, so I taxied around to the ditch, turned upwind again ready for the take-off and came to a standstill. While the engine was not making much noise ticking as it was then, to me it sounded like several thunderstorms rolled into one, and how any one within a radius of miles could have failed to hear it, I could not see. I expected hordes of people to come running out, and I sat still, hardly daring to breathe.

I worked myself into such a pitch of nerves that I decided to switch the blamed thing off, rather than run the risk of being discovered. Jinks had not turned up, and I reasoned that I could swing over the prop myself to get compression, and leave the rest to the starter magneto. Surely that would not let me down! By now I was in such a fever of funk that I could not sit still, so I climbed out of the 'bus. My knees were so shaky that I could hardly stand, but I managed to pull myself together, finally. Then, I went around to the front and swung the propeller for compression. After that I got out the borrowed coat and boots, so that Jinks could put them on without delay.

It was necessary for me to go to the other end of the field. I remembered having noticed some trees there and I wanted to have a look at them to see what kind of take-off I had. I discovered that I should have to hold the giddy 'bus down until the very last minute in order to clear them, and it was a lucky thing I walked out there to have a look. The walk had braced me up a bit and I felt considerably better, although far from happy. I could not make out what had happened to Jinks. Though it was now only five past three o'clock, it seemed to me as if it was ages since I had dropped into the field.

Getting back to the 'bus, I climbed up to take a look at the pressure gauge, and to prime the engine. Just then the unmistakable sound of a rifle shot rang out. I was in no state to judge how far away it was, and for the first time the thought flashed across my mind that all along I had been too lucky. Everything—the landing, dodging the lights, the engine picking up—was too good to be true. I knew it could not work out like that.

There had been just one shot and then silence!

But a moment later my heart began a frenzied thumping. What was that? I could hear a strange swishing sound, together with gasps as if a man was winded. Gazing in the direction from which it came, I could make out a dim shape crawling cautiously along the ground.

This must be Jinks, I thought, but, not taking any chances, I pulled out my automatic and went toward the shape. If it turned out to be an enemy I'm sure the automatic would have been quite useless, as my hand was shaking as if I had the ague.

The man was coughing with a dreadful sound.

"That you, Odd?" I whispered.

"Yes," came a muffled voice. "But be quick and get me off. They've nearly got me this time. I'm all in."

I pulled him to his feet. He was, as he said, all in. Stumbling along, we made our way as quickly as possible to the airplane. Odd was a terrible-looking figure. His clothes were in absolute rags, and, in helping him along, I had felt a beard on his chin, long and matted together. Poor chap! What he must have been through! And there I had been, and was still, in a blue funk over having to wait for a matter of fifteen minutes on this side. He had been here a fortnight. I felt downright ashamed of myself, but this shame did not relieve me of the shakes. I pulled the coat over him, helped him up into the observer's cockpit and slung in the boots after him, telling him to pull them on as best he could when we were up.

Darting round to the prop, I gave it a swing. Not a sign of life. Another swing and then another, but the engine was dead, though it was still hot. In a frenzy, I tore around to the cockpit. Like a fool, I had forgotten the switch. Putting this over, I dropped down and made again for the prop. Two swings, and the engine gave a kick. The third swing and a twirl of the starter magneto and she started. It was a mighty good thing she did, for by that time I was too winded to swing again with any strength.

I scrambled in and opened her up without troubling to look at anything. Then in a flash it came over me that I was acting like a baby. I had got Jinks, the engine was going well and we were off. What more could I want? Pulling myself together, I gave full throttle and

MAJOR "TOM" VIGORS (at left in the wartime photo above) has written for McCLURE'S a series of true stories based on his personal experiences in a career of aerial adventure rarely paralleled. His narratives typify the hair-raising experiences of night flyers during the world war.

"The Sky Pirate," his next article, will appear in the March McCLURE'S.

held the 'bus down until I could make out the dim shape of the trees in front of me. With a terrific climbing turn, I yanked her off the ground, the wing tip almost touching the tops of the trees. I completed the whole circle and turned southwest, climbing as fast as I could on the straight.

I knew that a few miles away the Boche had an airdrome at Denis St. Westrem, where they housed two squadrons of Gothas and a squadron of chasers. If they got on to the stunt it would not take the chasers any time to get up with me and give me a rough-house. I headed toward Sweveghem, planning to turn east there and carry on south of Courtrai. I knew the crowd at Ledeghem would be waiting for me to come back, and although Courtrai was a hot shop, I preferred a different route to the one I had taken coming out.

Enemy Searchlights Spot Our Plane

THE 'bus was climbing well, and so far no excitement could be made out below us. However, there had been very little time for the alarm to be spread, unless the man who had fired the rifle was near enough to give a warning.

Turning around, I banged on the fuselage to attract Jinks' attention. I could see him crouching down with his head resting on the side of the swivel gun mounting. He could not hear my fist banging, but the sight of it was enough to tell him I wanted to speak to him. Jinks was an experienced flier and knew the ropes pretty well as far as the signals go. Pulling himself up, he leaned toward me.

"Telephones!" I yelled in his ear. "Hanging on your left!"

With a nod he reached down and held one to his ear. He had no helmet to fit it in and I had forgotten to bring one for him.

"There's some chocolate in your coat pocket, Odd, and hot coffee in the drum locker in front of you. Thought you would like it."

Through the telephone I could hear the terrible hacking rasp of Jinks' cough, while every now and then, as I turned around to take a look in the direction of Ghent, I could see him pulling himself up from the side of the cockpit and then flopping down again.

"What's the matter?" I boomed at him. "Don't you want the coffee or chocolate?"

He shook his head and pointed to his chest, repeating the motion several times. He had dropped the telephone. I took it to mean that he was still too winded to talk, drink or eat, so I turned back and settled down for the flight back.

A flash came on the dashboard instruments' dials, and, half turning to the right, I saw the long beam of a searchlight slowly making its way over the sky toward me. Looking down, I could see the four railway lines that meet at Waereghem. I had made good time. Just in front of me I could see Vichte, so I turned a couple of points south. By this time I had got to 10,000 feet and was still climbing fast.

The searchlight had gone out by now. Altering our course, I headed for the south of Sweveghem. Carrying on with this course, I was soon south of Courtrai where I turned east toward Menin. Evidently the warning had been given out by this time, for I could see in front of me the searchlights of Moorseele, Menin and Wervick, together with batteries of lights in locations entirely unknown to me. A thick stream of flaming onions was shooting up from Menin, but luckily it was nowhere near my height as yet. The lights of the front line could be seen, and straight in front was evidence of a terrific strafe on the lines in front of Warneton. From the air it seemed that shells were bursting as thickly as clustered peas.

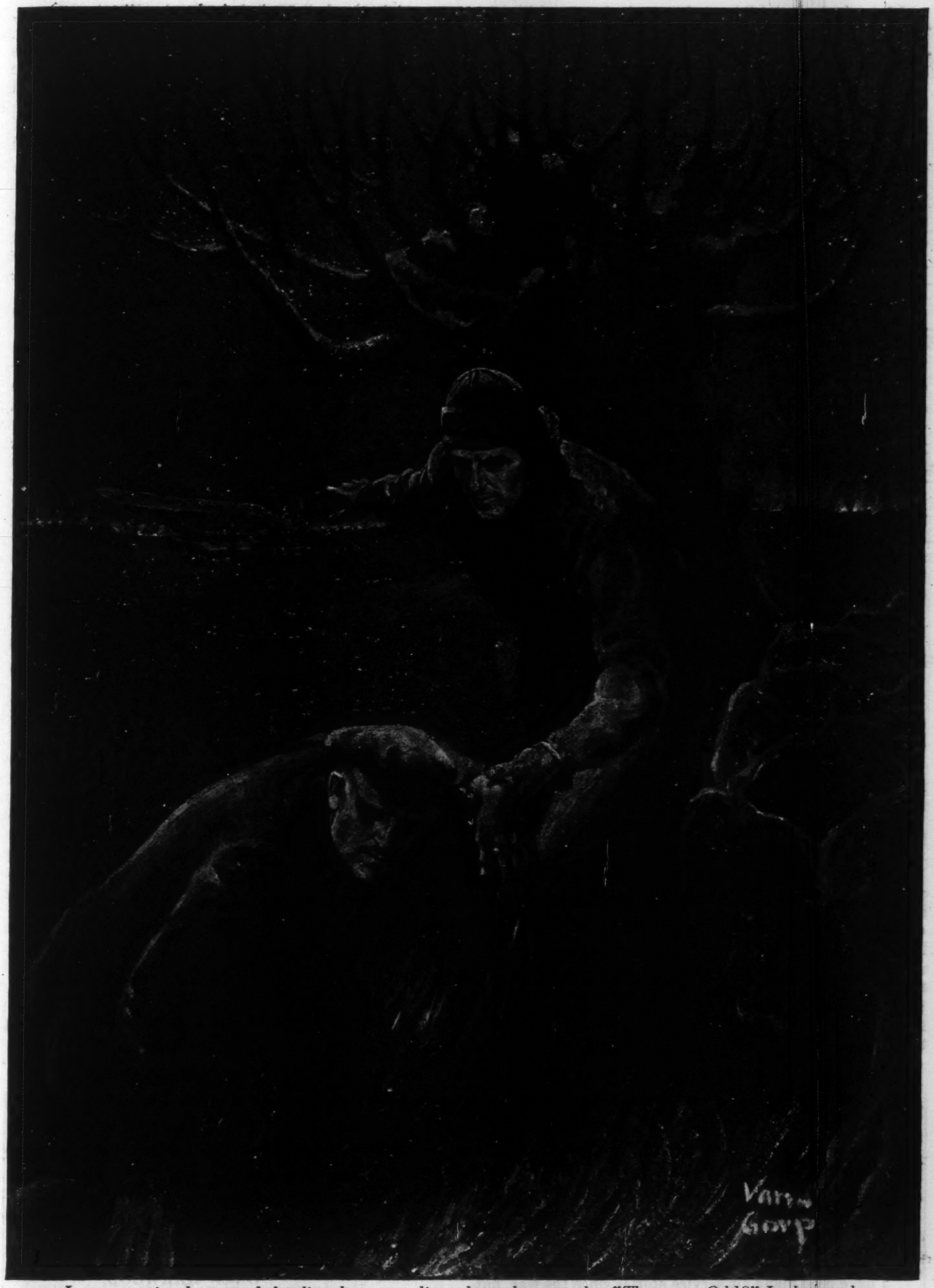
In a blinding flash, the sky in our vicinity was suddenly illuminated with an intense white light. The airplane was lighted up as if sunlight was pouring down on it. Every detail of the mechanical structure was visible to my eyes. A searchlight operating below had suddenly been switched on and the first ray had accidentally found my 'bus.

People who have not flown at night can have very little idea of how large a searchlight's rays are when they are playing on an airplane. From the ground it appears just a thin pencil of light, straying aimlessly over the heavens in a search for its object. How many people have tried to imagine what it is like from the air? How many people can imagine what it feels like to have innumerable fingers pointing up at you from a depth of thousands of feet, each finger a blinding flash of light? How it seems to be perched up on top of one of these fingers, squirming, rocketing in a frantic endeavor to get out of its deadly ray? Such feelings are indeed hard to describe. The mad rushing, slipping, making your mind up in a fraction of a second and sticking to the decision, as to alter it may cost your life, takes up in reality a very small space of time. To the vivid imagination it is a lifetime. So it was now.

Try as I would, the ray could not be thrown off. I heaved the 'bus in a vertical bank and slid down the beam. In this way only a small portion of the airplane is visible to the operators below. Suddenly I flattened out and made with a swirl an Immelman turn upward in the opposite direction, but still the ray held on. Next a sideslip to the left, a quick recover and the same to the right, but still my eyes were blinking at the light. The Archies were by this time getting dangerously near, and the machine gun bullets, interspaced with tracers, were speeding up. Flaming onions were all around us. I was losing height at a very high speed. Suddenly opening out with full throttle, I turned west and headed for the lines, with the light holding on. Then, with a quick flat turn, I was heading north, and we were out of the ray. Only for a second, though, before it held us again, and in a last venture I put the 'bus into a wild dive down the beam, at the same time letting off the machine gun straight into the heart of the light. I could not afford the loss of height, or the chance taken, but it worked, and it was suddenly as dark as a few seconds before it had been light.

A Narrow Escape

GLANCING at the aneroid, I saw that the height was 4,000 feet. All too little. The air seemed full of shells bursting, machine gun tracers and onions, with a good sprinkling of searchlights wildly waving about in an endeavor to pick us up again. Let 'em wave, I muttered to myself. The more quickly they moved their rays the less chance they had of getting me. The run home had developed into a tree-hopping race. For a time I could not make out my position. In endeavoring to dodge the light, I had lost all idea of course, and only had the instinct to turn west. I soon found that I had got over the famous strafing ground at Mouscron, Tourcoing, Roubaix. With the little height I had I was over these places before the men on the ground realized it, and away at 90 miles an hour in all directions, first swerving one way and then the other, all the time keeping my direction westerly. I did not endeavor to climb again. All my time was occupied in keeping out of the way of searchlights and the clusters of machine gun tracers.



I went cautiously toward the dim shape crawling along the ground. "That you, Odd?" I whispered. "Yes," came a muffled voice. "But be quick and get me off. They've nearly got me this time. I'm all in"

which were clearly visible as they rushed upward like so many sparks.

Another scuffle with a searchlight, and then I felt a terrific bang on the head. Turning quickly, I saw Jinks standing up, his face looking ghastly in the darkness. He was holding his throat with one hand and pointing in front of him with the other. I turned around, and a few feet in front of us I saw a huge billowy shape. I pulled frantically at the stick; the 'bus gave a sickening shudder and shot up.

We Graze a Balloon

JUST underneath, so close that the wheels of the 'bus almost grazed it, was an observation balloon. It was gone in a flash. I had not been on the lookout for such a thing, although I had noticed that the searchlights had kept away from this area. It was the first time I had ever seen a balloon up at night, and although we were near the line at this time flying quite low, I had never dreamed of such a happening. It made me shudder. Because of my carelessness in not looking ahead while dodging the lights, I had come dangerously near losing Jinks and his information.

The "hate" at this time was terrific, and it seems incredible that we were not touched. We still had to cross the line, but I knew we were over the worst of our troubles, and, barring accidents of a mechanical nature, could make it easily.

We roared along, heading straight for Armentières. Searchlights were still going wild behind us, but they were too late now to pick us up.

"We'll soon be over now, Jinks!" I yelled down the phone.

In my ears I could hear the same terrible gasps and coughs, and then came Jinks' husky voice.

"For heaven's sake, get me there quickly!"

"Right," I answered. "The boys will all be waiting for you in the mess and we'll have a royal time. Just let us get out of this mix-up here."

Poor chap, he had had a pretty rough night of it! It was easy to guess that he had had a struggle to get to La Pinte, and since then the strafe had been lively. Well, he deserved something good, and would most probably get it when he reached Headquarters, I thought, with a good big chunk of Blighty leave thrown in.

No Man's Land was practically underneath us now, and the last of the "hate" was being thrown up. From the bumps, it seemed to me as if the Boche were using 9.2 shells for Archies. We were too low for comfort and lurching all over the place. Armentières was getting its usual nightly deluge of shells and it seemed incredible that civilians would still have the tenacity to hang on to the bits of wood and brick they called homes. But I knew that civilians were down there amid the horrible torture of war—old men, women and children—and that every night the shells took their ghastly toll. Apparently, nothing would make these people leave the town.

With a feeling of indescribable joy, I saw the lights of No Man's Land behind us, and knew that we were over. I shook the 'bus as a signal to Jinks, and turned around to wave my hand at him. I could just see the top of his head above the fuselage, and wondered if he had absolutely collapsed from fatigue. I shouted down the phone several times to tell him we were over, but got no reply. Finally I gave it up and settled down to getting home as quickly as possible.

Bringing Jinks back would probably be the means of getting some important information to headquarters, and I felt very proud that I had been picked out to do the job. And, above all, I was glad that I had not let the colonel down.

Following the small river Lys, I passed over Merville and soon came in sight of the lights of Aire. I had forgotten to switch on my navigation lights, and a searchlight began nosing around trying to pick me up. Hastily switching on the lights, I fired off a Very pistol, giving the night signal light, and the searchlight went out with a shiver.

The airdrome was soon approached, so, reloading the Very pistol, I sent off again the night signal, which was immediately answered by the ground officer in charge. In a few minutes the flares were alight. Then I commenced a glide in, and a few minutes later was bumping along the ground.

What a feeling to be back again! I had had it before, times out of number, but had never before returned from such a mission. I set the 'bus off toward the orderly room and taxied as close to it as I could. A crowd of fellows came rushing toward me, headed by the colonel.

A Tragic Home-Coming

"I'VE got him, colonel!" I shrieked out. "Treat him lightly, boys, he's all in. Nothing happened to us, I believe, except that we have a strained wire through nearly bumping a sausage balloon."

Joyfully I jumped down, shook hands with the colonel and Shorty, then turned to the back cockpit for Jinks.

He was still huddled up in the corner.

"Come on, Jinks lad, we're home," I called.

A couple of fellows jumped up to help him out and I got down.

In a moment or two they came up to where the colonel and I were talking. One of them held a piece of paper in his hand.

"We found this in his hand, colonel," the chap said, handing over the paper.

On it was written: "I tried to speak, but couldn't. The information I got is——"

Jinks was dead! The shot I heard at La Pinte had gone through his lungs.

What a Veteran of the Air Service Says of Major Vigors' First Article

TYPICAL of many comments that readers have made on the series of aviation stories written for McCLURE'S by Major Vigors is the following letter from a former member of one of our own American aero squadrons:

Editor McCLURE'S MAGAZINE:

I have read many air service stories since the war, but would like to say that "One Night Over the Lines"—the first narrative in the series that you announce by Major Vigors—is the best and truest I have ever read.

I served nineteen months in France with a night-flying squadron and can really say from my own experiences that Major Vigors has really "been there."

Am anxiously awaiting more of them.

OREN HARWOOD,
Galesburg, Illinois.

Red to the Right

By H. Bedford-Jones

Illustrations by Glen Mitchell

Three Men and a Girl—and a Tempest on Lake Michigan

Delaney was stricken mute. The straining face beneath the sou'wester, the face framed in the window over him, was the face of Nan Johnson

THERE was just one thing in the world that Jason Johnson, known in La Salle Street as "Steel Head," wanted and did not know how to get. He would have given all his wealth to get it, but nobody knew this. Not even his daughter, the party most concerned, suspected it. Certainly Nan could not read it in his indomitable gaze as she braced herself to the swing of the yacht and faced his answer. She had come to think him bitter, hard and cold, implacable as granite.

"I'd sooner sink than run in to St. James for shelter," he said, clamping down on his cigar. "I know why you want to land there, my girl. We'll go on to Mackinac spite of hell or high water. I wish you'd tell Gaunt to run down and tune in this cursed radio for me. I want to get the opening market from Chicago."

Nan gave him look for look, a surge of anger lightening her gray eyes. Framed in silk oilskins, her face was a refinement of his own—the same wide, fearless gaze, the same heavy lids, the same thin nostrils and line of mouth; but all softened and beautified in a miraculous manner. At least, Jason Johnson thought it miraculous.

"Call the steward to run your errands," she said deliberately, then turned and was gone.

Gaining the deck above, she held to the companion rail and gazed over the empty expanse of Lake Michigan. The morning fog was being driven and scattered by the rising wind out of the west. A gray cloud rack hung menacing; so low was the horizon that the Michigan coast to starboard was hidden from sight. Mighty rollers were smashing across from the Wisconsin shore until the motor cruiser wallowed and plunged as she drove north toward Mackinac.

Gaunt approached Nan from forward. He was tall, awkwardly built, with an undershot jaw and tenacious eyes. An ample inheritance allowed him to play amateur-mechanic with boats and engines of all kinds, and he believed strongly in himself. Nan could not blame him because her mother had picked him for the slaughter, as she expressed it, nor because her father had acquiesced. Mrs. Johnson, who was at present opening the summer cottage at Mackinac, attended to all domestic affairs. Nan even felt a trifle sorry for poor Gaunt. Now, despite her parting speech to her father, she nodded toward the companionway.

"DAD'S hungering for your company," she said cheerfully. "Go down and get him tuned in, like a good chap. When he is occupied with wheat and oats, come up forward and talk to me about something very particular. Will you?"

"You bet," returned Gaunt, and hurriedly vanished below. Nan smiled a little. She had disconnected the radio ground and knew she could count on a little delay. Meanwhile, she made her way forward to the tiny chart

and pilot house. Cap'n Johnny Wright himself had the wheel, and welcomed her with a smile on his hearty brown cheeks.

"Wind's coming up fast, Miss Johnson! Before noon you'll get the blow you've wanted, though we'll be in the island lee by then."

"You haven't sighted the island yet?"

Cap'n Johnny shook his head, shifted the spokes, glanced from binnacle to high-heaving seas, squinting as his gaze swept the horizon.

"Big blow coming up. With luck, we'll make Mackinac some time tonight."

"How do you tell at night," she asked, standing beside him, "which side of the light to steer for? If there's a red light, how do you know which side of it is the channel?"

"Red to the right," said Cap'n Johnny. "When I was in the Arnold line, I'd always make the wheelers remember that. Red to the right o' the channel, every time."

"Oh! But what about Harbor Springs?"

"Well "—Cap'n Johnny chuckled—"true enough. But every place else, red to the right. You look at the chart and see."

NAN settled herself comfortably on the seat behind him and tucked up one leg.

"Cap'n Johnny, I want you to do something for me. Something big."

"Uh-huh." Cap'n Johnny Wright did not look around, but his tone was encouraging.

"At Mackinac, my engagement to Mr. Gaunt is to be announced—or so mother says," confided Nan. "Now, I came along on the yacht because I knew you'd help me. You can't make Charlevoix in a heavy sea, and it's forty miles to Harbor Springs; so, if something breaks as we go up the channel, we'd have to put into St. James."

"Stands to reason," commented the skipper. Nan's gray eyes widened happily.

"Then you will!"

"If anything busts, sure. But they ain't liable to."

"Yes, but I mean—make 'em bust! You've got to!"

To this Cap'n Johnny did not respond, and Nan was wise enough not to intrude on his silence.

He squinted out at the horizon, where an ore barge was wallowing heavily in the channel, and a frown drew down his gray brows. Cap'n Johnny knew why Nan's thoughts were fastened on Beaver Island. He knew how Nan had met Ed Delaney the previous summer, and how one thing had led to another, and so on. He knew that Ed Delaney was at home on Beaver Island this summer, fishing, and that Delaney had caused storm signals to be hoisted over the Johnson mansion at Wilmette.

"If there's any fuss with dad," spoke up Nan, when the silence became heavy, "I'll fix——"

"It ain't that," said Cap'n Johnny, and turned his troubled gaze to her. "I'm takin' your dad's money. What I'd like to do, ain't what I can do. I'm obeyin' orders."

"Right," she admitted, though her heart sank. "I hadn't thought of it that way. Tell me, will you run in close to the island?"

He nodded. "Right outside the fish stakes."

"All right. What time will we be off St. James?"

He considered a moment. "One o'clock, I reckon."

"Thank you, Cap'n Johnny." The girl rose. "You wait and see."

He flung her a quick glance, but could not intercept her eyes, for Nan turned swiftly to the door and was gone.

"Well, I guess there's only one kind of answer that you can

Out on deck, she stood at the rail as the cruiser plunged northward, over her decks flying spindrift and spray as the rollers hammered her smooth sides. The seas were gaining in size, swept up from across the lake under the west gale. Ahead, Nan presently spied a low gray patch against the horizon—Beaver Island, close at hand yet nearly invisible. At the upper end of the long island was St. James harbor. Even as she stared, the girl saw that the wallowing ore barge ahead was driving for the shelter of the island haven, for at the north end of the channel the seas would be tremendous.

"Yet dad will run to Harbor Springs if he can—forty miles of it, rather than let me land on the island!" thought the girl, and her eyes were stormy as she gazed at the speck of land to the north. Scattered phrases still rang in her ears from the last hurricane which had shaken the mansion in Wilmette—"low fisherman," "disgrace to the family name," "ignorant dock walloper" and so on. They still burned. Why, only her father had been willing to meet Delaney—and that in order to intimidate him! Yet a slow smile touched her lips, despite the bitterness and resentment in her heart.

"And what would dad say if he knew?" she reflected. "If he knew that Ed Delaney had been working in his office all winter? If he knew that Delaney had made

understand——" Delaney's blow knocked the elder man down

good with him——" She turned at a touch, to find Gaunt at her elbow.

The gale was blowing too heavily for speech here at the rail; she caught his arm and guided him to the lee of the deck house, and there swung about to face him. She had chosen her course deliberately. From Gaunt she could expect no mercy; only too well she knew his stubborn tenacity of purpose.

"Do you still want that kiss you asked for last night?" she demanded abruptly.

He started. A glow leaped into his spray-wet cheeks, for she was smiling in cool challenge.

"Do I! Of course! You mean——"

SHE evaded his hand. "I mean I'll sell it to you for information. You know all about engines. What would cripple a boat's engine without disabling it entirely and at once? No questions, now. Let's see whether you really want that kiss or not!"

Gaunt was no fool; he knew, of course, about the Delaney affair. Yet, with the flush in her cheek and the sparkle in her eye, Nan Johnson would have put fire into any man's heart. Small wonder Gaunt forgot his caution, with desire biting at him. Small wonder he stammered out the things she needed to know.

Then she leaned forward, letting him take her in his arms for a moment, and when she broke from him and darted below, there was a sharper flush in her cheeks.

JASON JOHNSON and Gaunt and Nan were just finishing luncheon when it happened, with a lurch and swing as the yacht drove into the trough of the seas. Five minutes later Cap'n Johnny appeared in the doorway, a daub of grease streaked across one cheek. From the one unshuttered port, Nan could see the harbor entrance a quarter-mile distant, and the white coast-guard station beside the lighthouse, and the two big barges anchored in the haven for shelter and the scattered sand-gray houses along the curving shore beyond. Deep as the harbor was, white horses were galloping past the heads.

"Something's played the mischief with the engines, sir," said Cap'n Johnny. "We may be able to make the harbor. Two cylinders are——"

"Huh!" Jason Johnson transfixed him with a cold, steady eye. "What's the cause?"

"Can't find it yet, sir. The engineer swears there must be sand in the oil; says he'll have to take her apart and get inside of her."

"Make the harbor," said Jason Johnson calmly.

The skipper cast a look at Nan, which she demurely ignored, and withdrew. Gaunt was sent to tune in on the one-o'clock market report and list the prices; he departed hastily. Jason Johnson put a cigar between his teeth and looked across the table at his daughter.

"You did it," he declared.

She regarded him with a coolly challenging smile and a lift of her brows, tacitly admitting the accusation.

"My girl, it won't do!" He made an effort which was much greater than appeared on the surface. "We've made great plans for you. Can't let you fling yourself away on an ignorant fisherman. No doubt he's a good sort and all that, but it won't do. You're too far above him. You must marry up, not down——"

"Really?" Nan studied him, wide-eyed. "Weren't you a workman in a grain elevator?"

"Nothing to do with it. I've fought up in the world. I've pulled you up—away up!"

"To the level of—Gaunt?" she said smoothly.

"Never mind that. I'll not force him on you if you'll be sensible. Fair bargain, my girl! We've given you everything on earth that money can buy——"

"That's it—that's it!" she exclaimed swiftly. "You've worked so hard for money that it's blinded you! And now you think that happiness comes from the outside; you think it can be bought, arranged for, forced to come! It can't. It comes from inside. All you've got inside of *you* is hard stone. Love? You don't know what it is. You can't react to me any more—all you can react to is the stock market. Your home is an incident."

"Nonsense. Don't try to evade." Jason Johnson frowned heavily upon her. "Cheapen yourself! That's the word. We can't see you become a fisherman's wife. You're all we have. We can't let you cheapen yourself, my girl."

Then, a sudden angry flood rising scarlet in her cheeks, Nan loosed her bolt.

"Cheapen myself, indeed! How far will you drive me—how cheap will you force me to become, then? D'you know how I learned what to do to the engines? By selling

Delaney stood up, feet braced wide. A smash was inevitable. He hurled the line from a wave crest, shouting: "Make fast to him! Make fast, you fool!"

myself—selling a kiss, soiling my pride and my lips for the sake of a better gain. And then you talk about cheapening myself!"

The bolt went deep, as she had known it would. Jason Johnson compressed his lips.

"I'm sorry," he said at last. "You've hurt me, my girl. Why won't you listen to me? Don't you think I know the sort of lives these lake men lead? Don't I know their habits, their narrow lives, their constricted view of things? Come, I want to be fair——"

"THAT'S a lie!" The blazing words silenced him, shocked him. "You don't want to be fair, not for a minute! Why, you wouldn't even meet Ed Delaney! You looked him up—oh, yes! Found he was all right, yes! But his people are humble and he works with his hands in a boat, instead of with his wits in La Salle Street. You don't know that he was in Chicago last winter, do you? Well, he was. He made good there. I wouldn't let him come to see you, because you're not fair. You said you wouldn't meet him except to thrash him. You! You think we're all afraid of you—and you won't even be fair! All right, I'm of age. I don't give a snap for your money, for anything you can do. You want to fight—I'll fight!"

Quivering with the intensity of her own emotion, Nan rose and swept from the mess cabin to her own stateroom, and slammed the door. Jason Johnson sat motionless, teeth clenched on his cigar, face like stone. Presently he sighed; that was all. After a bit, Gaunt came in with a paper, which he handed to Jason Johnson.

"I've a big deal on," said the latter, after looking at the report. "Things aren't going as they should. When we dock, send a message for me, will you? There's a telephone line here to Charlevoix. I may have to get in touch with my bank. Depends on prices."

The luxurious cruiser crept into the little haven with its long curving sand beach, its weather-beaten houses nestling under high trees that broke the bitter touch of winter gales, its fishing craft harbored along the shore. None of the boats were out, nor had the mail boat come from Charlevoix that day; it could not come, being an old craft and cranky in heavy seas. Two big barges were anchored in the center of the harbor, and one or two skiffs were visiting them, most of the lake boats having Beaver men either forward or aft.

Since Jason Johnson cared nothing for expense, Cap'n Johnny Wright crawled right on to the McCann dock, and with his three men got the yacht lined up, then set to work uncovering the marred engines. Gaunt went ashore with his telegram. Not a few islanders came down to look at the fine craft, and some of these lined the wharf to gossip with Cap'n Johnny, who knew many of them. After a bit Jason Johnson came out on deck, stolid and silent. For a little while he stood there smoking, his hard eyes roving from the gray dock to the long stretch of town; it circled the harbor from the ruined Mormon houses on the south point to the lighthouse on the north point. The wind was whining through the trees, now and again stirring up a light scour of sand from the road, and the net frames that girded the shore were squeaking and squealing as they turned. Presently Jason Johnson looked at the men on the dock, and asked an abrupt question.

"Where'll I find Ed Delaney?"

The men consulted. They decided that Ed was probably mending nets in his own shed this side Cap'n Allers' house by the sawmill. One of them gave Jason Johnson a hand and helped him to the dock, and set him on his way.

He trudged along past the hotel, turned down the car track at the mill, and, after inquiring his way, found the shed where Ed Delaney was mending nets.

DELANEY, who was alone there, sighted the visitor. He dropped his work and came to the entrance, hand outstretched and a smile on his brown face. For all his old clothes he was good to look upon, being larger than Jason Johnson himself, and his face very strong and firm.

"Glad to see you!" he exclaimed heartily. "I was coming aboard presently."

"Huh!" The other ignored his hand. "I've seen you before. Didn't know it was you."

Despite the refusal of his hand, Delaney's eyes twinkled at this.

"How could you know? Sorry I couldn't come out with it, but it wouldn't do."

"Huh!" The cold eyes of Jason Johnson bored at him. "Called yourself Boyle."

"My middle name." Delaney grinned. "Yes, and got a job in your own office, and made good at it! Nan wanted me to do that first——"

"Uh-huh." Johnson swept all this aside with an air of perfect comprehension. "Put one over on me, huh? Don't like it. Now, young man, how far have things gone between you and Nan? Let's have a show-down here and now."

"Done," said Delaney, and sobered. "Will you come over to the house?"

"This is good enough. Answer my question. And no lies."

A glint came into Delaney's blue eyes. Ed Delaney was said to have a swift temper, but the stony face of Jason Johnson, the impervious and impersonal attitude of the man, was not to be countered by anger. Besides, this was Nan's father; many things hinged on the outcome of this meeting. Delaney gave him eye for eye and spoke calmly.

"Things have gone this far: I know the only woman I'll ever marry is Nan Johnson."

"What about her? Made any promises?"

"No. But I know she—she loves me. And I've wanted to come straight to you, never fear!" Delaney loosed his restraint. "I wanted to put it up to you fair and square, make you give me a chance. Nan wanted to wait, and that was hard; but I did it. She's the skipper. Now that you've come to me, we can have it out. I've saved up money, I have an education——"

"NEVER mind all that," said Jason Johnson, and turned to look at the houses. His air was insolent and brutal. He inspected the mill, the houses, the sand and scattered trees that ran off toward the Indian village. Here everything was harshly primitive, tiny details of life bulked large; if there were any inner refinement, it did not show on the surface. Then he turned and swept Delaney again with his cold gaze.

"How much?"

Delaney went white. "Be careful!" he said slowly.

"Huh! None of that. I have you ticketed; no bluff goes. You'll never set eye on my girl again. You think you have a soft thing and can force it through. Well, it's ended! I'm willing to buy you off, so state your price and let's have it over."

Delaney was whiter yet. "I see why they call you Steel Head," said he, in a curiously soft voice. "I don't give a fig for your insult—for you or your money, either. But I told you that Nan loved me. Your words are insulting to her. I guess there's only one kind of answer that a man like you can understand——"

His blow knocked the elder man against the door frame and jarred the shed.

Men came running from the mill and the near-by sheds, and a crowd gathered at the doorway, for it was a grand sight. Jason Johnson knocked Delaney down three times, and then put the boots to him; by this time Delaney was warmed up, and evaded the boots, and went into the elder man with both fists and feet. Then it was soon over, and it was not Delaney who was knocked cold.

Cap'n Allers took Jason Johnson up to his house, helped him wash up and patch up, gave him a drink or so. It cannot be denied that the man showed his hurts. A black frown on his bruised face, he walked back to the dock without so much as a "God-bless-ye" for any soul he met.

When he reached the yacht it was bad news that he found waiting for him.

That afternoon the gale drew down harder than ever, sweeping the clouds from the sky and blowing great guns from the west. The telephone line to Charlevoix was dead. Another barge crept in for shelter, with word that the *Griffin* was ashore in the Charlevoix channel.

Toward evening Delaney cleaned up, shaved and dressed in his best. Barring a cut or two, he showed small signs of the encounter with Jason Johnson. He knew that the yacht was laid up, and had been making a few plans of his own.

DELANEY was sitting down to supper when Bill Allers dropped in, bringing the news.

"The millionaire is in a bad way," said Bill, with a joyous grin. "Glory be, how money does torment a man! Before the telephone line bruk down, he had bad news from Chicago and now he can't send a message. He's like to lose money."

"Good for him," said Delaney.

"That ain't all," said Bill Allers. "The brass-and-mahogany outfit won't run, and he's offered big money to any man who'll take a message to the mainland. He says to me, 'I'll give ye a hundred flat to do it.' I says, 'Not for five hundred! No man's fool enough to try to cross in a gas boat, with the sea that'll be runnin' outside Skillagalee.' Tom Fat Mary Boyle, bein' drunk, agreed to go, but his wife heard of it and that settled the matter."

Delaney grinned. He and Bill Allers were partners at the fishing.

"I was thinking some of taking our boat and running down the shore, if you'd run the engines," said he. "But not for money, Bill. The girl aboard that yacht, d'ye see? If she'd go, now——"

"Oh!" said Bill, and stared at him. "She's the Chicago girl, is she? Glory be! I'll go with ye in a minute, Ed!"

"Well, I'll have to see if she'll go," said Delaney, and rose from the table. "Go on home and get your supper, Bill. I'll let you know."

"Then, for the love o' Mike, slip the word quiet!" said Bill solemnly. "If Kitty thought I was goin' out tonight, she'd raise sand, and I don't want my happy home bruk up. I'll get a bite to eat, then come down to the McCann dock. That's the best way."

So it was agreed. Delaney caught up his hat and went down to the dock, caring nothing about Jason Johnson, but wondering how he could get word with Nan. Before reaching the large dock, he saw lanterns bobbing inside the Booth dock, and a flashlight at work. He saw Eddie Gallegher limping up toward town, hailed him, and Eddie gave a laugh.

"Sure, the millionaire's bought the old *Norah*, and is going to run her over to the mainland his own self! They're puttin' gas aboard her now."

"Why, he's a fool!" exclaimed Delaney.

"So he's been told. It makes no differ to him. Money's a wonderful blinder!"

DELANEY went on to the McCann dock, and there he met Cap'n Johnny Wright, walking up and down and softly swearing to himself. When they were known to each other in the darkness, Delaney asked if the news was true.

"Aye," said Cap'n Johnny. "And because we're all married men aboard here and not entirely fools, the lad Gaunt is going to run him over. Not a man could he hire to go out tonight. Who'd risk his life to help a rich man make more money?"

"Not me," said Delaney. "Who's this Gaunt?"

"He's hoping to marry your girl."

"Oh!" said Delaney, and whistled. "She didn't write me of that. Is he a good man?"

"Good outside," said Cap'n Johnny. "He fancies himself. Says he can pilot the *Norah* across, and between them they can manage the engines. Is she a good boat?"

"Housed and stanch enough, but bad engines," said Delaney. "If they get across, it'll be by drifting. Where's Miss Johnson? I want to see her."

Cap'n Johnny grunted. "Her dad said good-by to her, told her to stay aboard the yacht, and ordered me not to leave her set foot ashore. Then he went along."

"Since when were you a policeman?" said Delaney.

"He didn't wait for me to ask him that," said Cap'n Johnny, and laughed. "Ye can't go aboard, lad, but I'm no detective and no guard, neither. If the girl comes ashore, confound Johnson's orders! His money don't buy me! It buys a skipper."

"Good for you, Cap'n Johnny!" said the voice of Nan, and with a laugh she scrambled up from the boat and stood before them. Cap'n Johnny walked off down the dock, like a sensible man, and lighted his pipe in the lee of the shed.

Presently he came back to them and heard Nan speaking about her father's big deal that had gone wrong.

"If he can't get word to Chicago by tomorrow morning, he loses a lot of money," she was saying scornfully. "His existence is centered on the stock market. Money, power—it means everything to him. And for this deal, he'll risk his life!"

"He'll lose it sure, in that boat," said Delaney. "Can't you stop him?"

"Nothing can stop him. What am I to him but an incident? September wheat is going down unless he can get word to Chicago in the morning—that's all he knows."

"September wheat—h'm!" said Delaney thoughtfully. "Well, Nan, I did have some hope that you'd maybe take a little trip in my boat down the shore to the priest's house, and then down to the head of the island. We might stop with the Coles for a day or so until the wind is down, then to Charlevoix and the railroad——"

"How can I do that, Ed, knowing that dad's gone to his death for dirty money?"

"True enough," said Delaney. "Yet a fool can't be stopped."

"He might be brought back," put in Cap'n Johnny.

"Oh!" said Delaney. "That's true, too. Bill Allers would go with me—best engineer on the island and afraid of nothing, except his wife. The boat's all ready, nothing to do but cast off. We might do it——"

"Do what?" demanded Nan anxiously.

"Go after your dad; bring him and Gaunt back. Their engines are bound to go wrong and they'll drift. We could pick 'em up——" He stood silent a moment, then laughed out. "Nan, I might not bring him back; I might go on to Petoskey with him. September wheat, eh? Why not? I've a notion to do it. I've money in the bank in Chicago——"

"Don't be a fool, you!" said Cap'n Johnny angrily.

"Sure. But I know my boat—that's everything. Here's Bill now."

Bill Allers came up to them. Delaney introduced him, then continued swiftly:

"Bill, take Miss Johnson and the cap'n over to our dock. You and I are going right out after the *Norah*—maybe we'll go to Petoskey. Money in it and fun more than money. Is that searchlight rigged up?"

"Aye, works fine," said Bill. "Sure, I'll go."

"Then I'll run home and change clothes, and be right down. See that a spare can of oil's aboard. Nan, don't you worry a mite! Our boat is safe as a barn in any sea. So long! Meet you at the dock."

He turned and was off at a run.

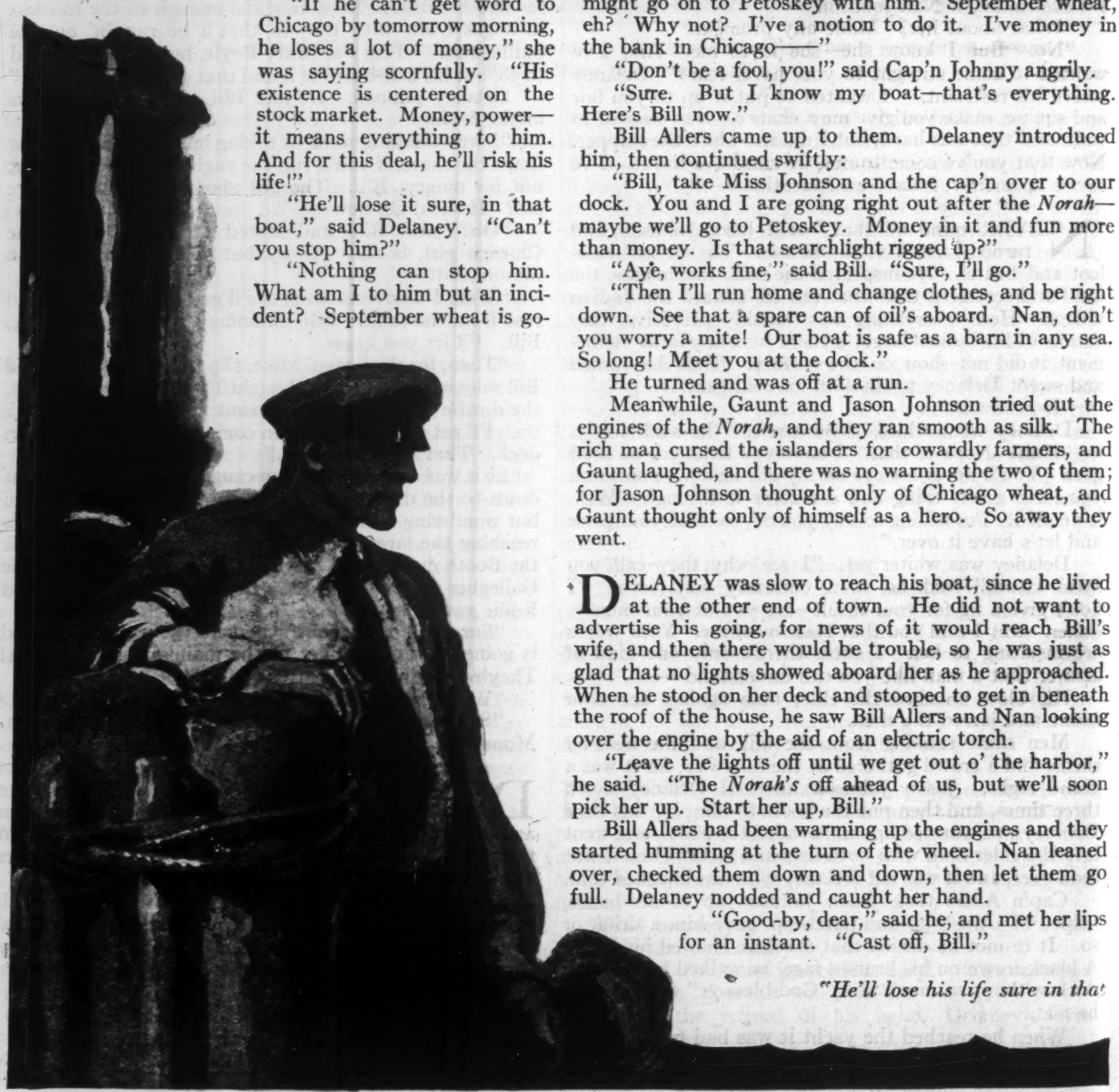
Meanwhile, Gaunt and Jason Johnson tried out the engines of the *Norah*, and they ran smooth as silk. The rich man cursed the islanders for cowardly farmers, and Gaunt laughed, and there was no warning the two of them; for Jason Johnson thought only of Chicago wheat, and Gaunt thought only of himself as a hero. So away they went.

DELANEY was slow to reach his boat, since he lived at the other end of town. He did not want to advertise his going, for news of it would reach Bill's wife, and then there would be trouble, so he was just as glad that no lights showed aboard her as he approached. When he stood on her deck and stooped to get in beneath the roof of the house, he saw Bill Allers and Nan looking over the engine by the aid of an electric torch.

"Leave the lights off until we get out o' the harbor," he said. "The *Norah's* off ahead of us, but we'll soon pick her up. Start her up, Bill."

Bill Allers had been warming up the engines and they started humming at the turn of the wheel. Nan leaned over, checked them down and down, then let them go full. Delaney nodded and caught her hand.

"Good-by, dear," said he, and met her lips for an instant. "Cast off, Bill."



"He'll lose his life sure in that

Bill Allers, who had donned slicker and boots and sou'wester, climbed outside and gave the girl a hand. She went to the dock with him. Delaney switched on the binnacle light and then went aft to make sure that everything was lashed down fast. He came back and stuck out his head.

"Get a move on, Bill!"

"Line's stuck," said Bill. Nan called a good-by from the darkness. Then Delaney drew back as Bill's oilskins rustled in his face, and his engineer crawled inside. The boat was moving forward, for Delaney had thrown in the clutch before the lines were off.

As she drew clear of the dock an angry yell came from shore, and then another. Delaney glanced back at the figure of Bill Allers, stooped over the engines with an oil can.

"Sounds like Cap'n Johnny Wright," said he, and grinned. "He's too late. Hope he doesn't rouse Kitty, or you'll be in hot water. What the dickens is he yelling for?"

Bill Allers grunted, without replying. Delaney wondered briefly why Cap'n Johnny Wright was yelling after him, but he was slow to discover the reason, for all his attention was now given to getting past the barges and out to where the lights of the *Norah* were tossing, just inside the red gleam of the lighthouse. And when he did make the discovery, he was too late.

DELANEY and Bill could do no talking, for the closed house reverberated to the hum of the engines. Delaney stood at the open bow window, the exhaust gas blowing past him, and watched the bobbing light ahead. They were out in the channel now and getting the sweep of seas, and though it was not so bad as it would be later, Delaney kept his eye on the binnacle and watched for the flash from Isle aux Galets. Bill Allers was not much of a talker, at best, and now the engines did his talking for him.

Outside the harbor Delaney switched on the lights. A small bulb in the ceiling illuminated the interior of the boat dimly, and he tried the searchlight to make sure it was working. The beam touched the angry seas ahead, then was gone. The sky was clear, though a deep bank of clouds was massed to the north, and the wind was switching about slightly.

Not for half an hour or more did Delaney turn from the ever-whirling spokes, or remove his eyes from the bobbing light ahead. The boat heaved up on the whirling seas, the helm easing her off as she fell; they came up behind her, lifted her, threw her into the air, dropped her again, climbed up over the stern and hammered at the house.

"Check down!" shouted Delaney, turning to look at Bill Allers. "Nail another bar across that rear door or it'll bust in! Seas getting heavy——"

As she fell to the sea the quick-racing propeller was checked, the humming roar of the engines lessened. Again silence—straining minutes as each sea swept up and passed with its threat. Suddenly Delaney switched on the searchlight, overhead, and sent its reaching beam out across the white water ahead. His vibrant shout pierced the roar.

"Here they are—reverse, Bill, reverse! Take the wheel—drift down on her—quick!"

The engines reversed, then died. Cursing furiously at the mishap, yet not daring to delay, Delaney seized the line hanging beside him and thrust himself out on the forward deck, slippery with water. A swift glance showed him the figure of Bill Allers taking the wheel, then he turned again to the disaster dead ahead, as the searchlight revealed it.

Disaster it was, dread and terrible. The *Norah* lay swinging to the waves, engines dead, rolling heavily. On her scrap of deck, forward of her house, crouched Gaunt above the senseless figure of Jason Johnson; he stared up into the searchlight beam, his face white and terrified. Delaney cursed him for not having closed the windows of the house—water was pouring into the *Norah* from each wave. With every moment increased the danger that a high sea would toss her up and roll her over.

Delaney stood up, feet braced wide. A smash was inevitable, since his own engines had failed to reverse; he hurled the line from a wave crest, hurled his shout after it.

"Make fast to him! Make fast, you fool! Make fast!"

Gaunt, who was not the fool Delaney thought him, caught the line. Spray bursting over them, he got it about Johnson's body. All in a minute it was—a fast and terrible minute, as the looming fish boat hung over the *Norah*, then crashed down. At the shock, Delaney lost balance and came to his knees, but hauled in the line. Then Gaunt was crawling over the gunwale beside

boat—can't you stop him?"

him; he heaved in the line, and as the two craft drew apart briefly Delaney leaned down and got a grip on Johnson's clothes. Gaunt took hold, and they dragged the senseless man inboard.

A sea hurled the boat up, smashed her down upon the *Norah* once more. Under his feet Delaney felt the timbers groan and crack. The searchlight was jarred out; the three figures on the wet foredeck all but went overboard. Delaney turned a terrible face to Bill Allers.

"Bill! What the deuce you doin' there? Start her up—reverse her—reverse her!"

THE words died on his lips. The straining face beneath the sou'wester, the face framed in the window over him, was not that of Bill Allers. It was the face of Nan Johnson.

Delaney was stricken mute. The face vanished; next moment he felt the engines throbbing, realized that the boat was drawing away from the shattered and sinking *Norah*. Somehow he dragged Johnson to the window, thrust him in, found Gaunt shrieking something in panic—and a burst of water deluged him as the boat swung broadside to the seas. Striking Gaunt aside, Delaney hurled himself into the opening, came to his feet, seized the helm. The boat swung, swept up on the next sea, turned, pointed landward.

"Get in!" yelled Delaney, and helped Gaunt scramble through the opening. "Take this wheel and hold her steady or I'll murder you! Johnson dead?"

Gaunt, incredulity and bewildered panic in his face, shook his head.

"Flung headfirst into the engine," he chattered.

"Steel Head!" grunted Delaney. "No wonder your engine stalled. Hold her steady, now."

He wiped the water from his eyes and dragged the unconscious man aft. Nan rose from the engines and met his gaze, then looked at her father's figure.

"He's stunned, no more," said Delaney, and lifted the head of Jason Johnson to a pile of life belts. The girl knelt beside him. "Head's cut, but the blood's running free. Scalp wound. Let him alone. How'd you get aboard here?"

Nan shrank a little from his angry eyes, then rallied.

"I made your friend Bill change places with me, give me his oilskins. I know enough about engines to run these—and Bill showed me all about——"

"And that's why we're stove in for'ard," said Delaney. Then a laugh came to his lips. "All right! Now we can't go back—we can't head into these seas. We've got to keep before the wind and make Petoskey."

Her eyes widened, because of his laugh. "You—then you don't care?"

"Care? Not a bit!" Delaney laughed again. "Stick to the engines, Nan! We'll make it, you and I——"

A lurch of the boat startled him. He turned, saw Gaunt staring back at the girl with face agape. Delaney caught up a wrench from the floor and hurled it. It struck the searchlight beside Gaunt's head and sent a shower of glass splinters tinkling.

"Hold her steady!" he roared, and Gaunt turned again to his job. "Good for you, Nan!" Delaney caught the girl's hands, and laughter again danced in his blue eyes. "I'm going to make that fool work. Call me if you need me——"

He brought her lips up to meet his, then went forward and stood feet braced, beside Gaunt. Well he knew, whose iron muscles had felt the strain, what labor it was to hold the heavy craft up to each sea, keep the wheel going, feel for the surge and hold her in it.

"Where ye headin' for?" he bellowed, and pointed to the white flash to port. "Up with her—up! There's Skillagalee. That ain't Gray's Reef, ye fool! Now hold her straight as she lays. I'm heading in under eight-mile point to get out o' the foul water, and if ye don't keep her steady we'll hit the shoals. Ease her off—ease her! Where in time did you ever learn to wheel?"

Gaunt stood silent, shoulder heaving to the wheel, while the heavier seas now caught the boat and sent her surging and tossing like a cork. Delaney lighted his pipe and enjoyed himself, until he remembered the broken bows. Then, stifling a curse, he got the electric torch, crawled out on the foredeck, and between seas managed to get a look at the prow. Dripping wet, he hauled himself in again, satisfied. The pump he knew would keep her cleared.

Jason Johnson remained unconscious. He was badly hurt, but Delaney reassured the girl, knowing that for the present nothing could be done. From Gaunt he demanded the message that Johnson had wanted sent, and Gaunt handed over a folded paper. Gaunt was slowly getting orientated; but for the present he stood in stark fear of this iron-faced man with the blue eyes. He guessed that this was Delaney, and, not being a coward at heart, he was gradually beginning to reassert himself. The spell of the heaving waters was still upon him, however; he was slow to get rid of his twofold fear.

Nan felt her way forward to where Delaney stood reading the telegram. He looked around at her and uttered a laugh.

"I'll send this in the morning—*after* I send a message of my own!" he exclaimed gustily. "I'm going to rip a little hide off your dad, Nan, metaphorically speaking. I want to walk in on him with news that he's helped me to clean up heavy on September wheat. Eh? He——"

"Good!" cried the girl eagerly. "And if you need any money, I have some of my own. I'll go partners with you, Ed! But about dad—he's not badly hurt?"

Delaney cast a glance at the inert form.

"His head's stove in, yes, but he's better off the way he is, Nan. Don't try to revive him. We'll rush him right up to the hospital from the dock. No, don't be afraid; he's just knocked out, that's all."

None the less, the girl was presently seated by her father, his head in her lap.

An hour had passed since the two boats came together, and another hour was drawing by. Nearly three-quarters of it gone. Now Delaney was searching anxiously off the port bow, seeking the headland, vainly. The sky was murky again, the Isle aux Galets light was behind them, and he had not yet picked up the Petoskey light, though the city glare was distinct against the horizon. All this while Gaunt stood silent at the wheel, and had Delaney known him better, this silence would have been a warning sign.

SUDDENLY Delaney leaped to the wheel, thrust Gaunt aside, threw the bow to starboard. The headland—desperately close! He waited, breathless, as the boat drove ahead. The shoal was unmarked. Minutes passed, dragging heavily, until he realized that the danger must be past. Then the lights of an automobile glimmered along the shore road. He drew a breath of relief, set his course anew, searched the red light that marked Harbor Point. The seas were going down now, as he realized.

Then, suddenly, the red glow shot into view. At the same instant a cry broke from Delaney, echoed by a shriller cry from Nan. Delaney felt his hands go lax on the spokes, half turned, saw Gaunt standing over him—felt another blow—and crumpled up.

Gaunt dropped the wooden billet he had used as a weapon, and seized the wheel.

The tumbling, surging crests had given place to a long, steady roll on which the boat drifted aimless, without danger. Off to the left glowed the red eye of the Harbor Point light; ahead, the glare of Petoskey had disintegrated into a cluster of scintillating dots, red and white, marking the town on the steep hillside and the railroad crossings.

Gaunt, abandoning the wheel, faced the infuriated girl. All his stubborn tenacity was to the fore, and now he met anger with anger, word with word, while at his feet lay the unconscious Delaney.

"So that's your fine islander!" he stormed, almost insensate with passion. "I heard the whole thing, Nan—never mind about the heroics! He makes a grand-stand play at saving your father's life, then schemes to hold up the message and get into the stock market with his own piker's wad—at your father's expense! That's the sort of man you want to marry, is it? Well, you sha'n't do it——"

"Shame on you!" burst out the girl. "After he saved your life——"

"SAVED nothing!" Gaunt sneered coldly. "You call it saving our lives to ram us, run into us and sink us? That's all he did, you silly little fool! He made a fine bluff at it to impress you. Why, in another five minutes I'd have had a tarpaulin rigged up for'ard and we'd have blown straight down the bay into Petoskey! That was our scheme from the first if the engines went dead. The boat was perfectly safe, and would have ridden straight before the wind like a cork!"

For an instant Nan stood aghast, her whole being rebellious against this plausible tale, knowing it for a lie and yet perceiving at a flash how pregnant with danger to Delaney the situation had become.

"It's a lie—a lie!" she cried out. "I made him come—they all said your boat was not safe——"

"Oh, yes, yes!" Gaunt laughed harshly at her, for he was inflated now with his own dominance, with his command of the situation. "And he leaped at the chance. Brought you out alone with him. Ran us down—can you deny it? Did it deliberately! And I heard him tell you his scheme. Nan, I'm ashamed of you—allied with this man, risking your father's life to help this fellow rob him! Now, get back there and attend to your father. I'll do the rest of this job."

Nan, staring wide-eyed at him, slowly retreated, obeyed the command. She was helpless against him, and the lurking brutality in his eyes frightened her, daunted her. Those two cruel blows from behind, felling Delaney like a log, had stricken her terribly. Worse than this sight was the realization which now burst upon her, full force. Gaunt was clever. In Jason Johnson's heart was no mercy or pity. Of what worth was her testimony? Delaney would be condemned by the lies of Gaunt, and her father, unscrupulous, would refuse to admit them lies. It was all lost, lost beyond hope! No matter what happened now, Gaunt would lie and Jason Johnson would back up the lie.

She sat, dumbly miserable, while Gaunt wheeled the boat for Petoskey. She did not even go to Delaney, who lay motionless; but, with her wet handkerchief, dabbed at the blood which caked her father's hair. Gaunt, ignoring her, left the wheel, went to the engines, set them at full speed, and then returned to his post. He was for the moment very sure of himself, exultant, confident, though Nan remembered the panic in his eyes as he had come aboard.

Time passed. Presently Gaunt turned and called the girl.

"Nan! Come here and see if you can make out the light. There should be a fixed red light at the end of the breakwater, according to Cap'n Johnny."

She rose and came forward, standing beside the still motionless figure of Delaney. Out ahead of them lay Gaunt's perplexity—a mass of lights rising from the water, up the steep hill slopes of Petoskey. And instead of one red light to guide them, three appeared.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "Railroad lights, I suppose——"

"But which one is ours?"

"Find out." She laughed angrily, bitterly. "Coward that you are! Now finish the job if you can."

THERE was a stir and a movement at her feet. Gaunt, peering from the window, head thrust out for better vision did not note it. But Nan stared at Delaney, who came to his feet, swaying, staggering; he met her eyes, and a laugh came to his lips.

"Confound it!" said Gaunt, querulously. "There's no way of telling—impossible to see any channel or which light——"

Delaney darted a glance ahead. Then his voice leaped.

"Nan! Check the engines—quick! This fool will pile us up——"

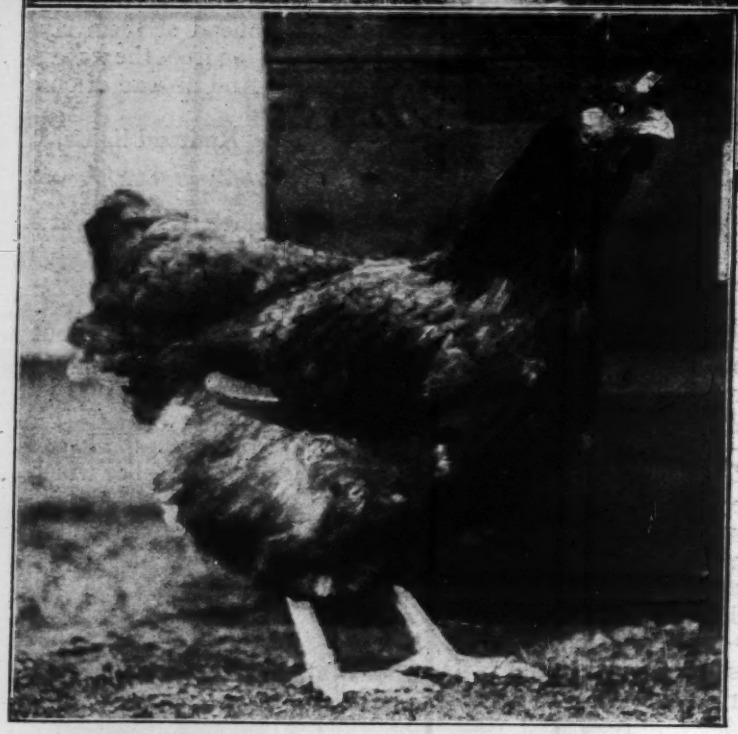
Gaunt whirled, as the girl darted aft. A sneer touched his face at sight of Delaney.

"You! Stay out of it——"

"Not dead yet," said Delaney, and struck, a laugh on his lips.

Crouching over the reversed engines, Nan watched, fear in her eyes. For the second time that day Delaney received a battering and gave scarce a blow in return; weak, dazed, hurt, he could do little as Gaunt went into him with a vicious fury. He was beaten back, sent reeling against the side of the boat. Gaunt leaped after him to give the finishing blow. [*Continued on page 118*]

Grounds of the International Egg Laying



A typical "utility" hen, laying more than 200 eggs yearly. The average farmyard hen lays eighty

How America Learned to Breed

Mr. Turner's

The Story of a Fighting Visionary Who Has Revolutionized the Poultry Industry

A DOZEN years ago the common-to-barnyard variety of hen in the United States produced less than sixty eggs annually. Today the same sort of bird lays eighty eggs in a twelve-month. On commercial poultry farms and ranches, the layer that does not hold a record of twelve dozen eggs is cast into outer darkness. There are tens of thousands producing above the 200 mark, there are many hundreds that have reached 300 and one hen is a marvel with her standing of 343 eggs in 365 days.

Now back of this is a story—the tale of a battle between the Utility fowl and the Fancy chicken and in that struggle, swinging fourteen years into the past, stands the personality of F. V. L. Turner, of Merchantville, New Jersey. For it was Turner who opened the fight; it was Turner who hammered against the fortifications of the most firmly entrenched association in the country; it was Turner who won.

What it means to the United States to increase the egg-laying capacity of 600,000,000 hens from sixty eggs more than a decade ago to eighty in the year 1923, and with the flock multiplied until it has reached the billion mark, is a mathematical proposition. Turner and other experts can supply you with statistics until you are as groggy as an Indian runner duck that has been feeding on moonshine mash, but those figures do not tell the real story.

When Turner came across a bit of news back in 1909, telling of a system of trap-nesting birds in Australia, he caught a vision. At that time he was in charge of a poultry plant at Vineland, New Jersey, a chicken district that holds the same relative position on the Atlantic seaboard that Petaluma maintains on the Pacific coast. Both places were already deep in the commercial production of poultry and both were doing well because of exceptional natural conditions. A system of feeding had been worked out to increase egg laying and marketing systems were under way, but the knowledge of breeding hens to establish families of heavy producers was a sealed book.

As a boy living among the foothills of the Blue Ridge in Maryland, Turner had seen his mother kill the hens that were not high-class producers, converting them into food, and he knew that this was sensible and proper. As a youth, he had gone over to the county fair at Hagerstown, had seen blue ribbons and cash prizes distributed among beautiful birds with tail and wing feathers that were exactly right, with markings that were perfect and with toes that conformed to the highest standards laid down by wise judges. But not one point was given for ability to lay eggs, and Turner knew that this was wrong. Hence, he was a rebel.

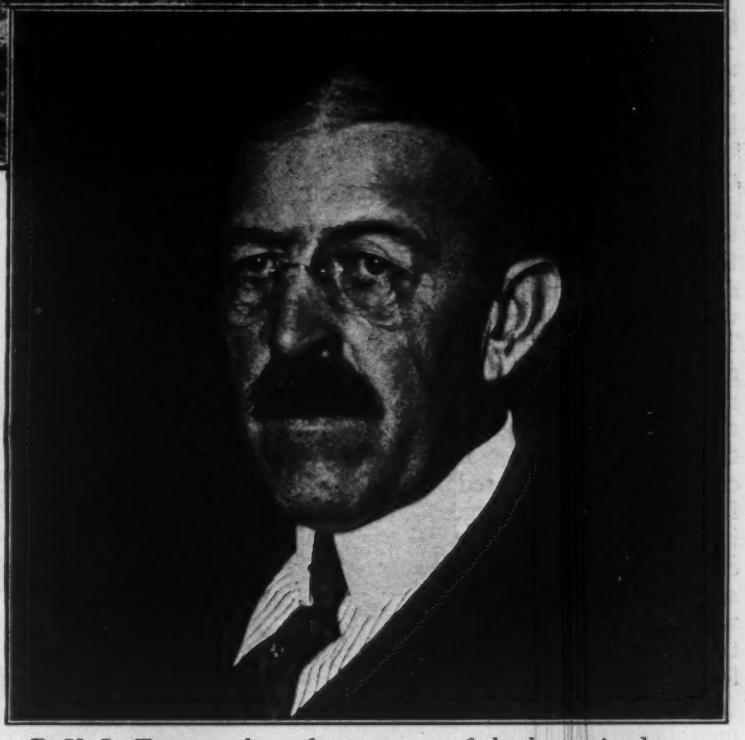
Now the farmhouse rule of slaying poor layers for Sunday dinner is a poor one, because ever so many hens

Competition at Georgetown, Delaware

Chickens for Eggs—Not Feathers!

"Utility Hen"

By Robert B. Vale



F. V. L. Turner whose fourteen-year fight has wiped out useless "fancy" standards in the poultry business

lay in the same nest and only when the flock is small can any fair sentence be passed by the executioner. The Australian experiments supplied an exact measuring stick. Turner understood the part that the trap-nest would play in the days to come; he saw looming a fight that would be worth while. So he studied and experimented.

Understand that the trap-nest is, in its last analysis, simply a device to keep tabs on hens engaged in the laudable work of delivering lovely pearl or brown eggs for the morning meal or for the rich yellow cake that mother bakes for dessert or for some other form of sustaining and appetizing nutriment. After mature deliberation a bird decides to give you a dividend; it enters the nest. A short time later it cackles with delight and prepares to join the rest of the flock. It can't, because when Biddy stepped upon the nest she dropped an automatic shutter.

THERE she remains after performing her mission until a man comes around. He looks at the metal band on her leg and jots down the number of that hen in his little red book. He also marks the number of the hen upon the egg she has just laid; then he lets her go. Over a period of months the ability of the bird is known to a certainty; there is no guesswork.

Vineland went trap-nesting; poor layers went to the market, good layers were encouraged. In 1910, F. V. L. Turner organized a nation-wide egg-laying competition. You see, his idea was to find out the best birds and arouse breeders to raise more of their kind. That competition has endured to the present, but it wasn't easy to get started. He had been turned down by government and state agricultural experts who failed to see much good in the idea. He tried to interest private capital in experimental work, which was foolish. "Man, you are crazy!" he was informed. "Invest money simply to see how many eggs a hen can lay?" Poultry men laughed themselves sick; you will recall that those were the days of the fancy poultry chaps and Turner threatened to take away their bread and butter with his fool notions.

But Turner got the egg-laying competition started. Up at Storrs College in Connecticut were some far-sighted men who agreed to test out the chickens and a Philadelphia newspaper put up the money and gave the publicity that Turner needed. He left Vineland, became manager of the North American Egg-laying Competition and the fun began.

With a smile, Turner announced to the world that the Utility hen was the mortgage lifter and must have first place in the eternal scheme of poultry. "And what about the Fancy bird?" they asked him. "Oh, that is simply a good thing gone wrong," was his blithe reply. "Mostly it is a delusion and a sham and you fellows are

engaged in a wicked and unholy work in encouraging it." They called Turner names, awful names with many adjectives. Not one poultry journal gave recognition to Turner or his Utility hen. For years, the whole crowd that dealt with him was proscribed.

Turner could not get a hearing in the publications of the Fancy poultry men, but he wrote for the papers and farm journals and lay publications and he lectured and he attended conventions where his foes threatened to throw him into the street—and he fought on for the Utility hen.

"We have won because the farmer is a practical man," said Turner the other day, and a proud day it was. For he had just read a letter in which the most bitter foe in the whole opposition and one of the greatest of the Fancy bird advocates admitted that Turner was right and he was wrong and was coming to shake Turner's hand for the good fight the man had made. "Our crowd isn't opposed to good blood of the bluest hue in chickens," he declared, further. "We encourage it because we know that class is needed in birds as well as bulls. We want every Utility man to start with aristocratic fowls, not scrubs.

"What the Utility men have accomplished is this: we took pure-bred stock. We fed the proper rations to make eggs or flesh. By putting the right food into a bird you will get eggs. We said that the old rules of conformation were worthless and we proved it from the standpoint of economics. Width of pelvic bones, depth of keel and size of digestive organs meant more to us than shape of comb or color of feathers.

"Our time was spent in building up families of fowls to lay eggs or to supply the finest flesh, at the least expense. If, by trap-nesting, we found a hen with the machinery to produce 150 eggs in a year we bred her to a male whose mother was credited with a record of 180 eggs, or better. The progeny was sure to display the same characteristics of both parents. We applied the Mendel law of heredity to hens as the stockmen have applied it to cows. We built up a bird that could lay 300 eggs, then one that was capable of 314 and finally the world has at least one hen that in a single year showed an output of 343 eggs.

"Every variety can be made to produce more eggs. Winners in competitions include Rhode Island reds, Barred and White Rocks, leghorns, wyandottes, Orpingtons, Columbians and Langshans.

"The whole thing sums up like this: if by feeding four ounces of mash and grains per day to one hen you can get 70 eggs and by feeding five ounces to another hen you have a return of 150 eggs, why under the sun maintain the weak sister? Or, if in a given number of weeks you can place on the market a meat fowl weighing five pounds while in the same period of time and with almost the same amount of food, the best you can get is three pounds of bird, why under the sun bother with the scrub?

"The poultry business is just starting in America. It offers vast opportunities to the farmer and the commercial raiser. It assures this nation an abundant supply of food in the form of meat and eggs. It will aid in diversified farming. The Utility hen has won its fight—but what a fight it was!"

The value of American poultry products exceeded the value of our wheat crop in 1922 by $20,000,000. Poultry and eggs were worth $884,000,000, as compared with a cotton crop of $490,000,000. What will the figures be when our 600,000,000 hens all become really "heavy layers"?

"Mme. Egg-a-Day," world champion hen, with 343 eggs a year as her record

Bulldog Drummond Learns a Painful Lesson in Geography

The Third Round

By Major H. C. McNeile

Illustrations by Marshall Frantz

STILL smiling benevolently, Mr. Robinson strolled away and shortly afterward a series of sharp orders followed by a faint throbbing announced that the voyage of the *S. Y. Gadfly* had commenced. The Cunarder receded into the distance, and still Drummond lay on the bunk wrestling with the problem of what to do. He judged the time as being about six, so they would pass Ted Jerningham's yacht in daylight.

Apparently no guard was considered necessary for him now the yacht was under way. And with a feeling of impotent rage, Drummond realized how easy it would be to cut the ropes and go quietly overboard. A swim of a mile or so meant nothing to him. If only it hadn't been for the professor——

No; the last hope—the only hope—lay in Ted Jerningham. Once that failed, it seemed to Drummond that nothing could save them. And it was perfectly clear that by no possibility could he hope to communicate with Ted from his present position. He must be free to use his limbs. And during the next ten minutes he discovered that the blade of a safety razor is an unpleasant implement with which to cut half-inch rope, especially when one's wrists are bound.

But at last it was done, and he was free. No one had interrupted him. But he was still no nearer to the solution of the problem. At any moment some one might come in and find him, and there would be no mistake about binding him the second time. Moreover, it would prove fairly conclusively that he was not as mad as he pretended.

Quickly he arranged the ropes with the cut ends underneath, so that to a cursory glance they appeared intact, and again he lay still. Then, suddenly, came the idea—Ted's motor boat. How it was going to help he didn't see; he had no coherent plan. But with a sort of subconscious certainty he felt that Ted's motor boat held the key of the problem. But how? How to get Ted, how to tell him was the problem. Methodically he thought things out; now that he had something definite in his mind to go on his brain was cool and collected. And it seemed to him that the only way would be to go overboard as they passed Ted's yacht, and then follow the *Gadfly* at once while she was still close to land.

He glanced through the open door to try to determine his position, and estimated that another half hour at the rate they were going would just about bring them opposite Ted's yacht. Still no one came near him, though periodically he could see one of the sailors moving about the deck. As far as he could tell he had been slung just aft of the funnel.

Drummond was in the stern, with the professor in his arms. "At last I've got you, Peterson!" they heard him shout

Twenty minutes later he peered out again; they were getting very close. The deck was deserted, and suddenly he felt he could bear the strain no longer. He rose from the bunk and cautiously peered out of the door. And the sight he saw almost staggered him with his good fortune, for not a hundred yards away to port lay Jerningham's yacht, with the motor boat alongside the gangway.

Drummond glanced around. He could see no one. The structure in which he had been hoisted on board, effectively screened him from the bridge; the sailors were apparently having their evening meal. And taking a quick breath, he prepared to make a sprint for the side, when he

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saw something else which completely altered his plans. Leaning over the side of the yacht he was watching were a man and a woman. And the man was Ted Jerningham himself.

Drummond saw him focus a pair of field glasses, and turn them on the *Gadfly*. And then clear and distinct across the water he heard the amazed shout of "Hugh!" Jerningham had seen him. The supreme chance had come, if only he wasn't interrupted. And it is safe to say that during the next minute a very astonished girl stood beside a man whom she almost failed to recognize as the Ted Jerningham of normal life.

"A pencil," he snapped. "Write as I spell out. Get a move on. Look out—he's beginning. D-A-N-G-E-R F-O-L-L-O-W I-N M-O-T-O-R B-O-A-T P-E-T-E-R-S-O-N U-R-G-E-N-T. That's all."

She looked up; the huge man on board the passing yacht who had been standing outlined against the sky waving his arms had disappeared.

"What on earth was he doing?" she cried.

"Semaphoring," answering Jerningham briefly.

"But I don't understand," she said.

"Nor do I," returned her companion. "But that was Hugh Drummond. And what Hugh says—goes, if we follow for the whole night. Coming?"

"Rather!" laughed the girl, following him down the gangway into the waiting motor boat.

A terrific explosion rent the air followed by a cloud of blue exhaust smoke, and Jerningham took the tiller.

And so it came about that Drummond, watching feverishly from his bunk in the *Gadfly*, saw the motor boat shoot out across the water, and he breathed a prayer that Ted wouldn't come too close to the yacht. But soon he perceived that Ted had evidently realized that to follow steadily would arouse suspicion, and was laying his plans accordingly. He overhauled them like an express train—passed forty yards to starboard, circled across their bows, and came dashing back. Then away at a tangent for half a mile or so, only to shoot back and stop, apparently with engine trouble.

The sea was like a millpond, and as the *Gadfly* passed the now silent motor boat, the sounds of a phonograph were plainly audible from it. Obviously some one with a racing motor boat joy-riding with a girl, reflected the skipper as he paced the bridge, and dismissed the matter from his mind.

A sudden hoarse scream of fear some five minutes later made him jump to the side of the bridge. Two sailors were rushing along the deck as if pursued by the devil, and he roared an order at them. But they took no notice of him, and dashed below. For a moment the worthy skipper stood there dumfounded; then, cursing fluently, he dashed after them only to stop with a strange pricking feeling in his scalp as a huge and ghastly figure confronted him. A great mass of foam was around its mouth, and it was brandishing a marline spike, and bellowing. A terrifying spectacle in the half light of dusk—a spectacle to put the fear of God into any man. And then, as suddenly as it had appeared, it was gone.

TERROR is an infectious thing, and the infection spread in the good ship *Gadfly*. Within two minutes men were running in all directions, shouting that a homicidal maniac was loose on board. The captain was powerless; things had gone beyond him. And then, quite suddenly, the pandemonium ceased. How he had got there no one could say—but they all saw him outlined against the darkening sky.

He was in the stern, and in his arms he held the body of a man.

"At last," they heard him shout, "at last I've got you, Peterson, and we'll die together—you scoundrel!"

"Stop them!" howled Mr. Robinson, who had just dashed on deck, holding a limp right arm, but no man moved. Only a loud splash broke the silence, and the stern was empty.

"Man overboard. Lower a boat. Stop the yacht, you cursed fool!" snarled Mr. Robinson to the captain, and then he rushed to the stern. It was a couple of minutes before a boat was lowered, and while he waited he heard the roar of an engine coming nearer. Then the engine ceased, and he saw the outline of a motor boat.

"That boat may have picked 'em up, sir," said the captain, as Mr. Robinson ran down the gangway into the waiting cutter. "Give way, all," came the second officer's curt order. "With a will, boys."

The motor boat, still motionless, loomed rapidly up, and Mr. Robinson stood up.

"Ahoy there! Did you pick up two men who fell overboard?"

"Two!" Ted Jerningham, a conspicuous figure in white flannels, stood up also. "I heard the most infernal shindy on board your yacht and then a splash. Did two men really fall overboard?"

The yacht's boat was close to, the sailors resting on their oars.

"Yes. Have you see 'em?" asked the second officer.

"Not a sign. And the water's like a duck pond, too."

The girl with him shuddered.

"How dreadful! You don't mean the poor fellows are drowned?"

"Afraid it looks like it, miss," said the officer, staring around the water. "Even in this light we'd see them with the sea as calm as it is."

THE oars dipped into the water, and they passed astern of the motor boat. And had Mr. Robinson been watching Ted Jerningham instead of the water he might have seen a sudden strained look appear on that young gentleman's face, and his hand move instinctively toward the starting switch. He might even have wondered why the girl, who had seemed so calm and unperturbed in the face of this dreadful tragedy, should suddenly give vent to a loud and hysterical outburst.

"It's dreadful!" she sobbed. "Too dreadful. To think of those two poor men being drowned like that."

But Mr. Robinson was not concerned with the dreadfulness of the situation; all that mattered to him was whether it was true or not. From the moment when Drummond, foaming at the mouth, had dashed into the dining saloon Mr. Robinson's brain had been working furiously.

Now his eyes searched the water again, thoughtfully; there was no trace of either man. Of a suspicious nature, he had examined both sides of the motor boat; moreover, he had seen inside the motor boat. And now as the girl's sobs died away he turned to the officer beside him.

"There can be no doubt about it, I fear," he remarked, with a suitable inflection of sorrow in his voice.

"None, sir—I'm afraid. Even if we couldn't see them, we could hear them."

"Sink in a brace of shakes with a holy terror like that 'anging round yer neck," said one of the sailors.

"Yes, I'm afraid there can be no possibility of saving them now," Ted Jerningham agreed. "Doubtless, however, their bodies will be washed ashore in time."

"Er—doubtless," murmured Mr. Robinson. That aspect of the case had already struck him, and had not pleased him in the slightest degree. Had he been able to conform with his original plan, neither body would ever have been seen again. However, he had not been able to conform to that plan, so there was no more to

"Quick, Hugh!" cried Jerningham. "Get the old boy on board." With a heave, the almost unconscious form of Professor Goodman was hoisted into the boat, to be followed immediately by Drummond himself

be said about it. The main point was that both of them were drowned.

"Doubtless," he repeated. "Poor fellows; poor fellows. Two neurasthenic patients of mine, sir—— How sad! How terribly sad! However, I fear there is no good wasting any more time. I can only thank you for your prompt assistance."

Jerningham bowed.

"Don't mention it, sir. Don't mention it," he murmured. "But I think since I can do no more that I will now get back. The tragedy, as you will understand, has somewhat upset this lady."

HE put his finger on the starting switch, and the quiet of the night was broken by the roar of the engine. And as the sailors dipped in their oars to row back to the yacht, the motor boat circled slowly around.

"Good night, sir." Mr. Robinson waved a courteous hand. "And again a thousand thanks."

"And again don't mention it," returned Jerningham, sitting down by the tiller. "You can take your wrap off his hand now, Pat," he whispered. "They can't see."

A vast hand grasping the gunwale was revealed as she did so, and an agonized whisper came from the water.

"Hurry, old man, for the love of Pete! Unless we can hold the old man upside down soon to drain the water out of him, he'll drown."

"Right-ho, Hugh. Can you hold on for a couple of hundred yards. I'll go slow. But they may have a searchlight on the yacht, and we're still very close to her."

"All right, Ted. I leave it to you."

"I'll keep broadside on, old man; though I don't think he had any suspicions."

He nosed the motor boat through the water, and a few moments later the necessity of his precaution was justified. A blinding light flickered across the water, found them and held steady. It was the *Gadfly's* searchlight. Jerningham rose and waved his hand, and at last the light went out.

"Quick, Hugh!" cried Jerningham. "Get the old boy on board."

With a heave, the almost unconscious form of Professor Goodman was hoisted into the boat, to be followed immediately by Drummond himself.

"Lie down, old man; lie down in case they use that searchlight again."

The engine roared and spluttered, and two black mountains of water swirled past the bows.

"Forty-five on her head, Hugh!" shouted Ted. "Incidentally, what's this particular brand of round game?"

"The largest drink in the shortest time, old son," laughed the other. "And for the professor—bed, pretty darn quick." He turned to the girl. "My dear soul," he said, "you were magnificent. If you hadn't had hysteria when I began to sneeze it would have been all up."

"But what could he have done?" cried the girl. "He looked like such a nice old man."

Drummond laughed grimly.

"Did you recognize him, Ted?" Once again he turned to the girl. "If he'd known that we were in the water, that nice old man would have had no more compunction in shooting you and Ted and dropping your bodies overboard than I shall have in drinking that drink. It's been the biggest coup of his life, Ted—but it's failed. Though, by Jove, old man—it's been touch and go, believe you me."

The roar of the engine made conversation difficult, and, after covering the dripping form of the professor with a dry rug, they fell silent. Astern the lights of the *Gadfly* were growing fainter and fainter in the distance; ahead lay Cowes and safety.

The engine ceased abruptly, and Drummond realized they had reached the yacht. Leaning over the side were some of the guests, and as he and Ted lifted the body of the professor up the gangway a chorus of excited questioning broke out, a chorus which was interrupted by the amazed ejaculation of an elderly man.

"God bless my soul!" he cried incredulously, as the light fell on the professor's face. "It's old Goodman's double."

"Not exactly," answered Drummond. "It's Professor Goodman himself."

"But damme, sir!" spluttered the other. "I was at his funeral a week ago. He was blown up in his house in Hampstead doing some fool experiment."

"So we all thought," remarked Drummond quietly. "And as it happened, we thought wrong. Get him below, Ted—and get him to bed, or we really shall be attending his funeral. He's swallowed most of the English Channel as it is. And he's been through—— By Jove, what's that?"

It was very faint, like the boom of a distant heavy gun, but Drummond happened to be looking toward the Needles, and he had seen a sudden deep orange flash in the water against the sky—the flash such as in old days an airplane bomb had made on bursting. The others swung around and stared seaward, but there was nothing more to be seen.

"It sounded like a shell," said one of the men. "What did you think it was?"

He turned to Drummond, but he had disappeared, only to dash on deck a moment or two later with Ted behind him.

"Every ounce you can get out of her, Ted. Rip her to pieces, if necessary—but get there. That infernal scoundrel has blown up the yacht."

The motor boat spun around, and like a living beast gathered speed. The bow waves rose higher and higher, till they stood four feet above the gunwales, to fall away astern into a mass of seething white.

"I'll never forgive myself!" shouted Drummond in Ted's ear. "I knew he was going to blow her up, but I never thought he'd do it so soon."

QUIVERING like a thing possessed, the boat rushed toward the scene of the explosion.

"Go to the bows!" howled Ted. "Wreckage."

With a nod Drummond scrambled forward and, lying between the two black walls of water, he slowly swung the headlight backward and forward over the sea in front. Suddenly he held up his hand. In front was a large dark object with two or three men clinging to it, and as he focused the headlight on them he could see them waving. The roar of the engine died away and, timing it perfectly, Jerningham went full speed astern.

The thing in the water was one of the large wooden lockers used for storing life belts, and they drew alongside just in time. It was water-logged and the weight of the men clinging to it was more than it could stand. Even as the last of them stepped into the boat, the locker turned over and drifted away only just awash.

"Yer'd better mind out," said one of the men. "There's a lot of that about."

"Go slow, Ted!" cried Drummond. Then he turned to the men. "What happened?"

"Strike me pink, governor, I'm darned if I know. We've had a wonderful trip, we 'ave—you can take my word. Fust a madman jumps overboard with another bloke—and they both drowns. Then 'alf-an-hour later there comes the 'ell of an explosion from below; the 'ole deck goes sky 'igh. We 'eeled right over, and in 'alf-a-minute she sank."

"Anybody else saved?" asked Drummond.

"I dunno, governor," answered the man.

"Any idea what caused the explosion?"

"I 'aven't, governor; that's strite."

DRUMMOND stared silently ahead. In the dim light he had no fear of being recognized, and his mind was busy. He had not the slightest doubt that Peterson had caused the explosion; he had even less doubt that Peterson, at any rate, was not drowned. But why had he taken the appalling risk of doing such a thing in so populous a waterway?

He went back to the stern and sat down beside Ted, who was nosing the boat cautiously through the masses of débris surrounding them.

"What made him risk it here, Ted?" he whispered.

"Obvious, old man," returned the other in a low voice. "He thought your bodies would be washed ashore; he had no means of telling when. He knew they would be identified; he further knew that I would at once say what had happened. From that moment he would be in deadly danger; wireless would put every ship at sea wise. And to do a little stunt of this sort, if he was to escape, it was imperative he should be near land. So, he didn't hesitate for a moment, but put the job through at once."

"You're right, Ted; perfectly right," agreed Drummond.

"And unless I'm very much surprised, our friend at the present moment is stepping out of his life belt somewhere on the beach in Colwell Bay. After that you possibly know what his moves will be. I certainly don't—for I'm completely in the dark over the whole stunt."

"It's too long a story to tell you now, old man," said Drummond. "But one thing I do know. Whoever else may be picked up, our friend will not be among the survivors. He's run unheard-of risks to pull this thing off, including a cold-blooded murder. And now, officially, he's going to die himself in order to throw every one off the scent." He laughed grimly. "Moreover, he'd have done what he set out to do if you hadn't been leaning over the side of your governor's yacht."

"But what's the prize this time?"

"Old Goodman's secret for making artificial diamonds—that was the prize and Peterson has got it."

Ted whistled softly.

"I heard something about it from Algy," he remarked. "But it seems to me, Hugh, that if that is the case he's won."

Drummond laughed.

"You were a bit surprised, Ted, when I refused to allow you to pull us on board your boat. But don't you see, old man, the folly of doing so? He would have spotted at once that we were not drowned; he would further have spotted that I was not as mad as I pretended to be. Chewing soap is a dickens of a game," he added inconsequently. Then he went on again: "Get me so far? Once he knew we were alive, it would have necessitated a complete alteration of his plans. He'd have disappeared

into the blue. Maybe he'd have had another shot at murdering old Goodman. However, that point doesn't arise. The thing is, he'd have disappeared."

"Which is what he seems to have done now," remarked Ted.

"But I think I know where he'll turn up again," Drummond explained. "You see, our little Irma or Janet or whatever name the sweet thing is masquerading under this time is a powerful magnet. And I am open to a small bet that at the moment she is taking the air in Switzerland — Montreux, to be exact. What more natural then that, believing himself perfectly safe, our one and only Carl will return to the arms of his lady —if only for a time!"

"And you propose to fly there, also?"

"Exactly. I want the notes of that process, and I also want a final reckoning with the gentleman."

"Final?" said Ted, glancing at Drummond thoughtfully.

"Definitely final," answered Drummond quietly. "This time our friend has gone too far."

"That being so," Jerningham remarked, "I suggest that we get a move on. If I were you I'd get to Montreux, and do it quick. From what you've said, I think friend Peterson will cover all his tracks at the first possible moment."

"He may," agreed Drummond. "And yet—believing that the professor and I are both dead—he may not. You see," he repeated once again, "he thinks he's safe. Therein lies the maggot in the Stilton."

With which profound simile he relapsed into silence, which was only broken when the boat drew up alongside the yacht.

"He thinks he's safe, which is where he goes into the mulligatawny up to his neck. Put these fellows on shore, Ted, give me a change of clothes and then run me over to Lymington."

DRUMMOND had made up his mind to kill Peterson, but he wanted to do it in such a manner that it would appeal to his sense of art. And with Drummond the sense of art was synonymous with the sense of fair play. He would give Peterson a fair chance to fight for his life. But in addition to that his ambition went a little further. He felt that this culminating duel should be worthy of them both. The sudden plunging of Peterson from the dizzy heights of success into the valley of utter failure must not be a hurried affair, but a leisurely business in which each word would tell and in which the last word would be his own.

As for Mr. Edward Blackton, when he stepped out of the train at Montreux station at nine o'clock on a glorious summer's evening, he was in a condition in which even a request for one of his three remaining bottles of Napoleon brandy might have been acceded to. True, his right arm pained him somewhat; true, he was supremely unaware that at seven o'clock that morning Drummond had descended from the Orient Express on to the same platform. What he was aware of was that in his pocket reposed the secret which would make him all-powerful: and in his hand bag reposed an English morning paper giving the eminently satisfactory news that only six survivors had been rescued from the *S. Y. Gadfly*, which had mysteriously blown up off the Needles. Moreover, all six had combined in saying that the temporary owner of the yacht—a Mr. Robinson—must be among those drowned.

The hotel bus drew up at the door of the Palace Hotel, and Mr. Blackton descended. He smiled a genial welcome at the manager, and strolled into the luxurious lounge. In the ballroom leading out of it a few couples were dancing, but his shrewd glance at once found what he was looking for. In a corner sat Irma, talking to a wealthy young Roumanian. He sauntered across the lounge toward her, and realized at once that there was something of importance she wished to say to him. For a minute or two, however, they remained there chatting, then, with a courteous good night, they left the Roumanian and ascended in the lift to their suite.

"What is it, my dearest?" he remarked, as he shut the sitting-room door.

"That man Blantyre is here, Ted," said the girl. "He's been asking to see you."

He sat down and pulled her to his knee.

"Blantyre," he laughed. "Sir Raymond! Is he very angry?"

"When he saw me he was nearly speechless with rage."

"Dear fellow! It must have been a dreadful shock to him."

"But, Ted!" she cried anxiously. "Is it all right?"

"Righter even than that, *carissima*. Blantyre simply doesn't come into the picture."

There was a knock at the door, and the girl got quickly up.

"Come in."

The Story from the Beginning

WHEN a terrific explosion occurs in the Goodman laboratory, with tragic results for the worthy professor whose workshop it is, Bulldog Drummond becomes suspicious. For it seems to him a most opportune accident for a number of people. In particular, for the men who have vast diamond interests—in jeopardy at the moment because of Professor Goodman's recent discovery of a method of manufacturing flawless stones at a small cost.

Therefore, Drummond interviews the members of a diamond syndicate whose president, Sir Raymond Blantyre, knew of the professor's secret process and had offered him a huge sum to suppress it. Drummond tells these men a fact of which they are obviously ignorant: that the professor's notes had not been destroyed in the explosion, as they supposed, but were in the hands of another man, a Professor Scheidstrun. He further suggests that Sir Raymond go with him to see the German chemist. And later on, leaving Sir Raymond with the German, Drummond conceals himself in the next room, where he overhears an illuminating conversation between the two men, which discloses the fact that his old enemy, Carl Peterson, had been called on by the syndicate to suppress the process and that the notes are now in his possession.

But, unfortunately, he is discovered by Peterson's secretary, is knocked unconscious and taken to Peterson, who is now masquerading under the name of William Robinson. When Drummond recovers consciousness, he finds that Professor Goodman is being held by Robinson, who forces him to reveal his secret by torturing him. In desperation, Drummond pretends to be insane—from the blow on his head. In this way he is able to warn Professor Goodman of his danger—too late, however, as the professor tells him he has already given away his secret.

And at last, with the professor drugged and with Drummond bound and gagged, Robinson sends them in an ambulance to his yacht .

Mr. Blackton regarded the infuriated man who entered with a tolerant smile.

"Sir Raymond Blantyre, surely. A delightful surprise. Please shut the door, and tell us to what we are indebted for the pleasure of this visit."

The President of the Metropolitan Diamond Syndicate advanced slowly across the room. His usually florid face was white with rage, and his voice, when he spoke, shook uncontrollably.

"You scoundrel! You infernal scoundrel! Have you got the papers containing Goodman's process, or have you not?" he demanded furiously.

"Now I put it to you, my dear fellow, am I a fool or am I not?" Mr. Blackton seemed almost pained. "Of course I have the papers of the process. What on earth do you suppose I put myself to the trouble and inconvenience of coming over to England for?"

"You scoundrel!" spluttered Sir Raymond. "You took our money—half-a-million pounds—on the clear understanding that the process was to be suppressed."

"THE point is a small one," Blackton murmured, "but that is not my recollection of what transpired. You and your syndicate offered me half-a-million pounds to prevent Professor Goodman revealing his secret to the world. Well, Professor Goodman has not done so—nor will he do so. So I quite fail to see any cause for complaint."

The veins stood out on Sir Raymond's forehead.

"You have the brazen effrontery to sit there and maintain that our offer to you did not include the destruction of the secret? Do you imagine we should have been so incredibly foolish as to pay a large sum of money merely to transfer those papers from his pocket to yours?"

Mr. Blackton shrugged his shoulders.

"The longer I live, my dear Sir Raymond, the more profoundly do I become impressed with how incredibly foolish a lot of people are! But, in this case, do not let us call it foolishness. A kinder word is surely more appropriate to express your magnanimity. There are people who say that business men are hard. No—a thousand times—no. To present me with the secret was charming; but to force upon me half-a-million pounds sterling, as well, was almost extravagant."

"Hand it over—or I'll kill you like a dog."

Mr. Blackton's eyes narrowed a little; then he smiled.

"Really, Sir Raymond—don't be so crude. I must beg of you to put that absurd weapon away. Why, my dear fellow, it might go off. And though I believe capital punishment has been abolished in most of the cantons in Switzerland, I don't think imprisonment for life would appeal to you."

Slowly the other man lowered his revolver.

"That's better—much better," said Mr. Blackton approvingly. "And now have we anything further to discuss?"

"What do you propose to do?" asked Sir Raymond dully.

"Really, my dear fellow, I should have thought it was fairly obvious. I propose to become a millionaire many times over by means of it."

"That means the ruin of all of us."

"My dear Sir Raymond, your naturally brilliant brain seems amazingly obtuse this evening. Please give me credit for knowing something about the diamond market. I shall place these stones with such care that even you will have no fault to find. It will do me no good to deflate the price of diamonds. Really, if you look into it, you know, your half million has not been wasted. You would have been ruined without doubt if Professor Goodman had broadcasted his discovery to the world at large. And though I admit that it is unpleasant for you to realize that at any moment a stone worth many thousands may be put on the market at the cost of a fiver, it's not as bad as it would have been if you hadn't called me in. And one thing I do promise you: I will make no attempt to undersell you. My stones will be sold at the current market price."

Sir Raymond stirred restlessly in his chair. It was perfectly true that this arch-scoundrel said: it was better that the secret should be in the hands of a man who knew how to use it, than in those of an impractical old chemist.

"You see, Sir Raymond," went on Mr. Blackton, "the whole matter is so very simple. The only living people who know anything about this process are you and your syndicate—and I. One can really pay no attention to that inconceivable poop—I forget his name. I mean the one with the eyeglass."

"There's his friend," grunted Sir Raymond. "That vast man."

"You allude to Drummond?" said Mr. Blackton softly.

"That's his name. I don't know how much he *knows*, but he suspects a good deal. And he struck me as being a dangerous young man."

Mr. Blackton smiled sadly.

"Drummond! Dear fellow. My darling"—he turned to the girl—"I have some sad news for you. In the excitement of Sir Raymond's visit, I quite forgot to tell you. Poor Drummond is no more."

The girl sat up quickly.

"Dead! Drummond dead! Good heavens! How?"

"It was all very sad, and rather complicated. The poor dear chap went mad. In his own charming phraseology he got kittens in the granary. But all through his terrible affliction, one spark of his old life remained: his rooted aversion for me. The only trouble was that he mistook some one else for your obedient servant, and at last his feelings overcame him. I took him for a short sea voyage, with the gentleman he believed was myself, and he rewarded me by frothing at the mouth and jumping overboard in a fit of frenzy, clutching this unfortunate gentleman in the grip of a maniac. They were both drowned. Too sad, is it not?"

"But, I don't understand!" cried the girl. "Good heavens! What's that?"

From a large cupboard occupying most of one wall came the sound of a cork being extracted. It was unmistakable, and a sudden deadly silence settled on the room. The occupants seemed temporarily paralyzed; corks do not extract themselves. And then a strange pallor spread over Mr. Blackton's face, as if some ghastly premonition of the truth had dawned on him.

HE tottered rather than walked to the cupboard and flung it open. Comfortably settled in the corner was Drummond. In one hand he held a corkscrew, in the other a full bottle of brandy, which he was sniffing with deep appreciation.

"I pass this, Carl," he remarked, "as a very sound liqueur brandy. And if you would oblige me with a glass, I will decide if the taste comes up to the bouquet. A tooth tumbler will do excellently if you have no other," he added genially.

As he stared at the speaker, Blackton had a sudden sense of unreality. It was untrue, of course; it was a dream. Drummond was drowned; he knew it. So how could he be sitting in the cupboard? Manifestly, the thing was impossible.

"Well, well," said the apparition, stretching his

legs, "this is undoubtedly a moment fraught with emotion, and, I trust I may say 'tender memories.'" He bowed to the girl, who was staring at him with unfathomable eyes.

"How did you get here?" gasped Blackton hoarsely.

"By the Orient Express this morning," returned Drummond, emerging languidly from the cupboard.

"Jove! You're not human."

The words seemed to be wrung from Blackton by a force greater than his own and Drummond looked at him thoughtfully. There was no doubt about it—Peterson's nerve had gone.

"ON the contrary—very human, indeed," Drummond murmured. "Even as you, Carl. To err is human—and you erred once. It's bad luck, because I may frankly say that in all the pleasant *rencontres* we've had together nothing has filled me with such a profound admiration for your ability as this meeting. I feel almost sorry for that one big error of yours, though it is a delightful compliment to my histrionic abilities. How's Freyder's face?"

"So you hadn't got concussion," said the other. His voice was steadier now; he was thinking desperately.

"You've hit it, Carl. I recovered from my concussion on the floor of your room, and listened with interest to your plans for my future. And, having a certain natural gift for lying doggo—I utilized it. You will doubtless be glad to hear that by this time Professor Goodman is restored to his family."

A strangled noise came from behind him, and he turned around to find Sir Raymond Blantyre in a partially choking condition.

"Who did you say?" he demanded thickly.

"Professor Goodman," repeated Drummond, and his voice was icy. "I haven't got much to say to you, Sir Raymond—except that you're a nasty piece of work. Few things in my life have afforded me so much pleasure

"Good heavens!" cried the girl. "What's that?" From inside a large cupboard came the sound of a cork being extracted and a sudden deadly silence settled on the three

as the fact that you were swindled out of half a million. I wish it had been more. For the man who carried this coup through, one can feel a certain unwilling admiration; for you, one can feel only the most unmitigated contempt."

"How dare you speak like that?" spluttered the other, but Drummond was taking no further notice of him.

"That was your second error, Carl. You ought to have come into the motor boat. I assure you I had a dreadful time dragging that poor old chap underneath it, as you crossed our stern."

"So that was it, was it?" said Blackton slowly. His nerve was completely recovered, and he lit a cigar with ease. "I really think it is for me to congratulate you, my dear Drummond. Apart, however, from this exchange of pleasantries—er—what do we do now?"

"You say that Professor Goodman is still alive?" Sir Raymond had found his voice again. "Then who—who was buried?"

"Precisely," murmured Drummond. "Who was it, Carl?"

"The point seems to me to be of but academic interest," remarked Mr. Blackton in a bored voice. "The individual was no loss to the community whatever, I assure you."

And suddenly a light dawned on Sir Raymond Blantyre.

"Great heavens! It was poor Lewisham." He stared at Blackton with a sort of fascinated horror. The reason for Lewisham's visit to Professor Goodman was clear, and he shuddered uncontrollably.

"I rather believe it was," murmured Blackton, dismissing the matter with a wave of his hand. He turned again to Drummond. "So Professor Goodman is restored to his family once more. I trust he has suffered no ill effects from his prolonged immersion."

"None at all, thank you," answered Drummond. "Somewhat naturally he is angry. In fact, for a mild and gentle old man, he is in what might be described as the devil of a temper."

"But if he's back in London," broke in Sir Raymond excitedly, "what about his secret? It will be given to the world, and all this will have been in vain."

"From many points of view, Sir Raymond, I wish it could be given to the world," said Drummond, coldly. "I can think of no better punishment for you, or one more richly deserved. Unfortunately, however, you can set your mind at rest on that point. Professor Goodman no longer possesses his notes on the process."

"Precisely," murmured Mr. Blackton. "It struck me that one copy was ample. So I destroyed his."

"But for all that," continued Drummond, noting Sir Raymond's look of relief, "I don't think you're going to have a fearfully jolly time when you return to London. In fact, if I may offer you a word of advice I wouldn't return at all."

"What do you mean?" stammered the other.

"EXACTLY what I say, you confounded swine!" snapped Drummond. "Do you imagine you can instigate murder and sudden death, and then go trotting into the Berkeley as if nothing had happened? As I told you, the professor is angry and he's obstinate—and he wants your blood. My own impression is that if you get off with fifteen years you can think yourself lucky."

Sir Raymond plucked at his collar feverishly.

"Fifteen years!" His voice rose to a scream. "But it was this villain who did it all, I tell you: who murdered Lewisham, who——"

With a crash he fell back in the chair where Drummond had thrown him. Blackton was still critically regarding the ash on his cigar; Drummond turned his back and spoke again.

"Yes, Carl," he said, "the professor and I will deal with Sir Raymond. Or if anything should happen to me, the professor is quite capable of doing it himself."

"And what do you anticipate should happen to you?" asked Blackton politely.

"Nothing, I trust. But there is one thing which I have never done in the past during all our games of fun and laughter. I have never made the mistake of underrating you."

"We appear," Blackton murmured, "to be approaching the sixpence in the plum pudding."

"We are," returned Drummond quietly. "Sir Raymond is the professor's portion: you are mine."

A silence settled on the room—a silence broken at length by Blackton.

"I am all attention," he remarked, eyes fixed on Drummond's face.

"There is not much to say," said Drummond. "But what there is, I hope may interest you. If my memory serves me right, there was one unfailing jest between us in the old days. I allude to the determination expressed by you to kill me."

Blackton nodded thoughtfully.

"Now you speak of it, I do recall something of the sort."

"GOOD," continued Drummond. "And since no one could call me grudging in praise, I will admit that you made several exceedingly creditable attempts. This time, however, the boot is on the other leg. It's my turn to say—snap. In other words, I am going to kill you, Carl. At least, lest I should seem to boast, I'm going to have a jolly good attempt—one that I trust will be even more creditable than yours."

Once again a silence settled, broken this time by an amused laugh from the girl.

"Adorable as ever, my Hugh," she murmured. "And where shall I send the wreath?"

"Mademoiselle," answered Drummond gravely, "I propose to be far more original than that. And I should like you to listen while I outline my proposal." He turned again to Blackton. "First, I would like you to understand quite clearly what will happen if you refuse to fall in with it. Outside in the passage, Carl, are two large, stolid Swiss gendarmes. They don't know why they are there at present, but it will not take long to enlighten them. Should you decide, therefore, to decline my suggestion, I shall be under the painful necessity of requesting them to step in here, when I will inform them of just so much of your past history as to insure your sleeping for the next few nights in rather less comfortable quarters. Until, in fact, extradition papers arrive from England. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly," answered the other. "That will occur if I do not fall in with your suggestion. So let us hear the suggestion."

"It took a bit of thinking out," admitted Drummond. "I haven't your fertile brain, Carl, over these little matters. Still, I flatter myself it's not bad for a first attempt. Since we have fought in the past without the police, I wanted to finish without them. Having made up my mind to that, it became necessary to think of some scheme by which the survivor should not suffer. If it's you—well, you'll get caught sooner or later; if it's I, I certainly don't propose to suffer in any way."

He selected a cigarette with care and lit it.

"At first sight it may seem absurd—even fanciful—this scheme of mine. (*Continued on page 114*)

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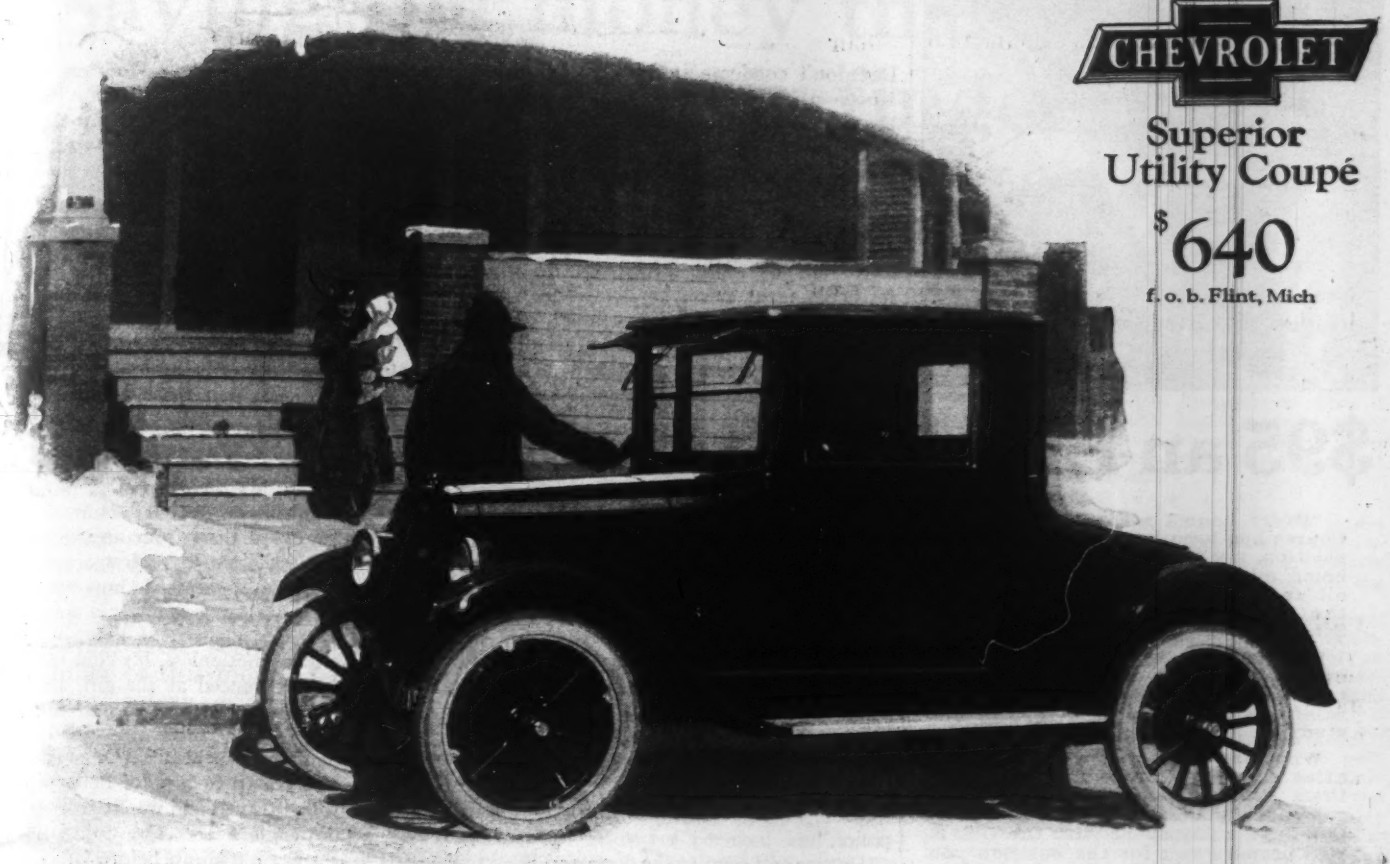

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The Third Round

[Continued from page 112]

But don't condemn it hastily, I beg you. Know anything about glaciers, Carl?" He smiled at the look of blank amazement on the other's face. "Jolly little things, my dear fellow, if you treat 'em the right way. But dangerous things to play tricks with. There are great cracks in them, you know—deep cracks with walls of solid ice. If a man falls down one of those cracks, unless help is forthcoming at once, he doesn't live long, Carl. In fact, he dies astonishingly quickly. People fall down these cracks accidentally sometimes." Drummond paused hopefully. "That's a pretty original idea, Carl, don't you think?"

"Am I to understand," said Blackton harshly, "that you propose that one or the other of us fall down a crevasse in a glacier?"

"Yes, that is my proposal," answered Drummond. "You and I, Carl, will go unarmed to a glacier. We will there find a suitable deep crevasse. And on the edge of that crevasse"—his voice changed suddenly—"we will fight for the last time with our bare hands. It's that or the police, Peterson. One gives you a chance, the other gives you none."

"I refuse utterly," snarled the other. "It's murder—nothing more nor less."

"A form of amusement you should be used to," said Drummond. "However, you refuse. Very good. I will now send for the police."

He rose and went to the door, and Blackton looked around desperately.

"Wait!" he cried. "Can't we—can't we come to some agreement?"

"None. Those are my terms. And there is one other that I have not mentioned. You said that two copies of the professor's notes were excessive. I agree—but I go further: One is too much; that process is altogether too dangerous. If the police take you—it doesn't matter; but if you accept my terms you've got to hand that copy over to me now. And I shall burn it. I don't mind running the risk of being killed; but if I am you're not going to get away with the other thing, too." Drummond glanced at his watch. "I give you half a minute to decide."

The seconds dragged by and Blackton stared in front of him. Plan after plan flashed through his mind, only to be dismissed as impossible. He was caught—and he knew it. Once the police had him, he was done for utterly and completely. They could hang him ten times over in England alone. He was caught. Not only had this, his greatest coup, failed, but his life was forfeit as well. For he was under no delusions as to what would be the result of the fight on the glacier.

He heard the snap of a watch closing.

"Your half minute is up, Peterson." Drummond's hand was on the door. "And I must say—I thought better of you."

"Stop!" cried the other. "I accept."

Drummond came back into the room.

"That is good," he remarked. "Then—first of all—the notes of Professor Goodman's process."

Without a word Blackton handed over two sheets of paper, though in his eyes was a look of smoldering fury.

"You fool!" he snarled, as he watched them burn to ashes. "You infernal fool."

"Opinions differ," murmured Drummond, powdering the ash on the table. "And now to discuss arrangements. We start early tomorrow morning by car. To the best of my ability, I've hemmed you in for the few hours that remain before we start. And when we leave you and I will sit on the back seat and discuss the view."

"And until we start?" said Blackton.

"We remain in this room," answered Drummond. "At least—you and I do. Mademoiselle must please herself."

The girl looked at him languidly.

"You don't mind if I leave you," she remarked. "To tell you the truth, *mon ami*, since I am going to Evian-les-Bains for the waters tomorrow I think I'll retire to bed. Do you know Evian?"

"Never heard of it, I'm afraid," said Drummond. "My geography is rotten."

He was lighting a cigarette, more to conceal his thoughts than from any desire to smoke. That she was a perfect actress, he knew, and yet it seemed impossible to believe that her composure was anything but natural. He glanced at Peterson, who was still sitting motionless, his chin sunk on his chest. He glanced at the girl, and she was patting a stray tendril of hair in front of a mirror. Was it conceivable that he had left a loophole in his scheme? Or could it be that she had ceased to care for Peterson?

The girl had turned and was regarding him with a faint smile.

"I fear I sha'n't be up before you go tomorrow," she murmured. "But whoever does not go into cold storage must come and tell me about it. And there are a lot of other things too I want to hear about. Why Carl, for instance, ought to have looked in the motor boat, and how you got concussion."

Drummond looked at her steadily.

"I find you a little difficult to understand, mademoiselle. I trust you are under no delusions as to whether I am bluffing or not. You can at any rate settle one point in your mind by glancing outside the door."

"To see the two large policemen?" laughed the girl. "*La, la*, my dear man—they would give me what you call a nightmare. I will take your word for it."

"And any appeal for help will result somewhat unfortunately for Carl."

She shrugged her shoulders irritably.

"I know when the game is up," she remarked. Then abruptly she turned on the man who had been her companion for years. "Bah! You fool!" she stormed. "Every time this great idiot here eludes you. Not once, but half a dozen times have you told me, 'Drummond is dead'—and every time he bobs up again like a jack in the box. And now, this time, when you had everything—everything—you go and let him beat you again. You tire me. It is good that we end our partnership. You are imbecile!"

She raged out of the room, and Carl Peterson raised his haggard eyes as the door closed. His lips had set in a twisted smile, and after a while his head sank forward again. He seemed to have aged suddenly. And into Drummond's mind there stole a faint feeling of pity.

"I'm sorry about that, Peterson," he said quietly. "She might at least have seen the game out to the end."

The other made no reply, and Drummond's feeling of pity increased. Scoundrel, mur-

[Continued on page 116]

Saving the money that slipped through their fingers

How an investment of $2.50 grew to $7,000 in seven years without speculation

By Arthur H. Patterson

MR. AND MRS. B. live in Connecticut. He is a clerk in the office of a manufacturing plant. They have been married ten years, and for the first three years of their married life they not only failed to save but actually went in debt over $400. They now have two children, own a comfortable cottage home which is appraised at $5,000 and is clear and free. They have savings-bank accounts of $800 and $1,200 invested in 7% preferred securities. And every dollar of this money has been saved from salary during the past seven years, an average of $1,000 per year.

I am going to tell you their story, or rather let Mr. B. tell it as he related it to me. If you are facing the crisis in your affairs which the B.'s faced in those early days of married life, it may help you to meet it and come off victorious.

Listen to what Mr. B. says:

"I am now 37 years of age; married and the Daddy of two children. When I was married I had exactly $750 on hand in cash, inherited from my father's estate. Up to that time I never saved a nickel and if this money hadn't come as a windfall, we could not have been married. I held a good position and was earning $2,500 a year. That was in 1915. For the next three years Jane and I just let things run along, living comfortably on my salary. The $750 which I inherited went for furniture and home needs and we did manage to buy—on the spur of early married ambition, perhaps—$300 more of furniture which we paid for out of my salary. But all the rest of it went for clothing, rent, food, amusement, books, cigars, etc. We spent it as it came and it was always a race between our cash and our bills to see which would be on top at the end of the month. Usually the cash lost. But the bills didn't press or worry me. I ran accounts with tradesmen who knew me and knew I was good for it. But gradually the bills distanced the cash and at the end of three years I was in a hole just $400; and then the situation grew serious because we had a baby and in order to pay the emergency bills of the occasion, I had to let my other creditors wait and they became restless.

"Jane and I had tried time and time again to live within my salary and save a few dollars, but it wasn't any use. We lacked the backbone somehow and didn't have the necessary system to help us see it through. One day I came across a remark made by James Hill, the railroad builder, and it set me thinking. It burned itself into my brain. It was this:

"*'If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you.'*

"I went home and that evening Jane and I had a long heart-to-heart talk. We sat up until one o'clock, studying, planning, debating, wondering how we could change our shiftless, easy-going habits so that we could feel that we were going to be classified with the successful ones and not the failures.

"We made up our minds that from that night on not a penny would be spent for other than bare necessities until every debt had been paid. We resolved to live on half my salary, reasoning that if other people whom we knew could live respectably on $1,250, there was no reason why we shouldn't. Then Jane said: 'We ought to keep a cash account and put down just where the money goes. We can't go by guesswork any longer. We've been living that way for three years. We'll begin now to keep a record of our money.'

"What Jane said brought to my mind an advertisement which I had seen only a few days before, about an Expense Book for family accounts. So I got the magazine and found the ad. It told about the Economy Expense Book for personal and household accounting. The description told me that it was exactly the thing we needed and before going to bed I wrote a letter ordering a copy. In a few days it came, and Jane and I had an interesting session studying it and entering the Cash and Expenditure Items which we had been keeping tab of since the midnight resolution.

"That book taught us something about the science of home economics. We learned, for instance, that in a properly arranged budget a man earning the salary I did could save, without stinting, at least 30% of his salary. But we were beating that figure. We had raised the ante to 50%, and that without suffering for a single need. Of course, we had cut out the theatre, the cigars, the expensive lunches and we'd begun to get acquainted with some of our discarded clothes all over again. And I learned that rent consumed in the balanced budget 25% (which was about our cost); food was 26½% and we cut it to 22½%; clothes 20%—we chopped to 8% that first year, and it never rose over 12% the first four years.

"We started on the new system in April, 1919. The following April, when we balanced the books for the first year we found this result: Every single bill paid and $500 in the savings bank! Glorious! We were out of the woods and for the first time in my entire business career I had visions of success on which I could actually stand without breaking through into the quicksands of despair. We celebrated that night in good style with a dinner and the theatre, and that's become part of the program ever since—the annual dinner of the board of directors, Jane calls it.

"The rest is easy. We were on the right track, and once started nothing could turn us back.

"We stuck right to the original program for three years, living on half my salary and saving the other half. Then I got a raise of $250 and that made it quite a bit easier. A year ago I got another raise, bringing my salary up to $3,000, where it now stands.

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"That book brought us, not only independence, but it changed me from a worried, half-baked existence into a self-respecting, successful man. I am in a position, as the result of our joint efforts, where I need look to no man for favors; and further than that, my success has brought us into a circle of friends, both business and social, who value us because we are looked upon in our town as 'worth while,' and 'the sort who are getting ahead.'"

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The Third Round

[Continued from page 114]

derer, unmitigated blackguard though he knew this man to be, yet when all was said and done he was no weakling. And it wasn't difficult to read his thoughts at the moment—to realize the bitterness and the fury that must be possessing him. Half an hour ago he had believed himself successful beyond his wildest dreams; now—— And then for the girl to go back on him at the finish.

Drummond pulled himself together; such thoughts were dangerous. If the positions were reversed, would one thought of mercy have softened the man he now held in his power? No one knew better than Drummond himself that he would not. And yet he could have wished the girl had not proved herself so rotten——

The lights were out on the long terrace fronting the lake, and he glanced at his watch. It was twelve o'clock; in another three hours it would be light enough to start.

"You are quite determined to go through with this?" asked Peterson abruptly.

"Quite," answered Drummond briefly.

Peterson said no more, but after a while he rose and walked into the glassed-in balcony. The windows were open, and with his hands in his pockets he stared out over the lake.

"I advise you to try nothing foolish," said Drummond, joining him. "The Swiss police are remarkably efficient, and communication with the frontiers by telephone is rapid."

"You think of everything," murmured Peterson. "There doesn't seem much more to be said." He turned and faced Drummond thoughtfully. "How on earth do you do it, my young friend? I wonder very much. In fact, I shall really have to find out. Good heavens! Look at that fool Blantyre."

Drummond swung around, and as he did so Peterson hit him with all his force under the jaw. The blow caught him off his balance, and he crashed backward, striking the back of his head against the side of the balcony as he fell. For a moment or two he lay there half stunned. Dimly he saw that Peterson had disappeared, then dazed and sick he scrambled to his feet.

Desperately he pulled himself together. The police outside, the telephone—there was still time. He could hear the engine of a motor boat now, but even so there was time. He rushed across the room to the door; outside in the passage were the two gendarmes.

They listened as he poured out the story, and then one of them shook his head a little doubtfully.

"It is perfectly true, monsieur," he remarked, "that we can communicate with the gendarmes of all the Swiss towns *au bord du lac*—and at once. But with the French towns it is different."

"French?" said Drummond, staring at him. "Isn't this bally lake Swiss?"

"*Mais non, monsieur.* Most of it is. But the southern shore from St. Gingolph to Hermance is French. Evian-les-Bains is a well-known French watering place."

"Evian-les-Bains!" shouted Drummond. "Evian-les-Bains! Stung! Utterly, absolutely, completely stung! And to think that that darned girl fixed the whole thing under my very nose." For a moment he stood undecided; then at a run he started along the corridor. "After 'em, *mes braves*. Another motor boat is the only chance."

There was another moored close in shore, and into it they all tumbled followed by Ted Jerningham and Algy Longworth whom they had roused from their slumbers in the lounge. Ted, as the authority, took charge of the engine—only to peer at it once, and start laughing.

"What's the matter?" snapped Drummond.

"Nothing much, old man," said his pal. "Only that there are difficulties in the way of making a petrol engine go when both sparking plugs have long been removed."

And it seemed to Drummond that, at that moment, there came a faint mocking shout from far out on the darkness of the lake.

"Mind you wear hobnailed boots on the glacier!"

IT was four days later. During those four days Drummond's usual bright conversational powers had been limited to one word—"Stung." And now as he drew his second pint from the cask in the corner of his room in Brook Street, he elaborated it.

"Stung in the center and on both flanks," he remarked morosely. "And biffed in the jaw into the bargain."

"Still, old dear," murmured Algy brightly—Algy's world was bright again, now that there was no further need to postpone his marriage, "you may meet him again."

"Stung," reiterated Drummond, and relapsed into moody silence, which remained unbroken till the sudden entrance of Professor Goodman. He was holding in his hand an early edition of an evening paper, and his face was agitated.

"What's up, professor?" asked Drummond.

"Read that," said the other.

Drummond glanced at the paper.

"Death of well-known English financier in Paris," ran the headline. He read on:

"This morning Sir Raymond Blantyre, who was stopping at the Savoy Hotel, was found dead in his bed. Beside the deceased man an empty bottle of veronal was discovered. No further details are at present to hand."

So Blantyre had failed to face the music. As usual the lesser man paid, while Peterson got off.

"Suicide, I assume," said the professor.

"Undoubtedly," answered Drummond. "It saves trouble. And I may say I put the fear of 'God into him. What is it, Denny?"

"This letter and parcel have just come for you, sir," said his servant.

Drummond turned them both over in his hand, and a faint smile showed on his face. The postmark was Rome; the writing he knew. It was the letter he opened first.

"I have threatened often; I shall not always fail. You have threatened once; you could hardly hope to succeed. I shall treasure some edelweiss. *Au revoir.*"

Still smiling, he looked at the parcel. After all, perhaps it was as well. Life without Peterson would indeed be tame. He cut the string; he undid the paper. And then a strange look spread over his face—a look which alarmed the faithful Denny.

"Beer, fool, beer!" cried his master hoarsely.

On the table in front of him lay a book. It was entitled "Our little Tots' Primer of Geography."

[THE END]

The Mystery at Meyerling

[Continued from page 50]

cemetery and the funeral arrangements are not without interest in this engrossing drama, for they shed a glaring light on the secretive procedure that surrounded every move connected with the tragedy. The first document deals with the body of Baroness Mary Vetsera and her burial in the Heiligenkreuz graveyard. This report was signed by Police Commissioner Habrda and was addressed to Herr Taafe, the Prime Minister of Austria.

"Your Excellency,

On January 31st, at twelve o'clock noon, I received an order to ask permission from the head of the Heiligenkreuz Monastery to be allowed to inter the body of Baroness Vetsera, a victim of the Meyerling tragedy, in the monastery graveyard and to procure a coffin for the purpose. Of the execution of this order, I take the liberty to report as follows:

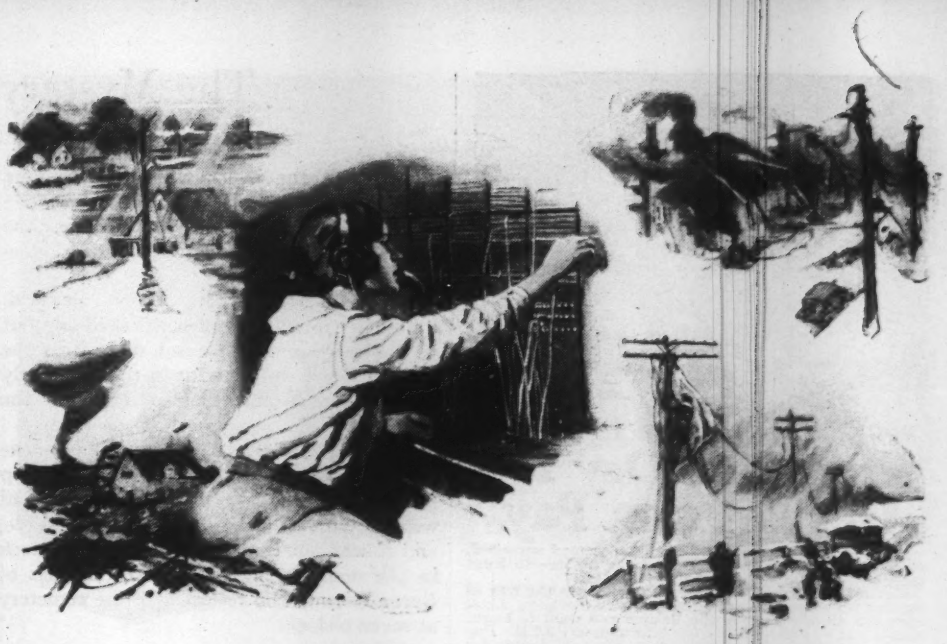
After the receipt of the order I, together with Commissioner Baron Gorup—later Chief of Police in Vienna—hurried to the Southern Railroad Station but, in spite of my haste, missed the noon train by a few minutes. As the next train was to leave at one-twenty p. m. and as that did not stop at Modling Station and as the journey via Baden was expressly forbidden in consideration of the fact that the Baden-Meyerling route was infested with newspaper reporters and as no other route was possible, I decided to make the journey by carriage in relays, changing horses at Modling in order to reach Heiligenkreuz in time.

Though the roads were in very bad condition, we reached Modling by half-past two and an hour later arrived at Heiligenkreuz. We hurried to the monastery and saw Prelate Grimbock to whom, after a few introductory words, I handed the letter of His Excellency, Count Bombelles, Master of Court Ceremonies. We easily succeeded in allaying the Prelate's anxieties and it was not even necessary to inform him of the actual situation. We told him that the Baroness committed suicide within the Castle, in Meyerling territory, and, consequently, could not be buried in accordance with law in the Alland Cemetery, but would have to be interred at Heiligenkreuz. Having regard to the strict privacy with which this had to be done, we suggested the time for the burial to be at night or early in the morning.

The prelate offered to put us up for the night in the monastery in order to keep our presence unobserved by strangers. He also gave orders for the construction of a coffin in the carpenter shop attached to the monastery, and for the digging of a grave.

While I had been attending to the dispatching of a telegram in code, reporting our progress, Baron Gorup left for Meyerling under cover of night, to arrange for the transportation of the body. He returned to Heiligenkreuz, bringing three detectives with him. At ten o'clock we received word that the carriage bearing the body—in a sitting position on the back seat of the carriage, dressed in ordinary street clothes—was on its way. Baron Gorup went to meet it and I proceeded to the cemetery with the three detectives and the gravedigger to await their arrival.

[Continued on page 118]



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The Mystery at Meyerling

[Continued from page 117]

Owing to the inclement weather—there was rain and sleet and a sharp wind blowing—it took the carriage a long time to make the journey, and it was midnight before the cemetery was reached.

Then Count Stockau, Baron Baltazzi, Baron Gorup and myself lifted the body out of the carriage and carried it first to the morgue where we placed it in the previously prepared coffin and then returned to the monastery.

While the Commissioner was preparing the protocols, we ordered the detectives to keep guard over the body in the morgue. The bad weather hindered the digging of the grave, and it was not completed until nine o'clock in the morning, in spite of the urgings of Baron Gorup, who returned to the cemetery at seven o'clock.

WE arrived at the grave half an hour before its completion. The coffin was nailed down and brought out from the morgue. Just at this time the storm was at its height and a terrible rain was pouring down so that we all had to take a hand in filling up the grave, for the lone gravedigger could never have finished the task. It was half-past nine when we finished. No one else—except the persons named—was present and no one could see the procedure from a distance.

Naturally, the presence of so many strangers could not have passed unnoticed in a small village like Heiligenkreuz, but the monks of the monastery gave us proper assurance of their silence in regard to the night's events, and the inhabitants were led to believe that a committee of clerical people had visited the monastery in connection with the funeral ceremonies for the Crown Prince Rudolph.

The gravedigger and the carpenter were warned not to disclose anything of the events and all they knew was that they were assisting at the burial of the lady who had committed suicide in Meyerling.

Your most obedient servant,
Habrda, Royal and Imperial
Police Commissioner."

ON the day of the gruesome funeral at Heiligenkreuz, a representative of the Imperial Court appeared at the Vetsera Palace in Vienna and informed the Baroness that Their Majesties "would consider it a token of courtesy on her part if she would kindly leave the city and establish her residence at a distance from Vienna or its vicinity while the funeral arrangements of the Crown Prince were being completed." His Majesty would consider it a special attention toward himself if she left for Salzburg and if she did not mention this suggestion to any one and pretended that she was taking the trip on her own initiative.

The Baroness accepted the inevitable and agreed to leave the city early the following morning. "It is my duty to obey the Emperor," she said.

Still another kind offer came from the Emperor's representative. If the Baroness so desired, he would order the body to be exhumed and buried elsewhere, wherever she would prefer. But the Baroness refused to listen to this proposal and would not think of permitting her daughter's rest to be disturbed. "Let her sleep where she is and await the day of judgment there."

How different was the burial ceremony of the other lover! A few days after the beautiful Mary's body was hidden in the sodden earth, kings and emperors from many lands, in gorgeous attire, generals, admirals, thousands of courtiers, flowers and wreaths innumerable, a whole mighty empire in mourning tears followed Rudolph to the ancient Royal tomb at the Capuchin Fathers' Church.

Red to the Right

[Continued from page 101]

But a swing of the craft sent Gaunt staggering, off balance.

The moment of breathing space rallied Delaney, sent him forward to meet the attack. Strength flooded back to him; he stopped Gaunt with a crushing blow to the mouth, followed it with right and left, got in a smashing drive of his knee that left Gaunt gasping and reeling. The two men crashed back and forth across the narrow deck. A fling of the boat hurled them headlong against the side; Delaney, first to recover, snapped in a blow, then another—two blows, swift as light. Gaunt fell over sideways and went limp.

"Half speed, Nan—quick about it!"

Startled, the girl jerked into action, dimly realizing that Delaney was at the helm. His laugh reached her.

"Red to the right—red to the right! We're in, Nan. When we touch the wharf, jump ashore, phone for a taxi—get your dad to the hospital. Leave this fool where he is. Not dead yet, by glory! Better get out on deck and be ready to jump——"

Nan did not answer, for she had not the heart. She could not tell him that it was all useless—that her father, even had he been conscious, was merciless; that he would surely believe the lies of Gaunt! All useless.

JASON JOHNSON, grimly silent, looked from one to the other. Against its encircling bandage, in the bright morning sunlight of the hospital room, his face was revealed in all its pitiless strength, implacable as granite, untouched by emotion. He had listened in this same silence as each of them spoke—Gaunt coolly and carefully, Nan in a hopeless yet fiery indignation of denial.

He looked at them and said nothing. Gaunt briefly recapitulated.

"A very clever scheme all through—and I'm afraid Nan was imposed upon. Perhaps she didn't realize how clever the rascal was! He saw that I was getting that tarpaulin rigged up, yet he deliberately ran us down, rammed and sank the boat, all but cost us our lives! Of course, when he gave away his scheme I understood his action——"

"Oh, liar!" said Nan, softly. "I've told how it really happened——"

She fell silent, as the nurse came into the room and spoke.

"There's a Mr. Delaney here asking for Miss Johnson——"

Nan turned, but was checked by her father's voice.

"Stop, Nan! Let him come right in."

Gaunt smiled at that.

An agony of impatience seized the girl. If she had only been given a chance to warn Delaney, to tell him of the lies, to guard him against what was coming! She saw how her father, merciless, would seize at the least pretext to condemn the man she loved——

Delaney stepped through the doorway, and his cheerful smile died under Nan's gaze.

"Hello, is this a lodge of sorrow?" he exclaimed. "I hear your head's all right, Mr. Johnson. No wonder. It'd bust a pile driver to lam you over the head. By the way, I just sent off that message of yours."

He came to the foot of the bed, meeting the deep-boring gaze of Jason Johnson with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes. If his head and body were hurt and sore, he gave no evidence of it.

"That's what I want to ask you about," said Jason Johnson grimly. "When did you send it?"

"Ten minutes ago; nine-thirty exactly," Delaney chuckled. "I figured that would give me time enough to put over my own little deal in September wheat."

"Oh! That was your scheme, eh? Took a bit of my hide, did you?"

Delaney laughed, not noting the smile on the lips of Gaunt, or the wide gaze of Nan.

"Took a real big bite, I hope," he said cheerfully. "Got any kick?"

Jason Johnson lay silent. Nan watched him with terrible eyes. He would believe Gaunt, even against her—she knew he must. For otherwise he must give in completely to Delaney, admit that he owed his life to the man, knuckle under in all ways; and this was a thing that Jason Johnson had never done to any one.

Suddenly Johnson shifted his gaze to Gaunt.

"Gaunt, do something for me, will you?"

"Sure," said Gaunt eagerly. "What?"

"Get out of here and don't come back," said Jason Johnson coldly. "D'ye think I'd ever take your word against that of my girl? You fool! Get out of here."

A shocked, incredulous silence filled the room. Delaney, still ignorant of what had preceded his entry, was the only one not staggered by these words. Laughing, he turned to Gaunt.

"Congratulations!" he said, and grinned.

But Jason Johnson, who felt Nan drop to her knees at his bedside, who felt her tears fall hot upon his hand, knew he had gained the one thing in the world which until now he had so vainly sought. He looked up at Delaney, with the shadow of a smile.

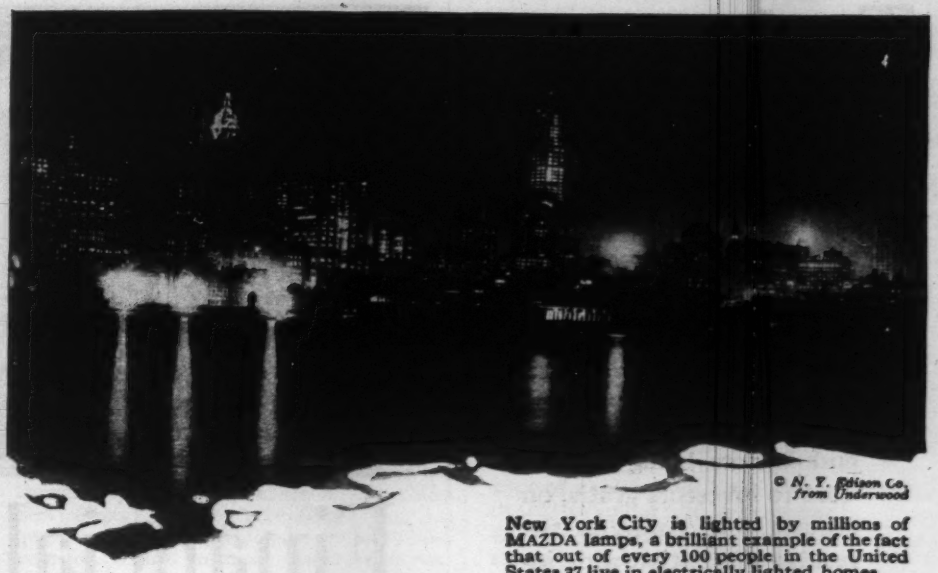
"Delaney," he said, "you give me three months with my girl, here, and then you can take her. Agreed?"

"What's the idea?" demanded Delaney, who carried a chip on his shoulder for Jason Johnson.

"A big one." And now Jason Johnson actually smiled. "I'm beat, Delaney. I think maybe she and I can get to know each other—if you'll give us the chance. Will you?"

"Will I?" Delaney's eyes widened, as he realized something of the truth. "Will I? Don't ask me—ask the skipper! Will I, Nan?"

And Nan, looking up at him, smiling through her tears, pressed her father's hand.



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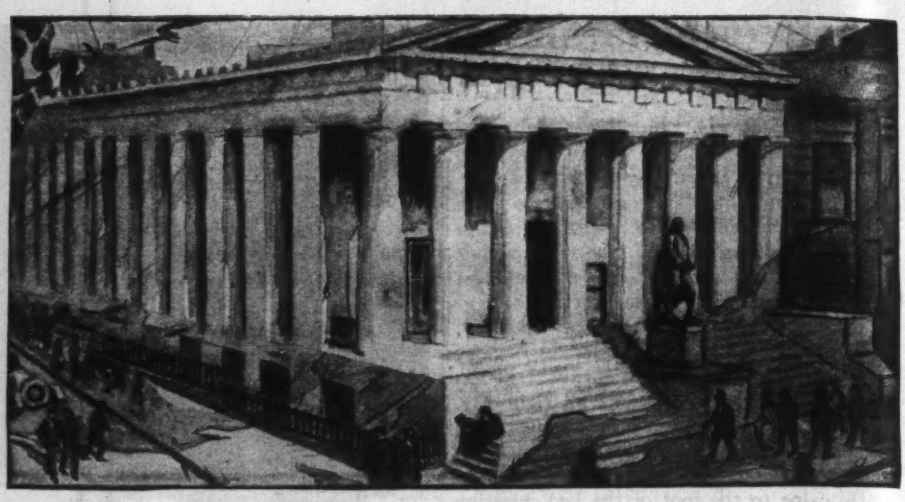

Financial Problems

By Franklin K. Sprague

THIS department of financial advice freely offers its services to all readers. Send your query to the Financial Editor of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 80 Lafayette Street, New York City, and you will receive a prompt reply. Correspondence will be held confidential, but investment questions of general interest will be published anonymously.

Q. I would like your opinion on my holdings. Married, age thirty-four, save about $1,500 a year, good health, steady employment, do not pay income tax, part of my income exempt. My future plans will not require me to convert any of my holdings into cash. I do not have the requisite time or knowledge to enable me to do much watching of investments. I practically buy a security and put it away and forget it, except to clip coupons. Am I justified in holding such bonds as Brazil 8s, French 7½s, Ozark Power & Water 5s, to increase income? In adding to the list, what class of bonds should I buy? Would it be policy to sell such bonds as New York Central, 1930, and Canadian National Railways, 1935, Equipment Trust and Grand Trunk Pacific 3s, 1962. If sale is advisable what shall I buy to keep the list diversified? The list follows: U. S. Fourth Liberty, $200; Brazil 8s, $500; French 7½s, $800; Grand Trunk Pacific 3s, $2,430; Canadian National Railway Equipment 7s, $1,000; New York Central Equipment Trust Ctfs., $1,000; Phoenix, Arizona 6s, $1,000; Portland Railway Light & Power 7½s, $500; Kansas City Gas Company 6s, $500; Ozark Power & Water 5s, $500; Missouri River Bridge Co. 7s, $300; and $1,600 Real Estate Mortgage bonds.

A. It is proper for a man in your circumstances to have a small part of his funds in French Government and Ozark Power bonds if these issues are well supported by first-grade securities. But you would make a serious mistake if you carried out the proposal to strip this list of such strong issues as New York Central equipment 7s, Canadian National equipment bonds and Grand Trunk Pacific 3s. These form part of the backbone of your list, and we advise you to keep them.

You will have to use your own judgment on the appropriateness of Brazil 8s. The best we can do is to repeat that these bonds contain a real business risk, despite the fact that they are not a corporate obligation. You might well consider sound preferred stocks when selecting future investments. Among those we have in mind are New York Telephone 6½ per cent preferred; American Tobacco 6 per cent; Standard Oil of New Jersey 7 per cent; Niagara Falls Power 7 per cent and Western Electric 7 per cent.

Q. I fail to see why MCCLURE'S should recommend Straus bonds when they do not fill the three requirements according to Jordan in his work on investments. First, safety of principal; second, safety of returns; and third, liquibility. I presume that numbers one and two are correct, but the power of liquibility or ability of transferring into cash does not appear to me to be present.

A. Neither Jordan nor any one else whose ideas of investment values are worth acting upon has ever claimed that 100 per cent of one's funds should be placed in readily marketable securities. Furthermore, MCCLURE'S has never claimed that 100 per cent of one's funds should be invested in Straus bonds or any other form of real estate mortgage. If you start in to eliminate from investment consideration all bonds for which there is no open or over-the-counter market, what would become of the billions of dollars worth of real estate mortgages on their expiration dates? And how long would it take to make up the existing housing shortage if it should become necessary for the builder to start with 100 per cent cash?

The non-negotiable real estate mortgage has been recognized as a good form of investment for hundreds of years, the $100 bond being a relatively new expedient for splitting up big mortgages into convenient form. Marketability is an investment qualification that has real value. When you get it you must pay a price, although that price is something that cannot be clearly defined in terms of dollars. We have consistently maintained that a portion of every complete investment should be in readily marketable securities, the exact percentage depending upon the possible financial contingencies that may confront the individual investor. There can be no hard and fast rule on this point.

Q. Please advise me whether it would be profitable to invest in the Permanent Mortgage Corporation stock at $14.25 per share and whether it would be wise to accept a loan from them for my future home, on the monthly installment plan?

A. The Permanent Mortgage Company is a relatively new organization in a field which many competent persons believe is overcrowded. Until the company has proved

that it merits a permanent position in the business, its stock cannot be considered for investment where the funds of a conservative investor are concerned. Whether you accept a loan from the company will depend to a large extent on the terms under which it is offered.

Q. G. L. Miller & Company is offering real estate mortgage bonds on Florida property with a yield of as high as 8 per cent. Please tell me whether G. L. Miller is well established. Are they reasonably honest in their statements of valuation, etc.?

A. The G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company has an intimate knowledge of real estate values in Florida and has displayed good judgment in financing hotel and apartment house projects in that State. The company also has a good reputation for integrity. The high coupon rates attached to Miller's Florida bonds are accounted for in part by the dearth of investment capital available for building projects in that State.

Q. Please advise me whether or not you consider the following securities sound investments: Standard Oil of New Jersey, 4 per cent common stock; Philadelphia Company 5 per cent common stock; Detroit Edison 8 per cent common stock; Bethlehem Steel Company construction 6s, "A," due 1948; Duquesne Light 6s, 1949; United States Rubber 1st 5s, 1947; Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul general 4s, "A" 1989; C. C. C. & St. Louis general 4s, 1993. Please recommend some good long-term 4 per cent railroad bonds. Do you consider this the proper time to buy stocks or bonds? I would like a return of about 6 per cent, with safety.

A. There is no question about the bonds listed in your letter being suitable for a conservative investor. The St. Paul bond is the best of that company's obligations, but be sure that you specify the general mortgage bonds, in giving your order to the broker. The others are too far removed from the rails. Detroit Edison common stock deserves a good rating among electric power stocks. Philadelphia Company common, in our opinion, is too susceptible to the influences that may be exerted at times against the company's traction properties and should not be taken unless you are prepared to discount that factor.

It is not proper to class Standard Oil of New Jersey common stock as a 4 per cent stock. The company pays $4 a year, or 16 per cent. This is an appropriate time to buy good bonds for investment. The advisability of going into the market for stocks at a time when prices are high, as they are at present, is always open to question.

Q. I should value your opinion of Lehigh Valley Railroad General Consolidated 4 per cent mortgage bonds, due 2003, as a safe and permanent investment. I have Pennsylvania and Reading and am advised, in order to spread out, to take in the Lehigh.

A. Lehigh Valley Railroad, general 4s rank among the best railroad bonds and are entirely appropriate as a conservative investment. After you have taken this bond it would be advisable to diversify your investments further by purchasing high-grade electric power bonds. We will furnish a specific recommendation when you wish it.

Q. What bonds, if any, would you recommend for the investment of a widow's funds, the bulk of which is drawing bank interest at four per cent? Would prefer bonds available in denominations of five hundred dollars. What is your opinion of the new American Telephone debentures and of the bonds of the Southern California Edison Company?

A. If you have assumed the responsibility of investing a widow's funds you need not hesitate about buying bonds like American Telephone 5½s or Southern California Edison 6s. The refunding and general mortgage of the latter company is entitled to a slightly better rating than the new 6s, due 1923. If the amount involved is even as small as a few thousand dollars, the purchase of $1,000 pieces is recommended. There are at times disadvantages in buying or selling smaller denominations. In addition to the two bonds just mentioned, you might consider Bush Terminal Buildings first 5s, due 1960, and Pere Marquette first 5s, due 1956.

Q. Please give me your opinion of Cities Service Company. I bought 100 shares of preference B stock; am paying for it in monthly payments; bought it at $6.50 a share, but it has since dropped to $6.25. Would it be advisable to sell, even at a loss, and invest in safe bonds or is the investment sound enough?

A. The advisability of terminating the agreement by which you are buying Cities Service stock, thereby accepting a loss, is a question concerning which we cannot advise you, for obvious reasons. We must be content with passing on the merits of this stock, as compared with sound bonds or even first-class preferred stocks. This security does not rank with stocks of the first grade. It contains too great a business risk for a conservative investor to assume. Assuredly your position would be more secure if you held preferred stocks yielding around 6 per cent or bonds returning that rate or a lower one.

Q. I enclose a statement of the Great Western Sugar Company of Denver which I received today, suggesting purchase of its common stock. But with a surplus of more than $25,000,000, would it appear necessary to sell any more stock? Do you think an investment in this stock safe? Compared with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock, which would be the wiser investment? Would you consider the 1st refunding 7½ per cent Gold Bonds, Series "A," of the Empire Gas & Fuel Company a good purchase?

A. There is nothing in the statement enclosed with your recent letter to suggest that the Great Western Sugar Company is selling any new common stock directly to the public. It is more likely that the communication you received was from a broker who deals in this stock. This company is one of the strongest in the sugar business. The American Sugar Refining Company owns a substantial amount of its common stock. While the company has a good earnings' record and is doing splendidly at the present time, we feel that a small investor's interests would be better conserved if he should take that company's 7 per cent preferred stock, which is selling on an attractive income basis.

Empire Gas & Fuel 7½ per cent bonds are second-grade bonds containing an element of business risk which the average investor cannot afford to assume.

Q. I wish you would be kind enough to give me an address at which I can get literature or information relative to an annuity.

A. You can get information on annuities from any of the larger life insurance companies. We refer you to the Equitable Life Assurance Company, 120 Broadway, New York City, and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Q. About two years ago I invested some money in the common stock of the Forwarders Computing Service Corporation of New York City. I have never received any dividends. Please tell me what their stock is worth at present and if it will ever be a success. About the same time I bought common and preferred stock of the H. H. Franklin Manufac-

[Continued on page 122]

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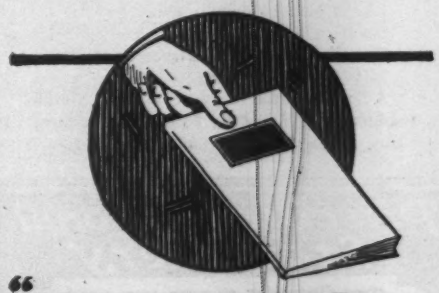

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Financial Problems

[Continued from page 121]

turing Company, of Syracuse. I have received dividends on the preferred stock only. Do you think this is a good investment and what is the value of their common and preferred stock at present? I have stock in both the Preston Building and Loan Association and the Brith Sholom Building Association, both of Philadelphia. Are these good investments and is my money safe?

A. H. H. Franklin preferred stock cannot be classed as a first-grade industrial stock, but we believe it to be suitable for any one who can take a certain amount of business risk for the sake of more than normal return. The common still remains in the speculative class. The company is doing well, but is in a highly competitive business. The preferred was quoted recently $85 bid, offered at 90; the common at 22 bid, offered at 25.

If the two building and loan associations are under strict State control there can be no objection to your holding their shares. We can find no trace of the Forwarders Computing Service Corporation.

[All inquiries receive prompt and careful attention. Correspondence is treated as confidential and is answered by Mail. Questions relating to subjects of general interest will be published each month. Address, Financial Editor McCLURE's *Magazine, 80 Lafayette St., New York City]*

McClure's Financial Booklet

Tenth Edition

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of 35 cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. This book will enable you to avoid many of the pitfalls that a new investor is apt to encounter.

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent and Safety Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
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Booklet will be sent for 35 cents in stamps. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 80 Lafayette St., New York.

Investment Literature

[If you do not care to order these booklets direct we shall be glad to have them sent to you. Kindly order by Number.]

1. S. W. Straus & Company, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will be glad to send on request their new booklet "Charting Hidden Treasure." This booklet contains tables that will help you build an income.
2. The G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company of Miami, Florida, are publishers of "The Ideal Investment," a financial book which describes the character of first mortgage real estate bonds, and indicates how high-grade bonds which are secured by real estate are protected against loss. A copy of this book will be mailed free and without obligation, upon request.
3. "How to Select Safe Bonds" is a booklet that has recently been published by George M. Forman & Company, 105 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois. Send for this booklet.
4. "Current Offerings"—a booklet describing First Mortgage Investments in Washington, D. C., yielding 6½% to 7.13%, that have back of them a record of no loss to any investor in 50 years. For copies, address The F. H. Smith Company, 815 Fifteenth Street, Washington, D. C.
5. "A Graphic Guide to Investments." This chart has been prepared for the guidance of investors in testing securities. It lists over 60 requirements of a good investment. This guide is distributed gratis by Clarence Hodson & Co., Inc., 135 Broadway, New York.
6. Why New York property is supreme as an investment security and why the owner of New York City realty bonds living in Oregon, Texas or California feels as safe in his investment as a native New Yorker is presented in a most interesting and convincing manner in a new brochure "A Mortgage on New York," recently issued by the Columbia Mortgage Co., 4 East 43rd St., New York City. Send for this brochure.

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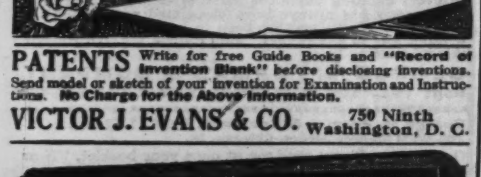

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Selling Investment Securities by Mail

For years, the readers of McClure's Magazine have been noted for their willingness to respond to investment advertisements published in these pages. Why have these advertisements produced results? Partly, of course, because only reliable firms have been permitted to advertise in McClure's, but largely because these firms have understood how to write compelling "copy."

We will gladly send to any investment banker a booklet, "Selling Securities by Mail," which lays down some principles of successful advertising. (Please use your letterhead when writing for this booklet.)

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The Lady of the Blue Cloak

[Continued from page 69]

The Englishman swore, then, beneath his breath. He wanted that car at all costs and without attracting undue attention.

With a swiftness born of his past adventuring, he completely revised his plans. He entered the street a moment later and walked briskly and deliberately to the motor, aware all the while that the chauffeur had seen and was following almost at his heels. He pulled open the door, swung suddenly around and, catching the other's extended arm, victimized him with a trick that had been useful to him on more than one similar occasion. The man shot over Ferring's back into the car, struck his head against a metal fitting and fell heavily. The Englishman, glancing over one shoulder to make sure that the land was clear, dropped on his knees and groped under the seat. The man did not stir.

Ferring bound him quickly and effectively, removed his leggings and thrust them through the window, then manipulated the opera hat until it adhered drunkenly to the fellow's head. The chauffeur's cap he took, in exchange. A minute later, not a little elated at the initial success of his enterprise, he closed the door and went in search of the green overcoat. He had completed a brief study of the mechanism and turned the collar well up over his ears when Spalanza burst like an enraged bull from the restaurant. Pasqua, her blue mantello trailing behind her, followed at a distance.

What Ferring lacked in inches he made up for in spirit. Whenever it was feasible he played the big game. Without leaving his seat, he reached around and threw open the door, counting on the street light opposite to answer the questions the Italian thundered at him.

Spalanza, staring in all directions but the right one, beckoned furiously to the girl to come up with him. He took a step toward the Englishman, who tightened his grip on the spanner he had unearthed. It was Pasqua's little scream, as she mounted the footboard, that drew Spalanza's attention to the prostrate form. If the opera hat deceived the girl, it had a similar effect upon her companion. He pushed her into the vehicle, clambered in after her—and Ferring, disregarding the instructions that came to him through the speaking tube, drove at breakneck speed into the blackness ahead.

He caught himself laughing aloud, as he clung to the wheel with the wind whistling past the screen and little pebbles tack-tacking against the mud guards. He wondered how long it would be before the Italian discovered the truth and whether he would blaze at him pointblank through the glass. The possible end of the escapade bothered him not at all. He had hoped that Spalanza—with his opera manners—would have got in before the girl, in which case he could have left her behind and driven the machine to disaster, himself jumping out at the last moment and taking his chance. As it was, he must forge ahead until either the petrol gave out or Spalanza took decisive action from behind.

He swerved to avoid a belated wagon and took a road branching off abruptly to the right. It was broad at the commencement, but narrowed down considerably and there

[Continued on page 124]

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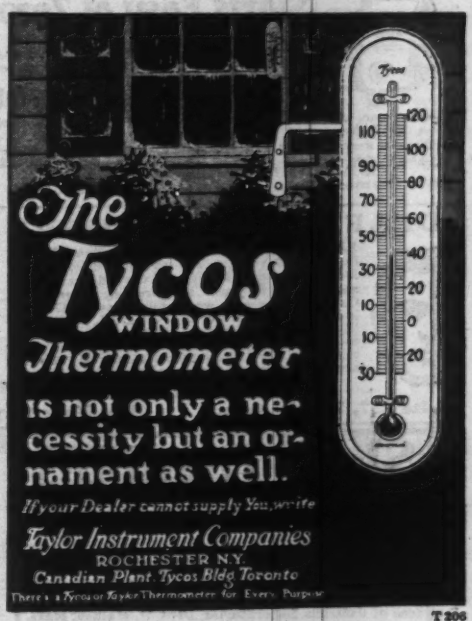
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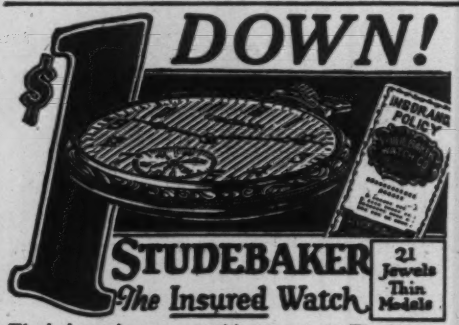

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The Lady of the Blue Cloak

[Continued from page 123]

were trees on either side. Groups of houses flashed by, blank spaces, more houses, isolated cottages and then the open country, flat and monotonous. They bumped over a small bridge that spanned a stream, jolted through a patch of loose flints and suddenly, as Ferring peered ahead, he saw a black patch lying right across the road. A fraction of a second and he knew it to be a tree, possibly uprooted in a recent storm, that nobody had had the energy to remove.

If he regretted anything at that moment, it was the necessity that had made him transfer his automatic to Pasqua. The fallen monarch completely barred his path; there was a bank to the right and a ditch to the left and precious little cover offering anywhere. Spalanza was armed; he was certain of that. Neither did he harbor any doubts as to the accuracy of the Italian's fire. To have risked impact with the obstacle would have endangered Pasqua. To cap everything, a full moon rode placidly in a cloudless sky.

The thing was barely fifty yards ahead—forty—thirty—and then, as he was preparing to slow down and jump for it, the window behind him crashed through and a heavy blow sent him lurching forward. The car, momentarily out of hand, swayed ominously. He grabbed desperately at something to prevent himself from being pitched headforemost into the road, staggered backward against the wind screen and caught a fleeting glimpse of a head and arm thrust through the jagged aperture. Spalanza had not seen the tree; he was out to check Ferring's wild career at all costs. His left hand closed on the wheel and the right, that followed it, held the Englishman effectively covered.

Ferring saw the tongue of flame and felt the bullet—that only the drunken roll of the vehicle diverted from its intended course—graze his arm. Fully aware that disaster was inevitable, he devoted what he believed to be the last moments of his existence to planting his fist firmly and forcibly between Spalanza's eyes. And then the shock came. There was a sickening jar, a whirring of impotent machinery, an inrush of cold air, and everything seemed to be coming down on top of him. His last memory was that of a blinding light in his eyes and a sensation of rolling over and over down a comparatively soft, but endless incline.

HE sat up and blinked. Something was tugging at his sleeve. He groped for it and discovered it to be a human hand. He had a hazy notion that this had been going on for some time. He stared vacantly around him. It was still night and he could see nothing but the heavens and a forest of tall stalks that surrounded him on all sides.

A voice hailed him in Italian.

"*Signore!* Signor Alan! Are you hurt?"

He collected his senses and moved all his limbs in turn.

"I don't think so. What's the matter? Who is it?" he gasped dazedly.

"It is I—Pasqua," whispered the girl, drawing closer. "Don't talk so loudly. They may hear you. There was another car following with four of his friends. Listen! Here is his revolver. I took it from him as he lay in the road. The chauffeur is dead."

Ferring was rubbing the back of his head.

"Dead, is he? I'm sorry. I didn't see much of him, but I fancy he deserved better luck. What about Spalanza?"

"He was very still when I found him. I saw the lights of the other car—and came away quickly, as quickly as I could. They are not very far away now. They will see the dead man under the wreckage—and *the other*, and will begin searching for us. They have no reason to suspect me, but they must never find you."

"Why not?" demanded Ferring.

"The odds are too great. Don't you understand? There are four of them, all desperate men—and I don't want you to risk any more. You have done so much already. Promise me you'll steal away through the corn and hide until the coast is clear. In the morning you can find your road to Alessandria."

Her face was very close to his now. He did not notice that it was white and drawn, saw nothing except her big brown eyes and lips that pouted invitingly. Almost before he realized what he was doing, he had caught her to him and kissed her passionately.

"Alan!"

"Pasqua! "

There came a sound of voices from the roadway. She pushed him from her.

"Go! Go! They are coming this way."

And still he remained, obstinately unconcerned. "I want you to come with me."

She cast one frightened glance behind her.

"I can't. I've sprained my ankle. I should only be a burden to you. I shall explain everything—in my own way, and go back with them. If Spalanza is dead, there is no danger; if he is alive, it will be a long time before he can be well enough to harm me. If I am caught with you, it will go ill for both of us."

"You will write to me? Come to me as soon as you can?"

"To the ends of the earth, *caro*."

She crawled away from him through the waving stalks and presently, buoyed with a new hope, he took the opposite direction.

An hour later, as he stood hesitantly at a junction of four roads, his hand fell upon his jacket pocket. With trembling fingers he withdrew the thing she had passed to him at the restaurant. It was a flat olivewood cigarette case to which was attached a long blue-silk cord. The cord was knotted three times and culminated in a tassel.

Had Ferring been Italian he would have pressed the box to his lips. As it was, he forced open the lid. It came away stiffly—after the manner of its kind—and from it a paper fluttered to his feet.

He stooped to recover it.

It was the last thing he had expected to see and its presence hurt what was left of his better feelings. Nevertheless, he was forced to admit that it represented the one thing he most needed at the moment and that—without it—he would experience some difficulty in covering the distance that still lay between him and Alessandria.

The first gray light of dawn shed its fitful radiance upon a note for a thousand lire!

Next month, another thrilling episode in the "Knotted Cord" series

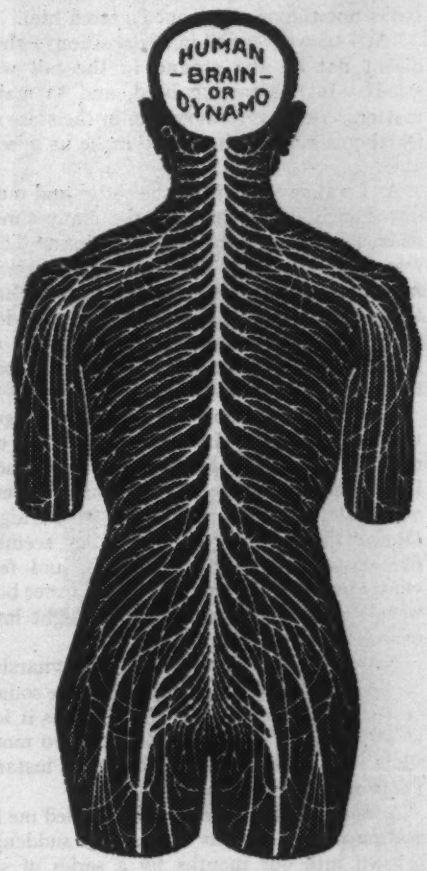
What Do Chiropractors Mean by Innate Intelligence?

THE temperature of a normal human body is approximately 98.6 degrees. You may sit in a room the temperature of which is 80 degrees, or go out of doors when the thermometer registers zero and your temperature, if you are in health, will not vary a single degree, because, resident in your body is an intelligence that generates, distributes and regulates the heat of the body, and instantly adapts it to the change in temperature.

If you start in June to take a plunge in the lake every morning and continue it every day until December, this same power resident in the body will intelligently adapt the body to the seasonal change in temperature.

This innate power gave the polar bear his long hair, that he might live in the land of eternal ice, and the gentle deer his speed, that he might escape his less swift foe. It is this power that in the struggle for existence gave wings to the birds and cunning to the fox, spots to the leopard and strength to the lion. It is this power that elongated the neck of the giraffe so that he could reach the high-hanging foods and for obvious reasons webbed the feet of the duck and goose. This inborn power adapted the stomach of the carnivora to a meat diet, the stomach of the herbivora to a vegetable diet, and the stomach of man to both.

This power develops the body from a blastoderm to its full growth in thirty-five years; for ten or more it maintains its vigor and then slowly lets the house in which we live decay. During all the circling three-score years and ten it coordinates the physical functions, heals the body's wounds, mends its breaks, adapts it to the change of season, occupation and pursuit and performs the miracle of changing common food into living, breathing, sensate bone and flesh.



DEFINITION

The practice of Chiropractic consists of the palpation and adjustment, with the hands, of the movable segments of the spinal column to normal position for the purpose of releasing the pricked impulse.

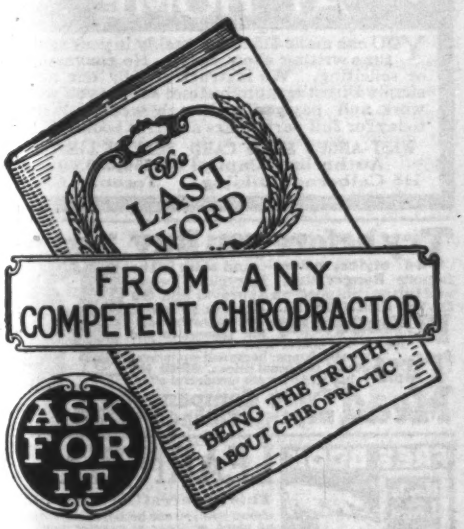
It laughs at all our efforts to locate it or to imitate its work and yet some people, because they cannot find it, weigh it or measure it, question its existence and say "Vital force is a chemical phenomenon."

Call it what you will, it's there—a rose by any other name is just as sweet.

This "power within" Chiropractors call Innate Intelligence and all their philosophy, science and art is built upon this fundamental fact. They teach that "Innate Intelligence" functions through the brain and nervous system, and that disease is but the abnormal expression of one or more of the nine primary physical functions. Any pressure of a harder tissue (bone) upon the soft nervous tissue, impairs the conductivity (function or work) of that tissue and results in disease. All that is necessary for a complete restoration to health, is that the impinging tissue be adjusted to normal position, which permits the nerve again to function normally.

Scientists call the modus operandi of the "power within" the law of adaptation. Among the professions engaged in getting the sick well, chiropractors alone recognize the existence of the thing itself, and the law of its expression, through the nervous system.

That is the reason Chiropractic succeeds where all other methods fail.



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America's Boldest Bandit

[Continued from page 82]

was hiding. His obvious line of escape would be down the road and through the timber. Six men were stationed at various points on the north side of the road in the edges of the woods while five of the men were stationed on the south side of the road adjoining the fields and below the other men.

This narrowed Spencer's alternate avenue of escape to a route via the dry creek bed and then through the timber to another dirt road leading to a farmhouse. Adamson agreed to cover the latter road and I took the creek.

Before taking our positions, it was understood that in the event we should "jump" Spencer in the act of endeavoring to make his escape and it was necessary to engage him in a gun fight, I was immediately to run to my car and drive to the point of battle, picking up others of the posse—provided of course I was not the one who encountered him.

At 7:05 we were all in our positions—that meant flat on the ground in the tall wet weeds. It was raining hard, and to make matters worse every mosquito in the state of Oklahoma was on the job to make us miserable.

As I wallowed there in the water and mud my thoughts went back to the many times when I hunted gunmen in New York. This was quite different. The New York gunman fights in the open and at short distance. But this time we were fighting a clear-headed expert rifleman who thought nothing of hitting his mark time and time again at four hundred yards.

The rain came down steadily and I got wetter and wetter. I had just rolled over on my side, only to get deeper in the mud, when I became aware of the thump, thump, thump of footsteps on the road above the bridge. During the following seconds—they seemed like days—I counted every step, and fervently prayed that some innocent farmer boy wasn't walking down the road straight into trouble.

And then, seeming to me like a dynamite explosion in the tense silence, came the sound of a shot. I heard some one grunt as if his wind had been knocked out, then two more shots in rapid succession. The next instant I was on the run for my car.

Adamson beat me to it. As he aided me in getting under way our hearts were suddenly thrown into our mouths by a series of six shots that could easily be distinguished as coming from an automatic. In unison we exclaimed: "He's escaped again!" When I raced up to the scene of action, one of the men hailed me with the single phrase, "We got him!" The last burst of shooting, he explained, was only his signal to me to bring the car around.

I drove to the spot a few yards farther along and saw Spencer lying face down just as he had fallen. From the men in this group I learned that Spencer had come boldly down the center of the road, walking with a long stride and carrying a rifle in his arms, ready to shoot. It was apparent that he had wind of our presence and, as we had expected he would, was striking for the timber just beyond where we were stationed. But when he came opposite the first group, a noise was made to attract his attention and when at the command of "Halt!" he started to raise his gun

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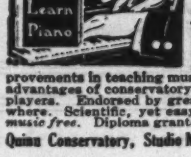

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to fight, he was shot three times by men who for once were faster than he was on the draw.

We searched Spencer's body and found ten thousand-dollar Liberty bonds in one of his pockets. They were later identified as part of the loot stolen at the time of the train robbery. He was well supplied with ammunition and had a new automatic rifle and a .38 revolver. We also found a small pocket kit of burglar tools well oiled against weather.

The forty-mile drive back to Bartlesville with Spencer's body, through the darkness over roads of greasy clay, was a weird and exhausting climax to the adventure. And the next morning, had a stranger come to town, he would have thought that there was a circus on hand instead of merely a dead bandit. By actual check with a mechanical counter, one of the Special Deputy Marshals clocked over 12,000 curious people who entered a local undertaking establishment to see the body of this fallen terror of the Osage Hills. Their number testified more plainly than words to the widespread fascination and hate that Al Spencer had aroused in his brief career of crime.

Hunting the Head-Hunters

[Continued from page 34]

We found this village rather far away from the vessel and decided to visit it from another vantage point, which I deemed more secure. It must not be thought that I am panicky or fear-stricken, but with a party consisting of only one other white man, McCullough, and seven unreliable natives—likely to decamp at the first signs of fight—every possible precaution must be taken. Beyond arrow range the rifle could hold off an army of head-hunters, but ashore, with perhaps a hundred deadly bowmen to fight at close quarters, the contest would inevitably be against us.

As the *Eureka* shoved off we noticed another village close by and we headed in that direction. I brought the *Eureka* inshore as close as possible and then landed our small party.

We now saw many fresh tracks and I doubted not that the people were within bowshot in the thick jungle immediately behind. The tracks led up a rise through thick grass to what would have been an ideal site for an ambush. We gained the top and found there three houses, one a large house, the other used for a pigpen, in which the porkers were still housed, and a small house, evidently that of the chief. None of the houses except the pigpen were visible from the lake. The flat on which they were built was cleared and had a splendid outlook over the lake and an escape into the jungles behind; truly a magnificent position for a people in constant dread of enemies.

The large house measured 35 feet by 20 feet. It was a miserable shelter and even more primitive than the dubu I described a week ago. The inmates had evidently left in a great hurry for the embers were still warm and the pigs were still in the pen. Only a few skulls, a bundle of arrows and a few stone axe-heads were to be found in the houses.

We left a few yards of gaudy-colored fabric and a couple of strings of bright beads in the

[Continued on page 128]

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Hunting the Head-Hunters

[Continued from page 127]

hope that the people might meet us in more friendly spirit on our return. Anchor was then heaved up and we proceeded up river, while I kept a strict lookout from the small platform built high on the mainmast.

We had traveled scarcely two miles when with a thrill I picked up through my glasses two canoes fleeing down the lake ahead of us. One was being paddled by eight men and towing the other. The *Eureka* began to gain rapidly and I noticed the two canoes draw apart. One appeared to be abandoned, while the other rowed frantically for the river bank, so as to escape up one of the countless shallow reaches. As we drew close to the abandoned canoe, I observed it to be filled with bows and arrows and all the sundries that appertain to the Lake Murray villages. The *Eureka* was drawn up alongside the prize and anchor cast. I remained on the platform frantically waving a piece of yellow fabric, and calling out as loud as I could the word *"Sambio! Sambio!"* We had ascertained previously that this word was a commonly accepted term for peace.

After much deliberation and hesitancy the fleeing canoe stopped and began to move slowly toward us, the natives crying out to reassure one another: *"Sambio! Sambio!"* while we on the *Eureka* echoed the call. It all seemed so ludicrous to be happening in this day and age of twentieth-century civilization—such a meeting between white explorers and the most primitive of cannibals.

I admired immensely the courage of these few men. They put down their bows and arrows and approached us, not knowing their fate, or our intentions, but relying solely on the honor of that magic word *"Sambio!"* Perhaps they were just as eager to ascertain what sort of creatures we were as we were to see them.

When they came alongside the strange people fulfilled all the grotesque and fanciful ideas I had formed of them. Truly they were prehistoric creatures, practically nude, and of the most amazing features. Their voices, strange to say, were pleasantly euphonious. The canoes impressed me greatly. They are shaped with long "clipper" bow and stern, and finely excavated. Devoid of outrigger, they must be exceedingly difficult to paddle, especially since the men stand erect. One measured no less than fifty-five feet in length. The rowers propel their craft with very long paddles, the shaft terminating in a large flat blade. The work of making these paddles from a solid piece of timber, with a stone adz, must be painfully laborious.

The cast of features of these people is remarkably Hebraic. Indeed, were it not for their deep bronze they might have passed for one of the "Lost Tribes." Their hair is shorn off close in front, but the back extends in long pigtails, which are made longer by plaiting them with fibre.

We very speedily made friends with these people, or rather we appeared to, and began an active trading. I demonstrated on a crocodile the power of the rifle and its accuracy. At the report of the rifle most of the men abruptly dove overboard in terror. Matches, and the taste of sugar and salt alike astonished and pleased them, but what they clamored most for was the empty cans which we had saved for the purpose—empty oil and benzine cans. These primitive folk are entirely destitute of utensils of any description beyond bamboo and a few water baskets, made by folding the leaf sheath of the Goru palm.

For a few cans, we purchased a bundle of arrows, paddles, and stone clubs. They were very anxious to secure axes and knives which we exchanged, securing great value for our tools. After trading to our advantage and their satisfaction, they directed us to their village with great zeal.

I was instantly suspicious of this superhospitality, but my desire to see the people intimately lured me on. We accordingly sailed for the village and drew in close to the shore.

Our friends pressed us to go ashore and I yielded to my inclinations and with four natives and McCullough set out in the dinghy.

We found the shore heavily grown with waterweed, difficult to force the dinghy in and still more difficult to push it out of should we be attacked. Our friends appeared overexcited and became hysterically friendly. When a dozen willing hands went out to pull the dinghy up on dry land, I waved them off, for I had a premonition of danger. I motioned that I would bring the big boat in close and I think this strategy saved our party. McCullough and I both noticed that neither women, children nor the aged were to be seen in the village and only the fighting men remained. Further, we saw that bows and arrows were strewn about the ground ready to be snatched up in a moment, while many of the warriors were assuming strategic positions near their arms and surrounding us. Others slunk into the reeds and I perceived that an ambush was imminent. At short range the visit would surely have resulted in our skulls adorning the dubu and our flesh furnishing the feast.

We retreated slowly backward, facing our dubious hosts, while they called *"Sambio."* We continued to respond *"Sambio,"* but their call sounded false to my ear. So we reached the *Eureka* safely and heaved up anchor to sail out beyond arrowshot. Once in this position we could hold off a whole fleet of canoes.

Our escape was a narrow one, and a lesson. I decided henceforth not to land, but to do my work from the vessel, and, in fact, this was the only safe course. Around the village the thicket was dense, making it easy for the fighting men to conceal themselves, while the foreshore was a swamp well in range of the thicket, through which it is almost impossible to escape. The only way to land would have been to terrify the people and I desired neither this nor a murderous fight of rifle against arrows, which would have been brutal and foolish—as well as disastrous to us.

So my hopes have been oddly realized: I have visited in queer and perhaps inglorious fashion the people of the fabled lake whom I have come nearly two thousand miles to see. This is the first time that white men have ever sailed these reaches; the first time white men have ever seen these people, and the first time these people have ever seen white men.

In their ways they are more like animals than men and the mixture of curiosity and hostility with which they regard us is as excusable as our own curiosity toward them, while our mutual caution and restraint have been, I think, quite admirable under the cir-

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cumstances of a meeting which might quite easily have resulted in tragedy.

We have still several days and nights to spend between these shores around which the head-hunters are prowling. I look forward with a mixture of apprehension and excitement to the adventures that may be in store for us.

November 23rd.

Though we are now anchored at the entrance to the lake and far from the village of our first meeting with the Lake Murray head-hunters, their cry of "*Sambio, sambio,*" still rings in my ears. Almost before sunrise a couple of canoes came down to us from this village, and I noticed that those with whom we were especially friendly yesterday were in the lead. I consider it extremely brave of these men; they came entirely unarmed and not knowing what kind of individuals they might have to deal with. We and they exchanged "*Sambios,*" and reassured each other of friendly inclinations. The other canoes remained ashore, some distance off—probably as reinforcements or to see what happened to their emissaries.

We treated our visitors kindly and soon the balance of the fleet joined their braver fellows. These people were without bows and arrows or any weapons of defense. I can scarcely imagine myself thus going unarmed into a camp of unknown and possibly hostile strangers—so the greater is my esteem for these people, no matter what sinister motives they may have in view.

I lost no time in getting busy with my cameras and made the most of my opportunity. We rigged up a blanket for a background and induced one man, after great coaxing and persuasion, to come aboard and pose. I don't blame the poor chap for appearing intensely nervous. He was constantly trying to peer around behind the blanket to see what was going on there. In my anxiety and desire to get good pictures, I forgot that this blanket would cause alarm. I can imagine our own feelings if a barrier were placed behind us in the village and we were coaxed to sit in front of it while suspicious characters with mysterious weapons were moving about behind the screen.

When everything was ready I found it well-nigh impossible for my subject to keep still. He was unusually fidgety, and when he suddenly discovered his reflection in the camera lens he became almost unmanageably nervous. This again required many "*sambios*" and explanations to reassure him.

Eventually McCullough brought out a few paper prints and I also let the native view his fellows through the reflex camera. This seemed to kindle an unimaginative intellect and as soon as what was wanted became clear I secured an exposure. As there were many diverse types I kept our decoy on board to reassure the others and then induced the various subjects one by one to come and "sit." But they were all as alert and restless as animals and I had to make quick exposures.

All that one might fancy of the grotesque and fearful was realized by these strange and primitive creatures. The chief was quite an aristocratic and kingly type. With his corona of bird-of-paradise plumes he might have passed for the reincarnation of Solomon. There were several very pleasant characters with whom we might have won a trusting friendship, but the sly and guarded nudges of several elders made me very cautious.

[Continued on page 130]

What I Learned About Old Age

By BYRAM C. KELLY, A.M., L.L.D.

I AM past 40 myself. I had begun to wonder when I would begin to break—to lose my old-time pep and aggressiveness—when, through a mutual friend I made the personal acquaintance of a certain member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, whose wonderful work I had heard of. I made a trip to his laboratories and the things I learned should interest every man approaching or past the prime of life. Surprising as it may seem, nearly two-thirds of all men past a certain middle age suffer with a disorder of the prostate gland.

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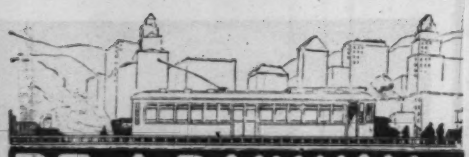

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Hunting the Head-Hunters

[Continued from page 129]

Even though these people had no weapons they were powerful enough individually and in their numbers to overpower us at close range had we not been on the alert. Our strength lay in our rifles and our capacity to keep the attackers beyond arrow range. I therefore instructed the crew to have their rifles loaded and in an unobtrusive position, ready for immediate use. Bell, from the crow's nest, watched all movements intently.

After I had secured my types in the safety of midstream I turned my attention to the village. Anchor was heaved up and we proceeded. I let the canoe have a good start so as to observe the natives' movements. I noticed that they rowed in very close to the river bank, and occasionally snatched bundles from the reeds. These I found were bundles of arrows which they had hidden. This was quite excusable, obviously the depositing of arrows along the bank had been intended as a precaution for defense.

The canoes I found were slow compared with those of the Delta. Nor were the paddlers as expert as the Delta people. We easily gained on and passed them, although making but five knots. We thus arrived at the village before them and the vessel was headed close inshore and allowed to drift past while I secured films. The men still remaining in the village cried loudly, *"Sambio, sambio,"* and the dogs set up a blood-curdling yell that sounded like anything but welcome.

Then we turned into a stream beyond bow shot and anchored. The canoes had by this time come up and the crews went ashore and chorused, *"Sambio!"*

They then began a fantastic song and dance to the accompaniment of a large drum and a half score of benzine cans. Evidently they found these latter more suited for drums than cooking utensils.

Once more we turned on our tracks and made again for the entrance to the lake. We passed by the first Ravi, which we had entered when we dropped anchor in the lake and I noticed that our presents had vanished, but the people had not returned.

So we turned from Lake Murray, feeling regretful at having to leave a people with whom we have just begun to negotiate friendly relations and about whom so little is known to the outside world. But it would be necessary to spend at least another month here and learn their language before useful work could be done.

November 24th.

Early this morning McCullough succeeded through sheer pertinacity in raising Thursday Island with his wireless outfit. We received signals from the station there perfectly and clearly, but our own signals were feeble and probably too mixed up with atmospherics and interruptions from other stations to be discernible. Three messages were received. It seems strange to be thus in contact with the exterior world, for here we are dwelling in far-off dark ages and seemingly in another planet. To receive news from our friends and to be able to transmit messages from the very threshold of a head-hunter's village is truly uncanny.

McCullough, myself and several of the native crew spent the day ashore, or rather in the neighboring swamp among the giant lotus.

Forcing a track through the shoulder-deep grasses we came to the fields. We wandered beneath huge umbrella-like leaves, gigantic blooms in a floral wonderland. Many of the giant leaves grew 8 to 9 feet high, while the blooms were from 4 to 10 feet high. The flowers were in every stage from young buds to dry seeds. The blossoms were nearly a foot across and of bewildering beauty. The great buds, larger than both palms, vary from an infinitely delicate shell pink near the stem to crimson at the "burst." The full blooms were of pink with a canary-colored center and cream-tipped anthers surrounding it. These beautiful blossoms exhale a sweet perfume which increases in strength at sundown.

November 25th.

Evening is falling on the Herbert River as we turn down with the current to sail homeward. The low banks with occasional clumps of trees pass by in rapid silhouette against the setting sun. The still current runs like a river of fire, the clouds burn red and the day is done.

A feeling of deep regret came over me as we turned our prow homeward, for the mystery of this strange place holds me in its lure. I wish we might remain for a longer period and go out beyond the lake to seek the unknown depths of the jungle and the strange creatures that dwell therein. Yet fortune has treated us kindly, since we have explored and charted new waterways, seen new tribes and villages and covered new fields of research.

I climbed aloft to take one last look at Lake Murray before leaving. To my astonishment I noticed a large canoe, paddled by ten men, coming from a distant village and making its way toward us through a narrow waterway. All of us at once cried out the magic password, *"Sambio,"* at the top of our voices. The natives loitered for a considerable time, but when we waved a length of red cloth and an axe from the crow's nest, they were convinced of our friendly intentions and came on.

As they drew alongside I noticed a considerable difference in type. The men did not wear their hair in long grass plaits as the people of the other village did, but in comparatively short thick curls like a mop. Nor did they have the same Hebraic cast of features.

They clamored for axes which they called *"Guru-guru."* I intimated that we would exchange willingly for stone clubs or skulls. The chief made us understand that he would send to the village for them and motioned us to wait.

But our time was limited so we took our final departure from the lake of the *"Sambio"* head-hunters, wondering when next a white man will come to these shores to take up the study of the unknown races there.

FEW men have ever taken such wonderful photographs of remote tropical regions and of previously undiscovered savages as those with which Captain Hurley illustrates this remarkable document. Some of the best of his extraordinary pictures are still to be published in McClure's next month, together with yet more fascinating excerpts from his diary than those appearing in this issue.